

RAY CHARLES'S FAREWELL ALBUM ★ THE LEGACY OF JEFF BUCKLEY

MUSIC BUILT TO LAST

tracks

BRIAN WILSON
His Long-Lost Masterpiece

JOSS STONE
Teen Soul Queen

★★★
JOHN KERRY'S
Garage Band Reviewed

Don't Mess
with
TEXAS

Willie Nelson
rides with
Los Lonely Boys

PLUS:

Lyle Lovett
Horses Around

Steve Earle
Fights the Power

U.S. \$3.99 CAN \$4.99
DISPLAY UNTIL Nov. 1, 2004
www.tracksmusic.com



ACTION.



GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS



PACKED.



ALL-NEW HEMI® POWERED DODGE MAGNUM RT. OPEN IT UP FROM EITHER END. Introducing the most powerful production vehicle for under \$30,000,* the all-new 2005 Dodge Magnum RT. With 60/40 split-folding rear seats, under floor cargo area, dual storage bins and a unique access liftgate that makes loading easy, it's hard to imagine how we could make its performance any better. Unless we gave it a 340-horsepower HEMI V8 and world-class ride and handling. Oh, that's right—we did. Introducing the all-new Dodge Magnum. It gives you everything you want and holds everything you need. Visit dodge.com or call 800-4ADODGE.

*\$29,995 MSRP excludes tax. Color shown, extra. Properly secure all cargo. For more information about Chrysler Financial, ask your local dealer.

Chrysler Financial
Financing your drive.



A unique,
high quality
way to
view and hear
your music.



- SOUND + VISION DELUXE - 4 GREAT NEW TITLES
- EACH SET CONTAINS 2 CDs AND 1 DVD
- CDs FEATURE ORIGINAL "BEST OF" ALBUMS TOGETHER WITH MIXES OR BONUS MATERIAL
- DVDs FEATURE VIDEO CLIPS OR LIVE CONCERT PERFORMANCES



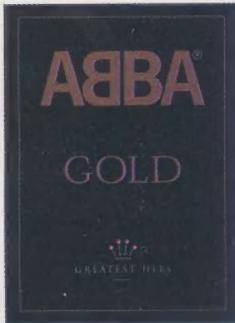
©2004 Universal Music Enterprises, a Division of UMG Recordings, Inc.

AVAILABLE AT

Thousands of Possibilities



GET YOURS

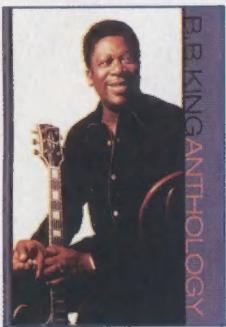


ABBA

ABBA: GREATEST HITS – SOUND+VISION DELUXE

The DVD collection features promo clips for the 19 ABBA hits featured on the ABBA GOLD compact disc.

- Originally released in 1993 these collections of ABBA Gold include 39 digitally remastered hits.
- "Dancing Queen," "Waterloo," "Fernando," and many more ABBA hits were re-introduced to fans all over the world through the stage production *Mamma Mia!*
- The DVD also includes 2 bonus tracks and a documentary entitled *ABBA - The History* along with a 1992 remix of "Dancing Queen."

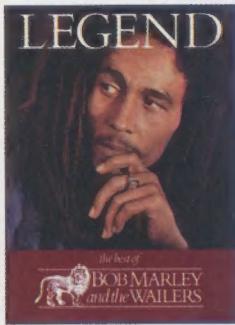


B.B. King

ANTHOLOGY – SOUND+VISION DELUXE

This **Sound+Vision** combines the much applauded 2 CD compilation *Anthology* (originally issued in 2000) with the all star concert film/documentary *Blues Summit*, from 1993.

- The *Anthology* chronicles 36 years of the best of B.B King from 1962 to 1998 from the original "How Blue Can You Get" through one of the King Of The Blues' latest additions to his regular concert fare, "I'll Survive," from his acclaimed *Blues On The Bayou* album.
- Over 155 minutes of prime B.B. on two CDs is amplified by insightful liner notes and great photos from the Blues King's entire career. Includes duet recordings with Robert Cray, Koko Taylor, Albert Collins and U2.
- DVD features 11 performances co-starring Buddy Guy, Ruth Brown, Robert Cray, Koko Taylor, Irma Thomas and Joe Louis Walker.



Bob Marley And The Wailers

LEGEND: THE BEST OF BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS – SOUND+VISION DELUXE

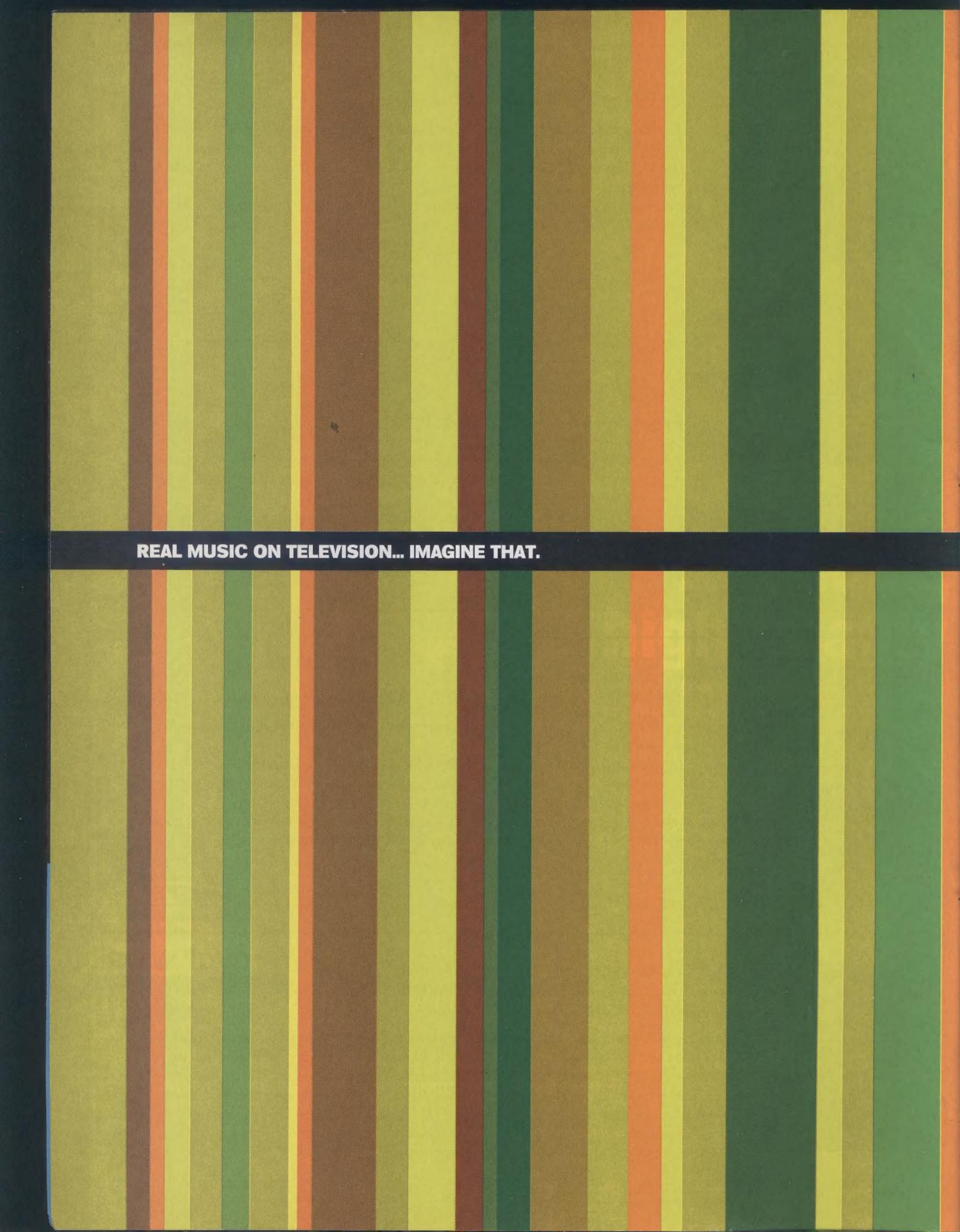
- First released in Spring of 1984, *Legend: The Best Of Bob Marley & The Wailers* has become the best-selling reggae album in history.
- Released in 2002, *Legend: The Best Of Bob Marley & The Wailers - Deluxe Edition* 2 CD set was compiled and digitally remastered from the original album featuring two bonus tracks to the original *Legend* album on disc one and a complete second disc of thirteen remixes.
- The DVD consists of 13 videos mastered in 5.1 Surround Sound and remastered stereo, a 90 minute documentary titled *Time Will Tell* and a personal playlist of 23 songs featured throughout the DVD IN 5.1 Surround and Stereo.



The Moody Blues

A NIGHT AT RED ROCKS WITH THE COLORADO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA – SOUND+VISION DELUXE

- Recorded live on September 9, 1992 at the open air Red Rocks Amphitheater, this performances pairs the Moody Blues with the Colorado Symphony Orchestra, 84 members strong on that brilliant autumn night.
- In a mile-high atmosphere, Larry Baird married the band's magnificent music with orchestrations both tender and tempestuous, sending the most beloved Moody Blues songs rippling like spectral waves over the endless Rocky Mountains.
- Included are song highlights from throughout the bands illustrious career - "Nights In White Satin," "Tuesday Afternoon," "I Know You're Out There Somewhere," plus many more!



REAL MUSIC ON TELEVISION... IMAGINE THAT.



THE TUBE MUSIC NETWORK. ONLY MUSIC, ALL MUSIC. WATCH FOR IT.

A DELICIOUS SOFT SHELL THAT
REPELS EVERYTHING FROM WIND TO
WATER TO TACO SAUCE.



The Titanium Line: Technical gear for people who push the limits, and often break them.

The Ice Fall™ Soft Shell: The abrasion resistant, Dura-Stretch soft shell fabric with four-way stretch allows for maximum mobility, while the waterproof, breathable, and windproof properties, coupled with the articulated elbows and radial sleeves, provide maximum comfort.

For a dealer near you, call 1-800-MA BOYLE or visit columbia.com

 **Columbia**
Sportswear Company®



"Consider this your emergency kit, complete
with pockets."

- Chairman Gert Boyle

TITANIUM™



contents

Features

94 Passing the Torch

by **Richard Skanse and Steve Pond**

The king of the Outlaws, **Willie Nelson**, anoints the three Texas brothers in **Los Lonely Boys** his musical heirs.

102 The Story of Smile

by **Bud Scoppa**

After 37 years, the Beach Boys' **Brian Wilson** finds a bit of happiness as he finally shows us his *Smile*.

108 Life After Death

by **Steve Baltin**

Jeff Buckley's life was short and the body of work he left behind was small—but the conversions continue. Hallelujah.

112 Girl, Interrupted

by **Steve Hochman**

The Soul Sessions demonstrated **Joss Stone**'s precocity as a singer, but can she write her own material? Of course she can, as she proves with *Mind, Body & Soul*. After all, she's 17 now.

114 The Last Angry Man

by **Parke Puterbaugh**

Steve Earle is on the wagon and on a mission. His target: the White House.

120 Land of the Sacred Party

by **Ned Sublette**

As too few Americans have found out, the heart of **Cuba** beats with the ancient rhythms of Africa.

126 Eye Witness

by **Jim Marshall**

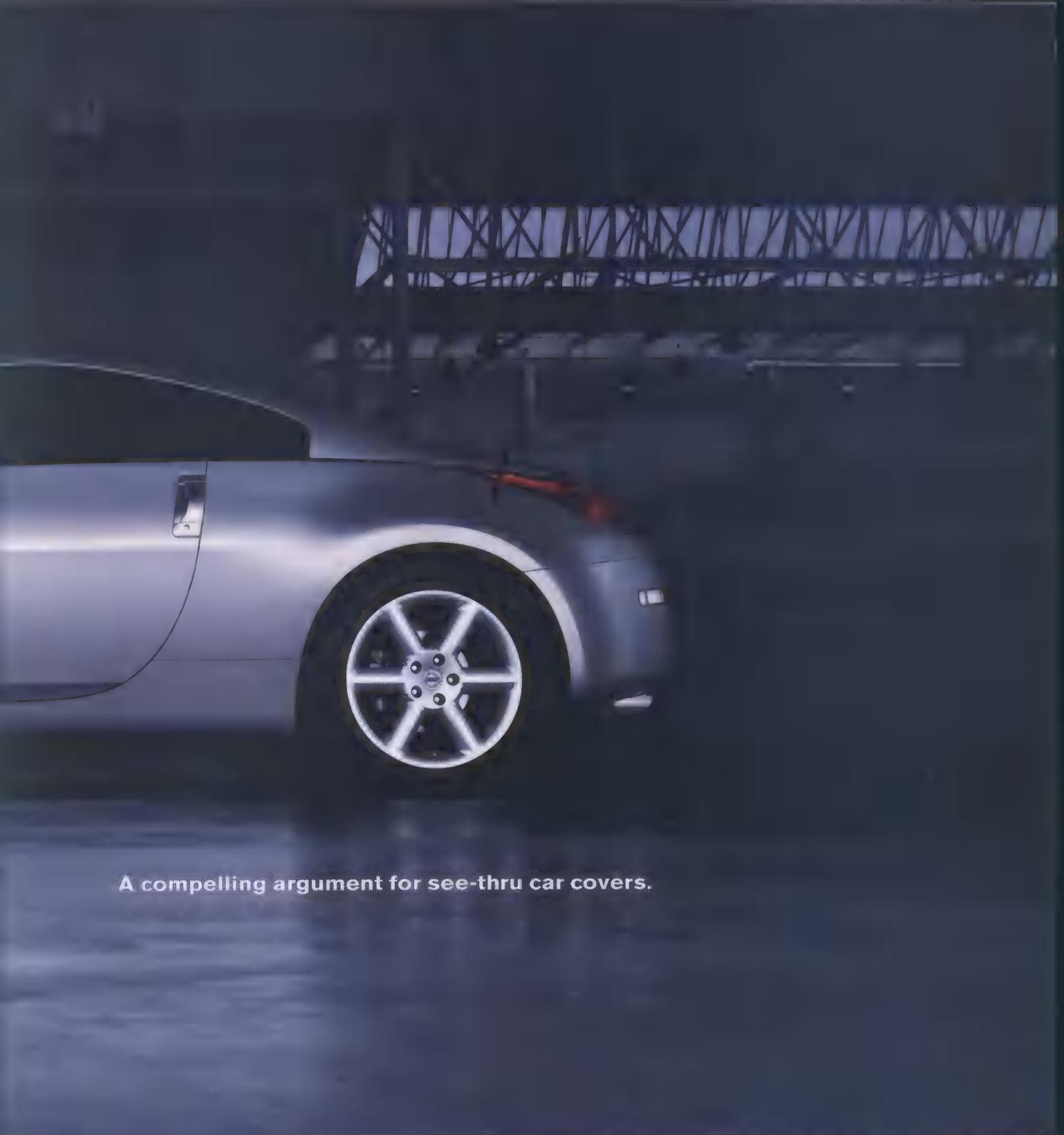
A new book of photographs, *Proof*, documents the life behind a lens aimed at some of the world's greatest musicians.

STYLIST: SABINA KUBZ. FOG: SUSAN BRICE. MAKEUP: CLAIRE RAY. HAIR: ART HOUSE MANAGEMENT FOR STILA
COSMETICS. HAIR: KAZUUNORI UEDA AT ART HOUSE MANAGEMENT FOR WARREN TRICOMI. TOP BY MARA HOFFMAN

JOSS STONE PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC BAPTISTE



Nissan, the Nissan Brand Symbol, "SHIFT.," tagline, Z® and Nissan model names are Nissan trademarks. Always wear your seat belt, and please don't drink and drive. ©2004 Nissan North America, Inc.

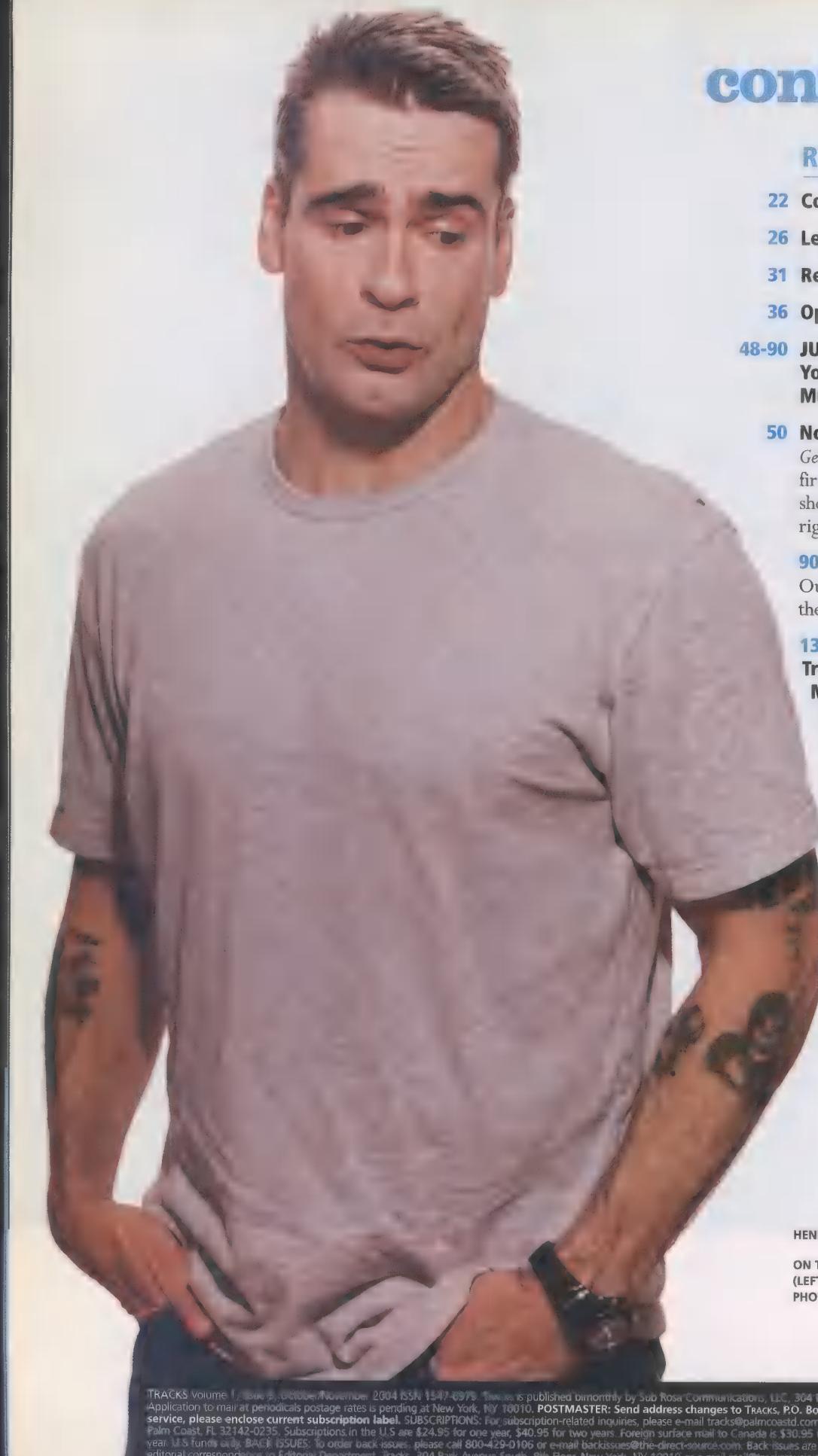


A compelling argument for see-thru car covers.

The Z®



SHIFT_obsession



contents

Regulars

- 22 Contributors
- 26 Letter From the Editor
- 31 Readers' Letters
- 36 Opening Act

48-90 JUKEBOX Your Guide to All the Music That Matters

50 Now Playing by Tom Moon

Genius Loves Company, **Ray Charles**'s first full collection of duets, shows what a gracious host he was, right up to the end.

90 The Tracks List

Out of Africa: A guided tour through the best of African pop.

135-147 SIDETRACKS Travel, Books, Trends, Movies, Tech

You can't take the country out of **Lyle Lovett**. Buy a **Johnny Cash** Grammy—he would have wanted you to. The world's

worst album covers and **most expensive music books**.

Tramp through Strawberry Field and Penny Lane in **Liverpool**, the Beatles' hometown. **Car stereos** aren't just for cruising anymore.

148 MY BACK PAGE

In Iraq, **Henry Rollins** draws a line in the sand.

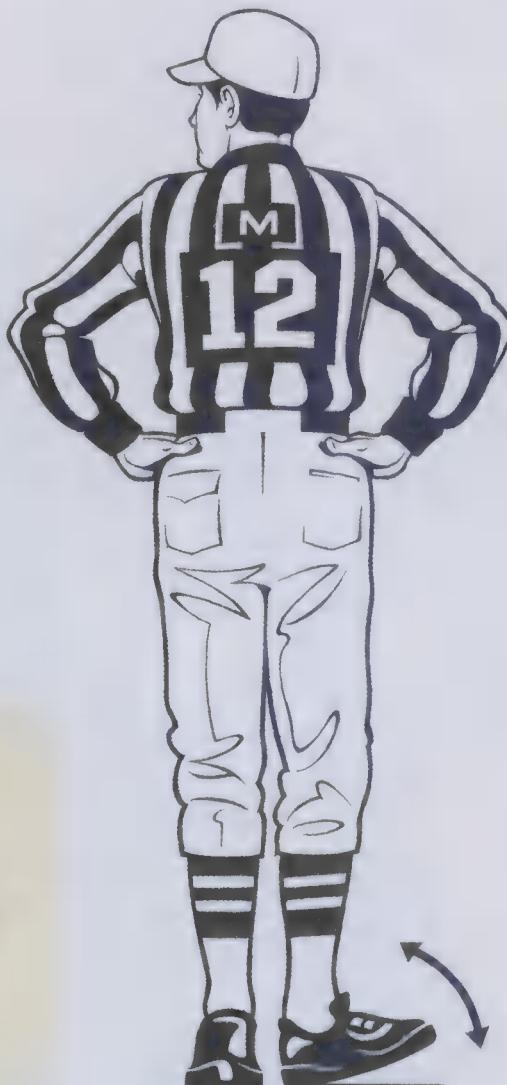
HENRY ROLLINS PHOTOGRAPHED BY EIKA AOSHIMA

ON THE COVER: WILLIE NELSON AND LOS LONELY BOYS (LEFT TO RIGHT: RINGO, HENRY AND JOJO GARZA) PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHERYL NIELDS

TRACKS Volume 1, Issue 5, October/November 2004 ISSN 1547-6379. Tracks is published bimonthly by Sub Rosa Communications, LLC, 304 Park Avenue South, 8th Floor, New York, NY 10010. Application to mail at periodicals postage rates is pending at New York, NY 10010. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TRACKS, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. For faster service, please enclose current subscription label. SUBSCRIPTIONS: For subscription-related inquiries, please e-mail tracks@palmcoast.com, call us at 877-860-9155 or write to P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Subscriptions in the U.S. are \$24.95 for one year, \$40.95 for two years. Foreign surface mail to Canada is \$30.95 for one year; other foreign destinations are \$36.95 for one year. U.S. funds only. BACK ISSUES: To order back issues, please call 800-429-0106 or e-mail backissues@the-direct-source.com. Back issues are \$5.99 plus \$2.50 shipping and handling. EDITORIAL: Send editorial correspondence to Editorial Department, Tracks, 304 Park Avenue South, 8th Floor, New York, NY 10010 or e-mail mail@tracksmusic.com. We assume no responsibility for loss of or damage to unsolicited material. ADVERTISING: Please direct all advertising inquiries to Jay Adams, Advertising Director, at 212-219-4622, or to advertisers@tracksmusic.com. Copyright © 2004 by Sub Rosa Communications, LLC. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Tracks is a trademark of Sub Rosa Communications, LLC. Printed in the United States of America.

INCOMPLETE BEER

A beer, such as Budweiser, that has less flavor and color than cold-filtered Miller Genuine Draft. An Incomplete Beer results in a loss of five dollars. A beer completion is made when a bartender passes you a Miller Genuine Draft.



GOOD CALL:

To avoid Incomplete Beer, always ask your bartender for a genuine flavored, cold-filtered smooth Miller Genuine Draft. Make the call for more.



Joni Mitchell

The Beginning Of Survival

“...Your destiny is a mystery to us. What will happen when the buffalo are all slaughtered? The wild horses tamed? What will happen when the secret corners of the forest are heavy with the scent of many men and the ripe hills are blotted by talking wires? Where will the thicket be? Gone! Where will the eagle be? Gone! And what is it to say good-bye to the swift pony and hunt? The end of the living and **the beginning of survival...**”

— CHIEF SEATTLE'S LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT (mid-1800s)



Joni Mitchell handpicked this 16 track assembly
of her most socially-charged anthems

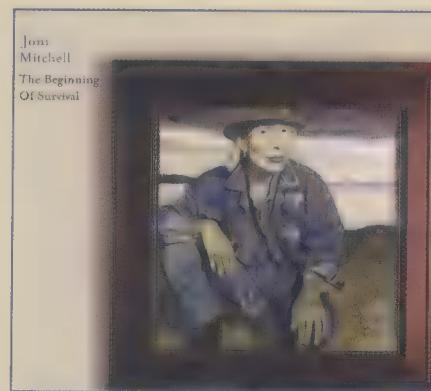
Includes the Geffen and Reprise years material

96k/24bit remastered from the original analog master tapes

Includes 10 new Joni Mitchell paintings throughout the booklet

Package features Chief Seattle's letter to the president

The Reoccurring Dream ■ The Windfall (Everything For Nothing) ■ Slouching Towards Bethlehem ■
Dog Eat Dog ■ Fiction ■ The Beat Of Black Wings ■ No Apologies ■ Sex Kills ■
The Three Great Stimulants ■ Lakota ■ Ethiopia ■ Cool Water ■ Tax Free ■ The Magdalene Laundries ■
Passion Play (The Story Of Jesus And Zachius...The Little Tax Collector) ■ Impossible Dreamer ■



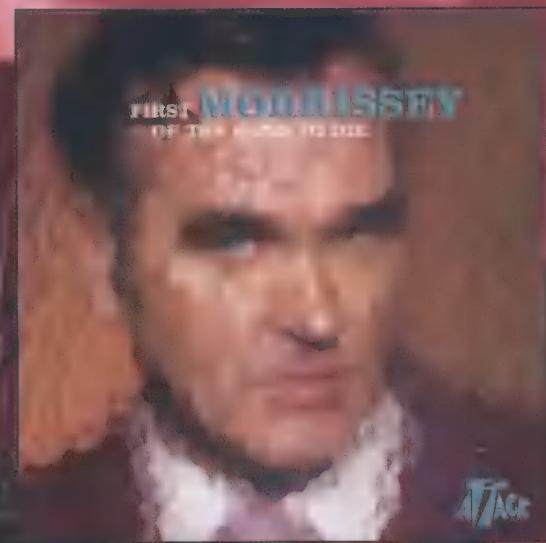
Available Now



BORDERS
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE

Morrissey, you are the Quarry

featuring "IRISH BLOOD,
ENGLISH HEART"
and "FIRST OF THE GANG TO DIE"



"FIRST OF THE GANG TO DIE"

AVAILABLE IN 7" AND LIMITED EDITION DVD FORMATS
INCLUDES B SIDES AND THE VIDEO!

LOOK FOR THE LIMITED-EDITION VERSION OF
YOU ARE THE QUARRY
INCLUDING BONUS DVD WITH
"IRISH BLOOD, ENGLISH HEART"
VIDEO, PHOTOS AND MORE...

CHECK WWW.MORRISSEYMUSIC.COM
DAILY FOR EXCLUSIVE UPDATES

PRODUCED AND MIXED BY JERRY FINN

AVAILABLE AT ALL TOWER
RECORDS LOCATIONS



WWW.SANCTUARYRECORDSGROUP.COM

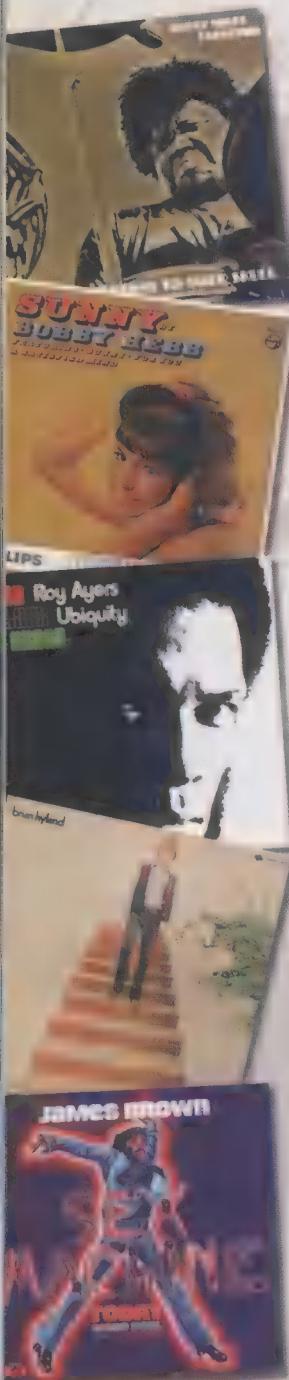


INTRODUCING

Select
Direct →



THE HOME OF FIVE FEWER FRILLS.



The Select Direct philosophy is simple:
Some classic albums deserve to be heard intact. As ■ for instance, our Select Direct debut, *Bobby Hebb's Sunny*, has been out of print since the days of 8-tracks, and there's something plain wrong about that. So we reissued the album the way it was when it first came out, with the original art, the original tracklist, and newly-remastered sound. It's not exactly no-frills, but it's five fewer frills.

And the upcoming release roster includes

Bobby Hebb,
Michael Murphey,
Captain & Tenille,
Grass Roots,
Tommy Boyce & Bobby Hart,
Rick Wakeman,
Link Wray,
Brian Hyland,
Checkmates Ltd.,
Buddy Miles Express,
Stephen Bishop,
Genya Ravan,
Supremes,
Peaches & Herb,
Roy Ayers,
Jackson 5,
Merry Clayton,
James Brown,
The Temptations
and - whew! -
a whole lot more.

AVAILABLE EXCLUSIVELY AT WWW.HIP-0SELECT.COM

THE VAULT ■ NOW OPEN

© 2004 Universal Music Enterprises, a Division of UMG

Tracks

EDITOR IN CHIEF

ALAN LIGHT

Executive Editor

Anthony DeCurtis

Managing Editor

Perry L. van der Meer

Music Editor Will Hermes

Senior Editors Christian L. Wright,

Craig Seligman, Bill Vourvoulias

Copy Editor Lauren Spencer

Associate Editor Heather Larson

Research Editors Edith Honan, Jenny Williams

Editorial Assistant Erich Carey

WRITERS IN THIS ISSUE:

Lorraine Ali, Steve Baltin, Andrew Beaujon, Pat Blashill, Larry Blumenfeld, Jeff Chang, Robert Christgau, J. D. Considine, Scott Dickensheets, Steve Dollar, Ted Drozdowski, Arye Dworkin, Rory Evans, David French, Bill Friskics-Warren, Glenn Gass, Richard Gehr, Holly George-Warren, Gary Giddins, Joe Gross, Steve Hochman, Jesse Jarnow, Steve Knopper, Josh Kun, Michaelangelo Matos, Tom Moon, Barbara O'Dair, Piotr Orlov, Steve Pond, Parke Puterbaugh, Ira Robbins, Henry Rollins, Mark Rozzo, Roni Sarig, H. Andrew Schwartz, Bud Scoppa, Craig Seymour, Mireille Silcoff, Laura Sinagra, Richard Skanse, RJ Smith, Jeff Speilberger, Allison Stewart, Ned Sublette, Terri Sutton, Elisabeth Vincentelli, Sarah Wilson, Douglas Wolk, Mikael Wood, David Yaffe

Design Director Lee Ellen Fanning

Photo Editor Catherine Talese

Senior Designer Scott Woledge

Photo Assistant Amanda Schwab

Production Tom Stinson

PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THIS ISSUE:

Richard E. Aaron, Eika Aoshima, Marc Baptiste, Chris Buck, Merri Cyr, Henry Diltz, Billy Fowks, Bob Gruen, John Kernick, Jim Marshall, Sheryl Nields, Gregg Segal, Rahav Segev, Guy Webster

TRACKS MAGAZINE

304 Park Avenue South, 8th floor, New York, NY 10010

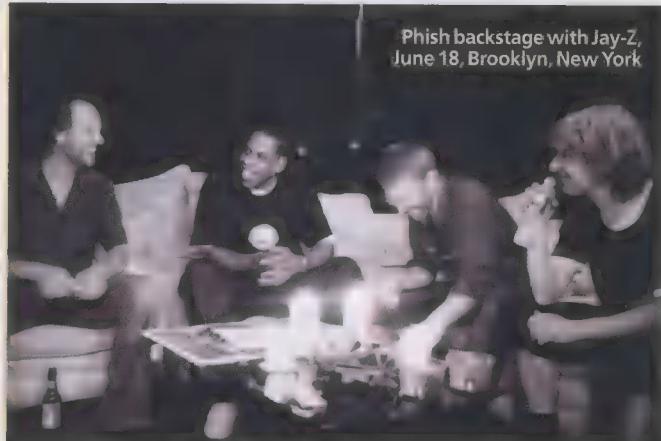
212-219-7400 (phone); 212-219-4697 (fax)

[www.tracksmusic.com](http://WWW.TRACKSMUSIC.COM)

Customer service: For subscription-related inquiries, e-mail tracks@palmcoastd.com, call 877-860-9155 or write to P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235.

To order back issues, call 800-429-0106 or e-mail backissues@the-direct-source.com.

Back issues are \$5.99 plus \$2.50 shipping and handling.



GRACE is full of *beauty* and *yearning*.

It's inspirational but more than that, it's aspirational. It reaches for something just out of sight. Jeff had a very special talent - he could hit any note he could imagine, musical and emotional. Hearing GRACE influenced musicians to push past their own limits. GRACE made beauty cool again.

Legacy Recordings. Life changing music.

columbiarecords.com/jeffbuckley "Columbia" and  Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada. © 2004 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.



Available at:
BORDERS
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE



6 FREE CDS. FURTHER PROOF THAT THIS MAGAZINE IS ACTUALLY ABOUT MUSIC.



Subscribe to a great music magazine and get a Free CD with every issue. 6 Free CDs in all. Every month, the editors from Tracks hand pick music from some of your old favorites, plus new music that will become classic. Subscribe to Tracks for one year for only \$19.95 and get 6 issues and 6 free CDs full of great music. Don't want 6 Free CDs? Subscribe for one year for \$9.95 and you'll get one Free CD with your first issue.

If you subscribe now, the first CD you will receive is Tracks Volume #6 which includes music from the December/January issue of Tracks Magazine.



Joss Stone



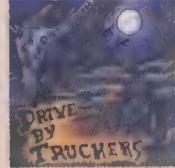
Mavis Staples



Old 97's



Tift Merritt



Drive-By Truckers



Ozomatli

Here is some of the great music on the current Tracks CD (Volume #5):



"Castanets" by Los Lonely Boys, from the CD *Por Vida: A Tribute to the Songs of Alejandro Escovedo* (Or)

The brothers Henry, Jojo and Ringo Garza, collectively known as Los Lonely Boys, draw from diverse musical sources, including Tex-Mex, country, blues, rock and pop, and blend them in a seamless style that incorporates red-hot guitar playing, percolating rhythms and lush vocal harmonies. "Castanets" is a blistering performance of an Alejandro Escovedo song on *Por Vida*, an album that benefits the Alejandro Escovedo Medical & Living Expense Fund.

"Friend" by Christine McVie, from the CD *In the Meantime* (Koch)

After almost 30 years with Fleetwood Mac, Christine McVie, who wrote such Mac classics as "Don't Stop" and "Over My Head," left the group and returned to her roots, living quietly in the English countryside. And that was where she created *In the Meantime*, a mesmerizing album that showcases her instantly recognizable voice and intimate, eloquent songwriting.



"Simple" by k.d. lang, from the CD *Hymns of the 49th Parallel* (Nonesuch)

On *Hymns of the 49th Parallel*, k.d. lang pays tribute to her musical heritage by singing the songs of some of Canada's most well-known contemporary composers, including Neil Young, Leonard Cohen and Joni Mitchell. Lang chose to cover artists on the album both because they're favorites and because they offer proof of Canada's rich songwriting culture. Her approach to interpretation was to sing the songs purely, with reverence and respect.

"Hikky-Burr" by Quincy Jones and Bill Cosby, from the CD *The Original Jam Sessions 1969* (Concord)

When Quincy Jones was commissioned in 1969 to create music for the series *The Bill Cosby Show*, he gathered a team of prominent jazz and funk artists, including Jimmy Smith, Les McCann and Milt Jackson, and left the tape running while they jammed. "Hikky-Burr" with Cosby on vocals, became the show's theme song. The other songs were stored in a vault and forgotten for more than 30 years, until the tapes were rediscovered during an office move and released for the first time this year.



"The Revolution Starts . . ." by Steve Earle, from the CD *The Revolution Starts . . . Now* (Artemis)

The *Revolution Starts ... Now*, the follow-up to Steve Earle's Grammy-nominated album *Jerusalem*, is full of politically charged songs that are brimming with Earle's contentious take on world events. It also has some beautiful melodies produced by the "twangtrust" (Steve Earle and Ray Kennedy), and even a love song or two.



"Anything Can Happen" by the Finn Brothers, from the CD *Everyone Is Here* (Nettwerk America)

Finn Brothers have been performing together off and on for nearly 30 years in groups like Split Enz and Crowded House. *Everything Is Here* is their second release as a duo and their first in eight years. With Mitchell Froom lending production talent, the Finns offer 12 new songs brimming with emotion and filled with beautiful harmonies, quirky instrumentation and classic songwriting.



Other artists include

Lenny Kaye • PlantLife • Gibby Haynes • Rilo Kiley • Jonathan Richman
Keven Ann • Radio 4 • Tommy Stinson • Ari Hest

Tracks

JANE MONHEIT
Taking a Chance on Love

THE IRRESISTIBLE FRESH VOICE OF JAZZ

Featuring a dozen romantic songs from the glamorous era of the MGM musical including "Honeysuckle Rose," "In the Still of the Night," "I Won't Dance" (duet with Michael Bublé) and more.

BORDERS
 BORDER MUSIC MOVIES CAFE

JANEMONHEITMUSIC.COM
 SONYCLASSICAL.COM

Tracks

CHAIRMAN
FRANK WOOD

CEO
JOHN ROLLINS

Chief Operating Officer Dana Sacher
Publisher Grayle Howlett

Advertising Director
 Jay Adams, TRACKS
 212-219-4622, jadams@tracksmusic.com

Midwest Sales Rep
 Luke McEvilly,
 Christopher Schuba & Company
 312-604-0354, lmcevilly@schubaco.com

New England Sales Rep
 Mark J. Spehar, Boston MediaWorks, LLC
 617-638-0011
 mspehar@bosmediaworks.com

National Music Sales Reps
 Mitch Herskowitz, Mag Inc!
 212-490-1715, maginc1715@aol.com
 Ilko Nechev, Mag Inc!
 212-490-1617, ilko@mac.com

LA/Southern California Rep
 Bill Harper, Harper & Associates
 310-297-4999
 bharper@harperandassoc.com

SF/Northwest Sales Rep
 Theda Glueck, Harper & Associates
 415-621-2051
 thecla@harperandassoc.com

Detroit Sales Reps
 Don Heth,
 Heth & Associates / Publicitas
 248-642-7273, dhet@publicitas.com
 Angie Rooney,
 Heth & Associates / Publicitas
 248-642-7273, arooney@publicitas.com

ADVERTISING & MARKETING SERVICES
Director of Strategic Development Joe Townsend
Advertising & Marketing Services Manager Megan Moore
Intern Cynthia Butler

ADVERTISING MATERIAL INFORMATION
 Questions? Please contact Krista-Lise Endahl at 407-571-4522
 FINAL AD MATERIALS (READY TO PRINT) SHIP TO:
 RR Donnelley & Sons Company, Lancaster Premedia Center
 Attn: Tracks Ad Management Module, 216 Greenfield Road,
 Lancaster, PA 17601 • 717-481-2851

Consumer Marketing Consultant Ira Becker
 Reprint Rights Manager Elizabeth Butts

WORLD
 PUBLICATIONS

PRESIDENT TERRY SNOW

Chief Operating Officer Jo Rosler
Vice President, Circulation Bruce Miller
Circulation Director Chuck Mitchell
Single Copy Sales Director Vicki Weston
Circulation Business Director Dean Psarakis
Consumer Marketing Director Leigh Bingham
Advertising Consultant Martin S. Walker
Director of Production Operations Lisa Earlywine
Production Director Sandi Levins
Advertising Traffic Manager Krista-Lise Endahl
Advertising Design Director Suzanne Oberholzer
Director of Management Information Systems Jay Evans
Technology Manager Mark DePompeo
Director of Communications Dean Turcol
Controller Nancy Coalter
Credit Manager Dinah Peterson
Research Director Heather Idema
Director of Human Resources Sheri Bass

SUB ROSA COMMUNICATIONS, LLC
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD FRANK WOOD
CEO John Rollins

TRACKS MAGAZINE
 304 Park Avenue South, 8th floor, New York, NY 10010
 212-219-7400 (phone); 212-219-4697 (fax); www.tracksmusic.com

Customer service: For subscription-related inquiries, e-mail tracks@palmcoastd.com, call 877-860-9155 or write to P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. To order back issues, call 800-429-0106 or e-mail backissues@the-direct-source.com. Back issues are \$5.99 plus \$2.50 shipping and handling.

WE PUT THE **S**
IN ACTION!



SKECHERS



www.lisaloeb.com

Lisa Loeb

the way it really is

The new album.

Featuring the single,
"Fools Like Me"
and 10 more pop gems.



THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS



BOZ SCAGGS GREATEST HITS LIVE

Boz Scaggs' first DVD

Includes "Lowdown," "Lido Shuffle" and "Jojo" plus 16 more favorites.

As seen on PBS

Bonus features include an exclusive documentary and photo gallery

Presented in high definition video
Mixed in stereo and 5.1 surround sound



BORDERS[®]
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE



A Rounder Records Company

Or Music



PARTICLE / LAUNCHPAD CD
OR 80402

"A strategic compromise between house music and improv rock"—**TRACKS**
Catch Particle live on the United Beats of Peace tour with BT and Dan the Automator.

phil roy issues+options



PHIL ROY / ISSUES + OPTIONS CD
OR 803032

"Their first album in decades to take their legendary vibe one step beyond"—**VIBE**



TOWER OF POWER / OAKLAND ZONE CD
OR 803022

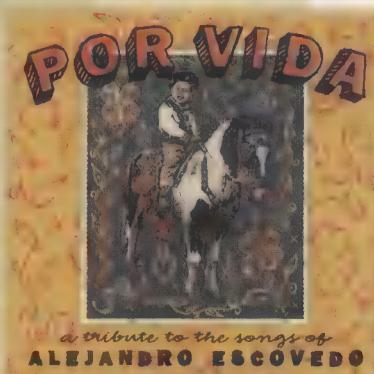
37 West 17th St. #5W New York, NY 10011

www.ormusic.com

The Platinum-certified debut album from the Garza brothers of San Angelo, TX. Features the hit single "Heaven"



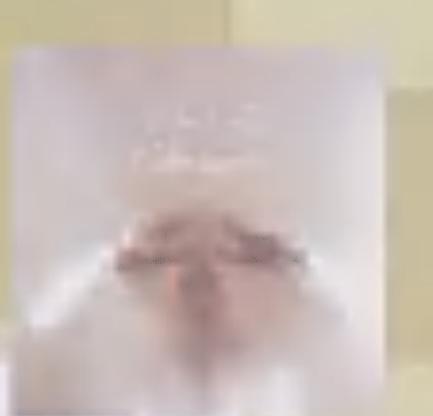
LOS LONELY BOYS / LOS LONELY BOYS CD
OR MUSIC / EPIC RECORDS EK 92088



VARIOUS ARTISTS / POR VIDA DOUBLE CD
OR 804022

"His emotionally naked singing in a style midway between folk and soul conveys a piercing honesty"
— **THE NEW YORK TIMES**

Over 30 artists participate in this specially priced double cd tribute/benefit album for Hepatitis C-stricken singer-songwriter Alejandro Escovedo. Includes Cowboy Junkies, Lucinda Williams, the Jayhawks, Son Volt, and many more



JOHN CALE / HOBOSAPIENS CD
OR 804042

Velvet Underground founder John Cale's new album was the #3 Record of the Year in the **Uncut** magazine readers' poll. "as complex, compelling and at times unsettling a record as Cale has unleashed." — **MOJO**

COMING SOON FROM OR MUSIC:

Los Lonely Boys/Texican Style: Live in Austin DVD

Pitty Sing/Demons, You Are The Stars in Cars Till I Die EP

Adam Richman/The Patience EP

contributors



SHERYL NIELDS

After graduating from Parsons School of Design, Nields apprenticed with both Patrick Demarchelier and Stephane Sednaoui. Now a celebrity portraitist, she flew down to Fort Worth, Texas, where Willie Nelson was holding his 32nd annual 4th of July Picnic, to capture our cover shot of Nelson and Los Lonely Boys. The shoot wasn't quite what she'd envisioned: "It's been a life-long dream of mine to photograph Willie Nelson's hands," she says. "Unfortunately, due to his hand surgery, that didn't work out. But I still had an amazing experience."



MARC BAPTISTE

Baptiste was born in Haiti and began snapping pictures when he was in high school in Brooklyn. He's published two books of nudes, *Beautiful* and *Intimate*, in addition to his magazine shots of fashion and celebrities; the person he'd really like to photograph, he has said, is Al Sharpton. "People are people," he remarked before a London exhibit of his work opened early this year. "I like working with anyone who gives it up for the camera." Joss Stone, his subject on pages 7 and 112, gave it up fully dressed.



GARY GIDDINS

Last year, Giddins stopped writing his 30-year-old jazz column for *The Village Voice* in order to complete companion volumes to his award-winning *Visions of Jazz: The First Century* (2000) and *Bing Crosby: A Pocketful of Dreams—The Early Years* (2001). The former project, *Weather Bird: Jazz at the Dawn of Its Second Century*, comes out in October. Progress on volume 2 of the Crosby biography is going to be regularly interrupted by work on "Listening Session," his new jazz column for *TRACKS*, the first of which, on page 76, is devoted to his favorite singer, Sarah Vaughan. "She's a good place to start," Giddins says, "because singers are so much more accessible than instrumentalists. Jazz is opaque to a lot of people. If you can analyze one piece, it becomes an easier way to focus and say, 'That's not so complicated.'"



STEVE POND

At 19 Pond became a regular pop-music writer for *The Los Angeles Times*, and he's been writing about movies for nearly as long. (His book *The Big Show*, based on his 15 years of reporting on the Academy Awards for *Premiere*, will appear early next year.) The man, in other words, knows from egos—and so interviewing Los Lonely Boys (page 94) provided him a pleasant respite. "I think the fact that they're family really grounds them," Pond says. "A lot of rock-star stuff that might work on other people won't work on your brothers."

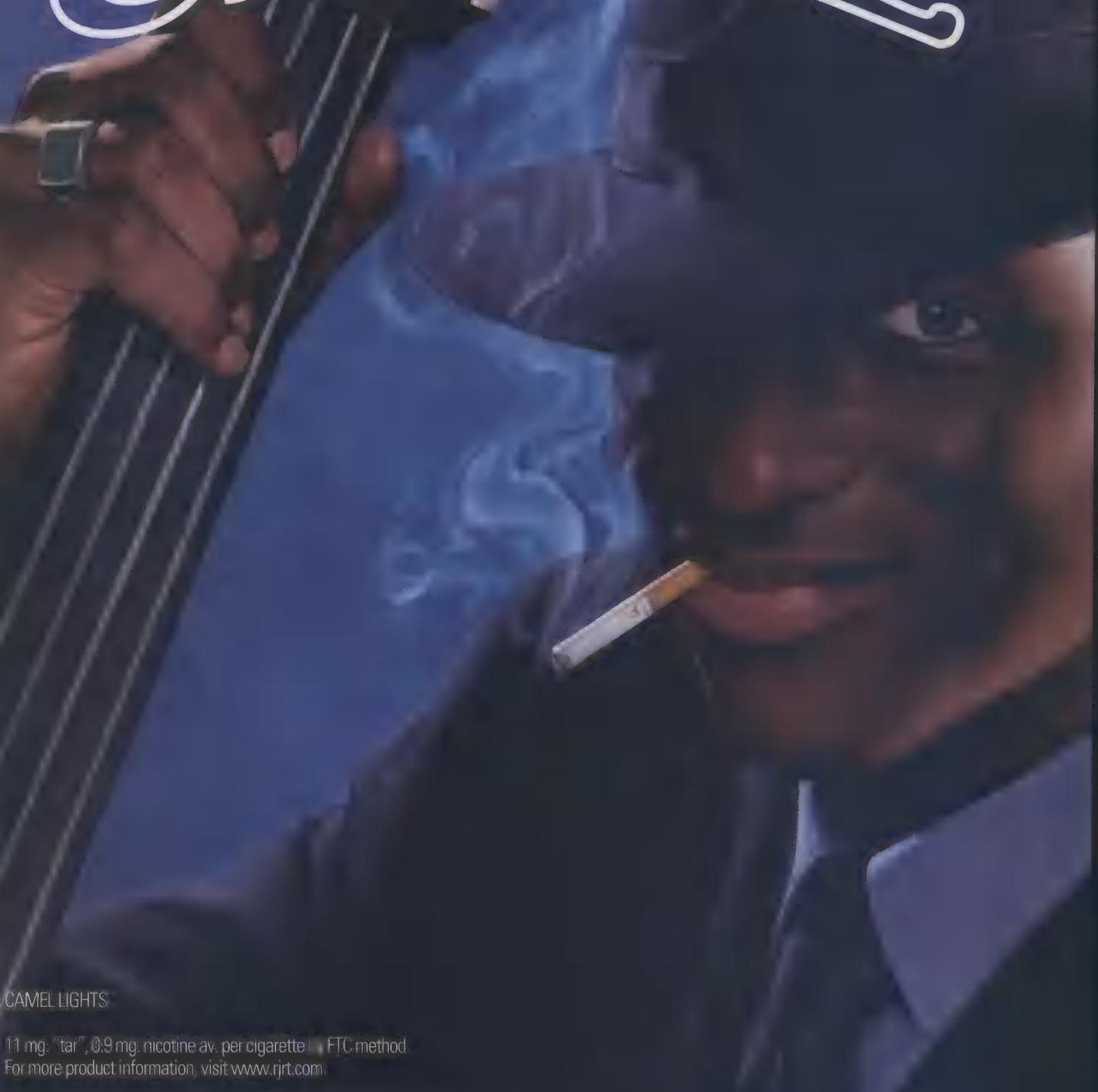


BUD SCOPPA

For 35 years Scoppa has bounced between writing record reviews (for the likes of *Crawdaddy!* and *Creem*), editing his own magazines (*Music Connection*, *Cash Box*, *Hits*) and working as an A&R man (he delivered Air Supply to Clive Davis). Still, he'd never crossed paths with Brian Wilson before meeting him at an LA deli to talk about *Smile* (page 102). "Brian's MO is that he's surrounded by people who help him get through the day," Scoppa says, "and this was just Brian and me sitting there having breakfast. For him to be there on his own, talking to me, was an act of bravery."

© 2004 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

CAMEL



CAMEL LIGHTS®

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette (FTC method)
For more product information, visit www.rjrt.com

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

**PLEASURE
—To—
BURN**

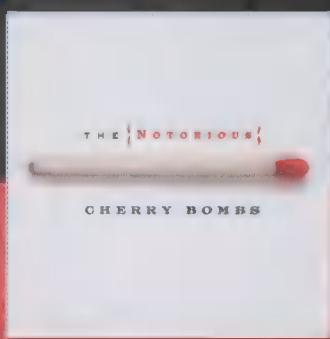
A SUCCESSFUL FUTURE
IS OFTEN THE RESULT
OF A LEGENDARY PAST



THE NOTORIOUS
**CHERRY
BOMBS**

FEATURING

RODNEY CROWELL,
VINCE GILL,
RICHARD BENNETT,
TONY BROWN, HANK DeVITO,
EDDIE BAYERS JR., MICHAEL
RHODES AND JOHN HOBBS



INCLUDES "IT'S HARD TO KISS
THE LIPS AT NIGHT THAT
CHEW YOUR ASS OUT
ALL DAY LONG"

AVAILABLE
NOW AT



THENOTORIOUSCHERRYBOMBS.COM / UNIVERSAL-SOUTH.COM / HOLLYWILLIAMS.COM / ©2004 UNIVERSAL SOUTH RECORDS, LLC

HOLLY WILLIAMS
DEBUT RELEASE
**THE ONES
WE NEVER KNEW**

AVAILABLE OCTOBER 5



HOLLY HAS CRAFTED AN ALBUM
THAT IS AS EMOTIONALLY RAW AS
IT IS LUSH IN ARRANGEMENT.
ECHOES OF THE INFLUENCE OF
DYLAN, COLDPLAY, NEIL YOUNG
AND LEONARD COHEN ARE
EVIDENT IN THE DELIVERY OF
THIS IMPRESSIVE COLLECTION.



MADELEINE PEYROUX

careless love

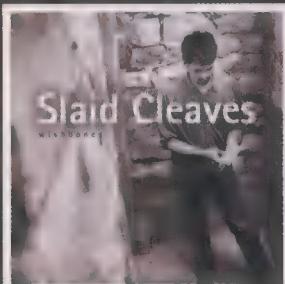
The long-awaited follow-up album to her highly acclaimed debut, *Dreamland*.

Peyroux weaves strands of acoustic blues, country ballads, classic jazz, torch songs and pop into a vibrant fabric that is both timeless and thoroughly up to date. Her talent was, and is still, undeniable.

Includes: "Don't Wait Too Long," "Dance Me to the End of Love," and "Careless Love"



For concert dates
to purchase, visit:
www.madeleinepeyroux.com



Slaid Cleaves *Wishbones*

"...tougher, edgier, and more electric than anything he's recorded to date...the finest album of his career."

— *The Boston Globe*



Cowboy Junkies *One Soul Now*

"...moody, brooding, eerie and melancholy."

— *Associated Press*



Sarah Harmer *All of Our Names*

"marvelously compelling"

— *Rolling Stone*

"Exceptional" — *Time*



BoDEANS *Resolution*

"Resolution bears all the marks of a classic BoDEANS' record."

impossible catchy hooks, ear-tickling harmonies and a romantic-yet-believable hopefulness."



Philo  ZOE
ROUNDER RECORDS GROUP COMPANIES

AVAILABLE AT

TOWER RECORDS

Tower.com

He's arguably the greatest combination of musician, producer, songwriter, publisher, performer, engineer, executive, entrepreneur, cockeyed visionary and certified raconteur in modern music history.

He's worked with everyone from Johnny Cash to U2 and now he brings us his FIRST ALBUM IN 25 YEARS!

COWBOY JACK CLEMENT

GUESS THINGS HAPPEN THAT WAY



I've got a bunch of people who say I'm a genius. That don't make me a genius but you've got to be pretty smart to get all them people to say that on cue.
Cowboy Jack Clement

IN STORES SEP. 14TH!
LISTEN, DOWNLOAD AND BUY AT DUALTONE.COM

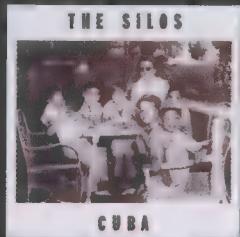
THE SILOS

WHEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS

IN STORES SEPTEMBER 14TH, THE NEW STUDIO ALBUM FROM THE CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED SILOS FEATURING "HOLDING ON TO LIFE," "15 DAYS" AND "THE ONLY LOVE"



ALSO AVAILABLE



DUALTONE © 2004 Dualtone Music Group

from the editor



Throughout this issue, music skips gloriously back and forth between generations. Our twin cover stories tell the tale of a 71-year-old legend and the trio of young hotshots he's championed—all the way to the Top 10. In the photograph that leads off our Opening Act section, you can almost hear the gorgeous cacophony of Keith Richards's rasp alongside the sweet harmony of Norah Jones at a tribute to the late Gram Parsons.

Keep going, and it gets more surprising. It took the efforts of Brian Wilson's younger backing band to give him the resolve to return to his never-completed Beach Boys masterpiece *Smile*. Then there's Jeff Buckley, the son of an innovative musician who died too young, whose own sudden death seven years ago only fueled an influence on modern rock that seems to grow day by day. Finally, an all-star list of soul veterans took on the 17-year-old Joss Stone, who has a voice that's decades beyond her age, and helped her find her groove.

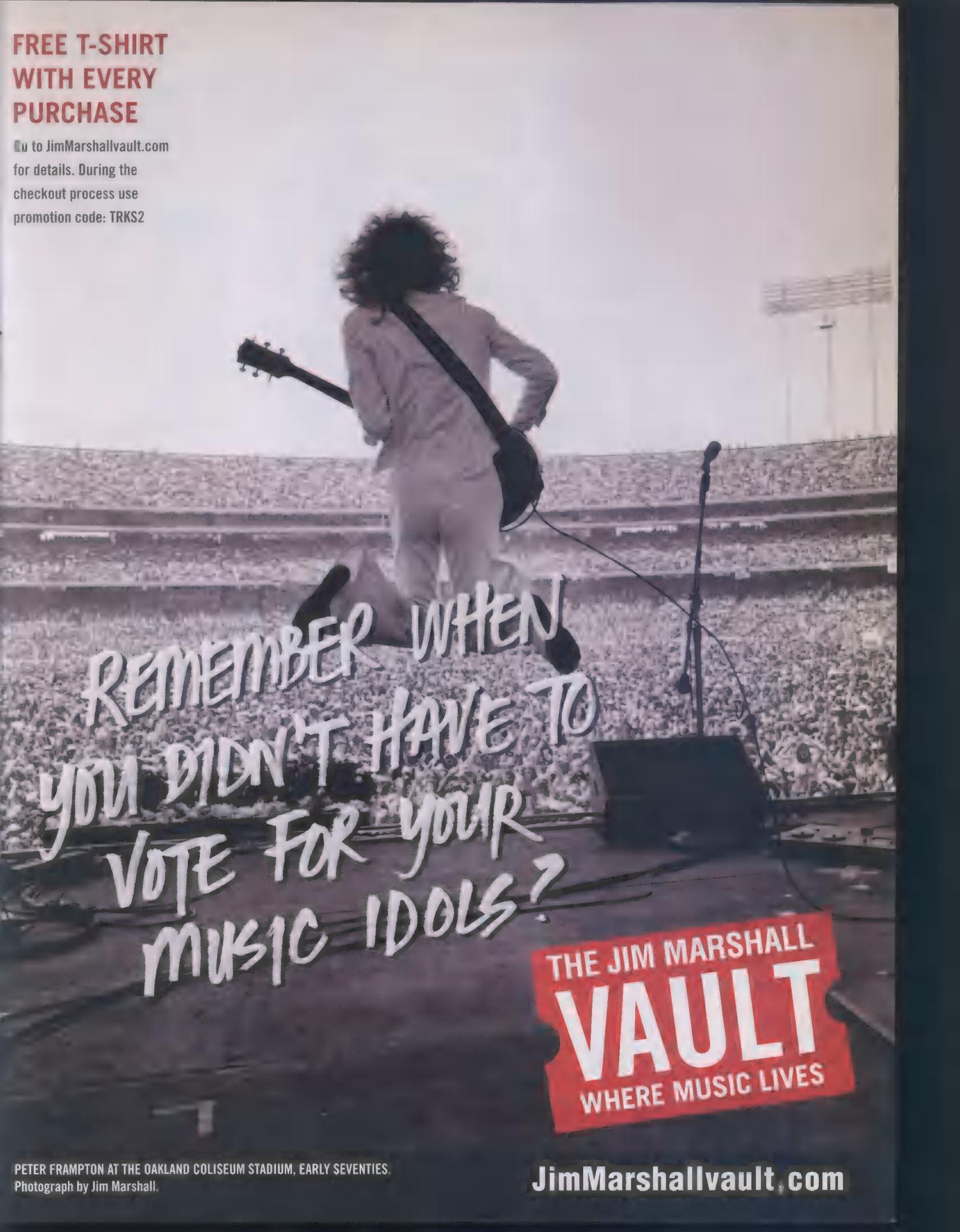
That's what music does: it looks forward and back. New artists study history, and elders learn from the youngsters. Which is why we never wanted *TRACKS* to be a magazine devoted to music nostalgia—there are too many fascinating things going on in the here and now for us to spend our time pining for the way things used to be.

Some of you noted in your letters to the editor this month that this isn't a magazine you're reading for its political analysis. Fair enough. So, since this issue will be out in the weeks leading up to this year's election, I'll simply echo the words of our Back Page contributor Henry Rollins: please vote in November, and please make your voice heard. Now more than ever, the stakes are high.

Alan Light
Editor in Chief

FREE T-SHIRT
WITH EVERY
PURCHASE

Go to JimMarshallVault.com
for details. During the
checkout process use
promotion code: TRKS2

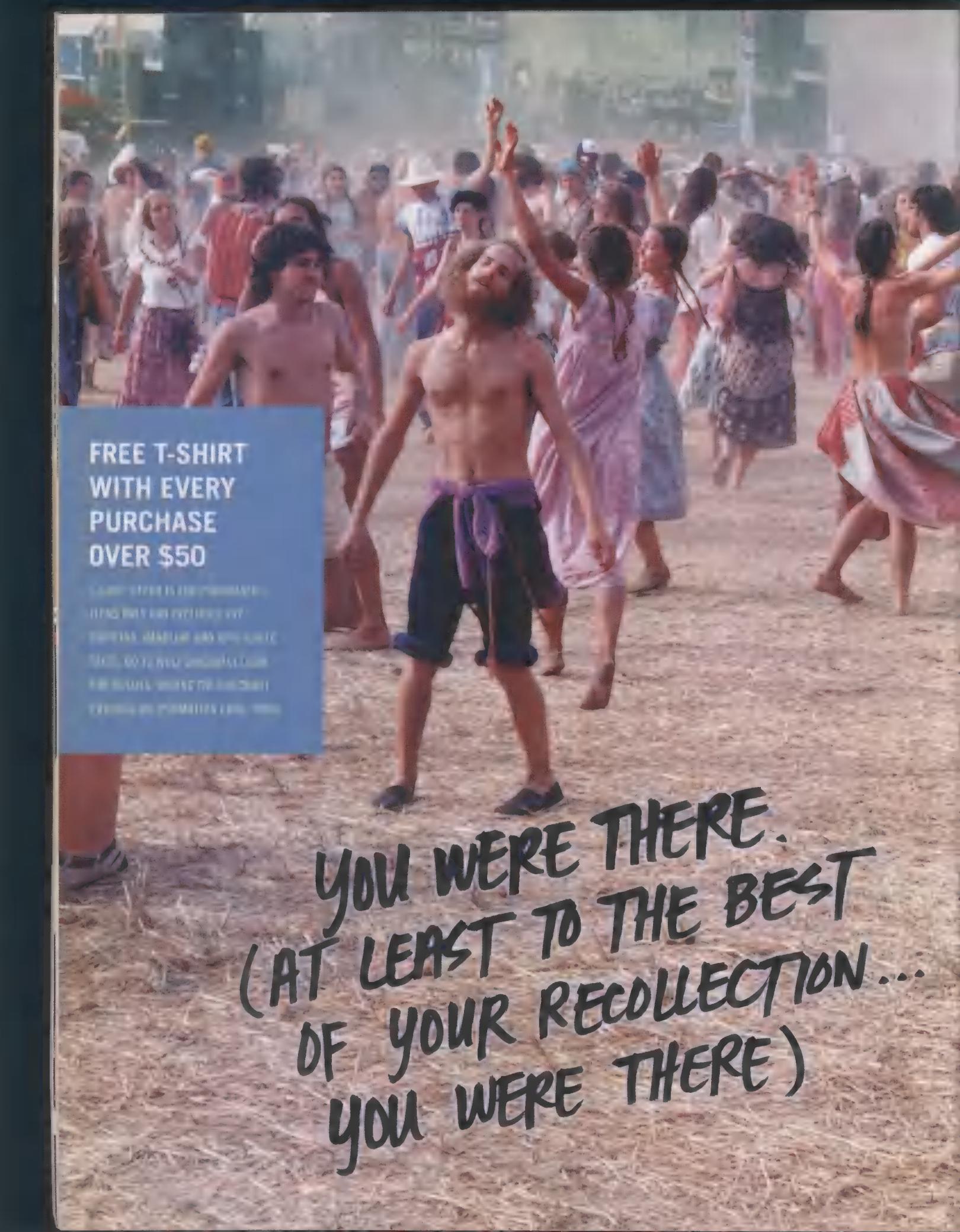


REMEMBER WHEN
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO
VOTE FOR YOUR
MUSIC IDOLS?

THE JIM MARSHALL
VAULT
WHERE MUSIC LIVES

PETER FRAMPTON AT THE OAKLAND COLISEUM STADIUM, EARLY SEVENTIES.
Photograph by Jim Marshall.

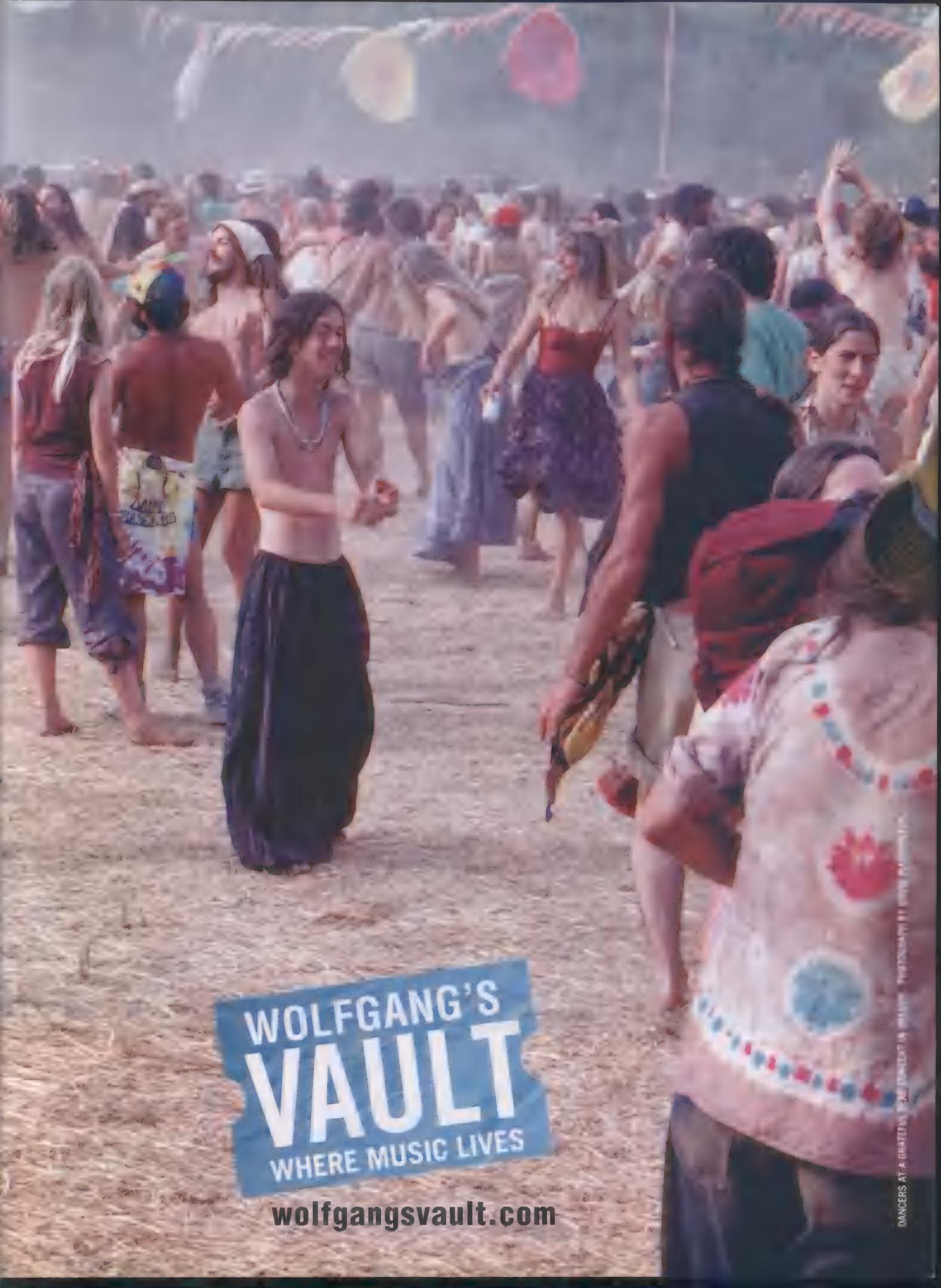
JimMarshallVault.com



FREE T-SHIRT
WITH EVERY
PURCHASE
OVER \$50

CLUB MONACO IS EXCITED TO ANNOUNCE
A FREE T-SHIRT WITH EVERY PURCHASE
OVER \$50.00. EXCLUSIVELY AT
CLUB MONACO AND ONLINE AT
CLUBMONACO.COM. USE CODE
TSHIRT50 AT CHECKOUT.
EXCLUSIVELY AT CLUB MONACO.

YOU WERE THERE.
(AT LEAST TO THE BEST
OF YOUR RECOLLECTION...
YOU WERE THERE)



DANCERS AT A GROOVETONIGHT! © 2002 Wolfgang's Vault, Inc. All rights reserved.

You don't necessarily need to leave work early to beat the traffic.



The 265-hp Nissan Maxima The V6 engine roars as you merge. Sport-tuned independent suspension tightly hugs the passing lane. You look around. Did traffic disappear? No. Just look in your rearview mirror. For more information, call 800-NISSAN3 or visit NissanUSA.com.



SHIFT_power

3.5 SE model shown. Nissan, the Nissan Brand Symbol, "SHIFT_," tagline and Nissan model names are Nissan trademarks. Always wear your seat belt, and please don't drink and drive. ©2004 Nissan North America, Inc.

letters to the editor

As one of the many music writers

who've taken on the Jimi Hendrix legacy in book form (*Bold as Love: The Jimi Hendrix Experience*), I cringe when I see magazines make blunders in Hendrix features. Fortunately, your "Who Owns Jimi Hendrix?" suffers only from Charles R. Cross's odd inclusion of the old bootleg *Magic Fingers* in his list of "The Essentials." Jimi's own recording of this March 1968 show is easily available as an Experience Hendrix "official bootleg," under the title *Live in Ottawa*, at www.daggerrecords.com.

Frank Moriarty
Blackwood, New Jersey

As the author of two investigative

features on Jimi Hendrix, including one with the exact same title (*Guitar One Magazine*, June 2003), I found Cross's article well-researched and -written. It nonetheless leaves out 50 percent of the story by ignoring Ed Chalpin, Jimi's first producer, and Yameta, the company that managed his affairs in the UK. The legal aspects of the Hendrix estate are far more involved and complicated than what you presented.

Dave Rubin
New York, New York

I have served Experience Hendrix

as its catalog manager since its inception, in 1995, and have been involved with a host of posthumous Jimi Hendrix CDs, videos and television projects over the past two decades. I have also co-written two books on Jimi's remarkable life, career and legacy. I was extremely displeased to read what I consider a poorly researched and decidedly biased representation of the present litigation involving the estate of James "Al" Hendrix, Experience Hendrix and Leon Hendrix by Charles R. Cross.

First and foremost, I was not interviewed by Cross for this story. His out-of-context recycling of an old quote of mine suggests that I was given ample opportunity to respond to the baseless claims littered throughout this article. At a minimum, Cross should have made it clear that my comments to him were made for an article published some

years ago, and not for TRACKS.

It seems clear from the article that the access Leon Hendrix and his supporters accorded Cross has skewed any effort at objectivity or, at times, even truth. As a result, Cross puts forward a host of false or misleading statements by those eager to advance their own agendas. For example:

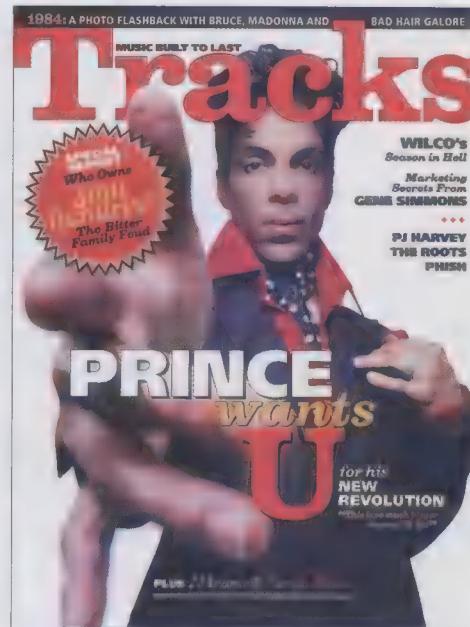
Cross states that Diane Hendrix "never worked for EH." But she did run the Jimi Hendrix Family Foundation until Al Hendrix and Experience Hendrix dismissed her. I imagine that readers of TRACKS might consider this information critical to understanding why she might feel angry or even vindictive toward her family and her former employer.

Cross describes Diane Hendrix as having "the most business experience." This is also false. Among a staff of respected business professionals at Experience Hendrix, Diane's own brother, Bob Hendrix, was a senior executive at Costco prior to joining Experience Hendrix.

Cross cites pretrial motions as having "raised the question of whether Leon is truly Al's son." He does not add that Al Hendrix himself stated in his 1999 biography *My Son Jimi* that Leon Hendrix was not his biological son. The book was published long before this litigation began; surely there was room in the story for a direct quote from Al Hendrix as to the paternity of Leon Hendrix.

Cross provides Leon with a forum for his "song" about Janie. But it is curious, given his enthusiasm for the 2000 box set *The Jimi Hendrix Experience* (issued by Experience Hendrix), that he opts not to mention the Jimi Hendrix song "It's Too Bad," whose lyrics chronicle Hendrix's dissatisfaction with Leon and his "hustling ways."

Cross allows Diane Hendrix's irrational assertion that "none of Jimi's wealth has gone to African-Americans" to go unchallenged. Surely she is not suggesting that Al Hendrix was not an African-American? Jimi's legacy was left to Al Hendrix. It was Al Hendrix who spurned offers to sell it and instead led a contentious three-year battle to reclaim his ownership. Al founded Experience Hendrix in 1995 and remained the chairman of its board until his death, in

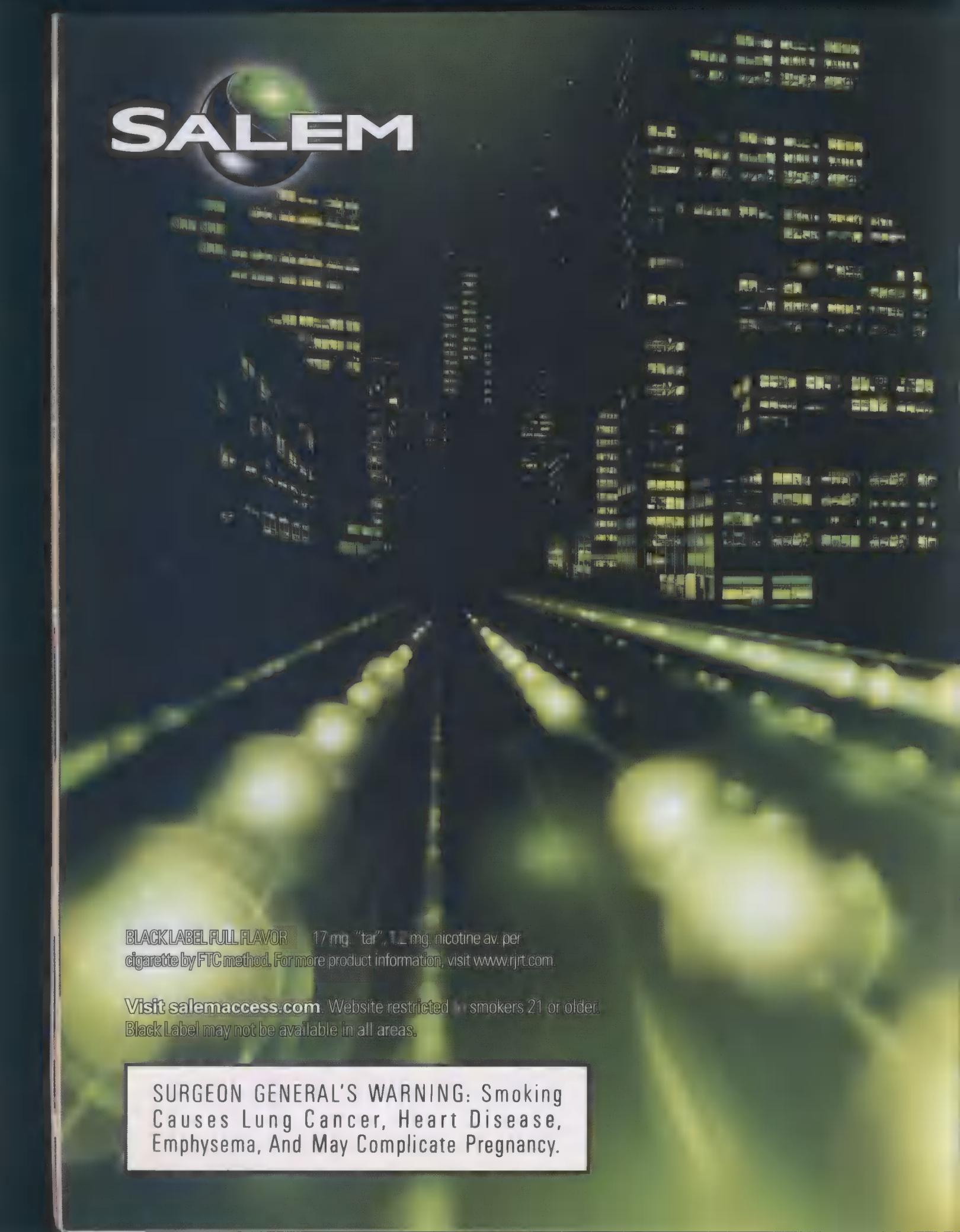


April 2002. Moreover, it is Al Hendrix who is ultimately the posthumous target of these various lawsuits.

Cross allows Tina Hendrix to state, "Historically, blacks have been manipulated in the music business." Absent is any challenge to this unfounded assertion or even historical perspective from Cross. No other artist of Hendrix's iconic stature from that era, *black or white*, can claim to own both the masters and the publishing rights to his music, as Hendrix ultimately did. The Beatles, James Brown, Eric Clapton and many others never enjoyed the control over their recordings that he did; this is an integral part of his legacy, and Cross ignores it entirely.

Cross states, "The inequities extend even to graves," comparing the graves of Jimi Hendrix and his mother, Lucille, who died in 1958. Al Hendrix had divorced Lucille *six years earlier*, in 1952. After their divorce, Lucille married William Mitchell. As a result, Al never had any right whatsoever to determine her grave site or, later, to change or modify her headstone; those rights remain with Lucille's heirs, not her ex-husband.

Cross alleges that Noel Redding "planned to sue for unpaid royalties." Nowhere does Cross make clear that it was Redding himself who sold off all of his remaining rights in Jimi Hendrix properties in 1973—22 years before the formation of Experience Hendrix—and that in the same agreement he consented never to sue the Hendrix entities. For the next three decades—beginning long before Al Hendrix assumed control of

A black and white photograph of a city skyline at night, with numerous lit windows in the buildings. The word "SALEM" is prominently displayed in large, white, sans-serif capital letters in the upper left corner. The letters are partially obscured by a dark, circular shape, possibly a stylized "S".

SALEM

BLACK LABEL FULL FLAVOR 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. For more product information, visit www.rjrt.com.

Visit salemaccess.com. Website restricted to smokers 21 or older.
Black Label may not be available in all areas.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

stir the senses

letters to the editor (cont'd)

the Hendrix legacy—Redding bitterly regretted this decision. Cross neglects to mention that Experience Hendrix compensated Redding for his appearances in such documentaries as *Classic Albums: The Making of "Electric Ladyland"* and *Hendrix: Band of Gypsys*; reached an agreement in 2002 to issue an album of unreleased recordings, *Noel Redding: The Experience Sessions*; and provided Redding with the full financial assistance he needed to save his longtime home in Cork, Ireland, from foreclosure.

Cross states that "at one of his last concerts, at the Isle of Wight, Jimi was visibly drinking Coke." This is absolutely false. There is instead a photo published with the Experience Hendrix DVD *Blue Wild Angel: Jimi Hendrix Live at the Isle of Wight* that shows a Coke can atop one of the amplifiers at the festival. Hendrix is not seen drinking from the can; it no more necessarily belonged to him than it did to a member of his road crew or one of the countless stagehands and guests milling about backstage.

Keith Dion is described, deceptively, as "a San Francisco-based musician and Hendrix memorabilia collector." Cross does not mention that Dion performed and recorded with Noel Redding in recent years and collaborated with him on one of his final albums. Such information would have more honestly made Dion's sympathies with Redding and his agenda clear.

Cross later allows Dion to make the allegation that Janie Hendrix has somehow "tried to whitewash Jimi's image to suit her own agenda." Nowhere does Cross provide a single example. The assertion is ludicrous. Experience Hendrix has produced multiple television programs, concert films and video documentaries and issued nearly 20 CD releases, and yet Cross offers no specific example to substantiate such a charge.

Experience Hendrix is a company whose business is conducted largely in the public eye. It is not in any way immune to criticism, and my letter should not be interpreted as suggesting that it is. But I feel strongly that the true story is far more interesting, and that Cross should have provided both sides with a forum for their viewpoints. You have done the Jimi Hendrix legacy and your own readers a disservice.

John McDermott
Auburndale, Massachusetts



"No other artist of Hendrix's iconic stature from that era, black or white, can claim to own both the masters and the publishing rights to his music."

As archivist and historian for the James Marshall Hendrix Foundation, founded by Leon Hendrix, and having known Al Hendrix personally, I can tell you Al could not have filled out an entry to Publishers Clearing House, much less begun to understand the complexities of estate planning and industry contracts. The simple fact is that Leon Hendrix was accepted as Al's son and included in all of his wills until Janie Hendrix took control of Al's affairs—including the exhumation of Jimi's remains, of which she alleged Al was "involved in every aspect." When I asked Al myself in 2000 if Jimi was really to be exhumed, he responded, "I don't know. Janie and them take care of all that."

Ray Rae Goldman
Venice, California

As a member of the high-school class of '86, I remember the '80s differently than Rick Moody does in his pouty little piece "The Summer of '84." I remember Reagan's economic policies bringing us out of the quagmire Carter got us into. I remember Reagan bringing the USSR to its knees, ending the Cold War. My humble request: give me music reviews and interviews and leave the liberal whining to *Time*, *Newsweek* and the dopes at *Rolling Stone*. I read your magazine to get away from all that shit.

Christopher Douglas
Cincinnati, Ohio

I was surprised

to see that Moody left the Police out of "The Summer of '84." My first "real" concert was headed by that great band, on February 8, 1984, in Williamsburg, Virginia. The Police were all over the place in early '84!

Stephen Jones
Daniel Island, South Carolina

It's a shame that Moody

had to spill his bleeding heart all over the page. Let him know that liberals aren't the only ones who like music—and that when you start spewing opinions about politics, race or religion, you take a chance of alienating at least half of your audience. I'll just have to find new music elsewhere, because I won't be supporting broken-record liberals or your magazine.

Jim McGovern
Apopka, Florida

TELL US WHAT YOU THINK!

E-mail us at mail@tracksmusic.com, or write us at TRACKS Magazine, 304 Park Avenue South, 8th Floor, New York, NY 10010-4310. Please be sure to include your full name, address and a daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We can assume no responsibility for loss of or damage to any unsolicited material.

CUSTOMER SERVICE: For subscription-related inquiries, call 877-860-9155, e-mail tracks@palmcoast.com or write to P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. To order back issues (\$5.99 plus \$2.50 shipping and handling), call 800-429-0106 or e-mail backissues@the-direct-source.com.



John Byker - Custom Motorcycle Designer

BEHIND EVERY GREAT BEARD, THERE'S A GREAT TRIMMER.

Only the Remington® Titanium VacuumTrim™ combines titanium-coated blades with a powerful vacuum system that catches virtually every hair. So you get a precise trim without the messy clean-up, every time.

It could just make all other trimmers obsolete.



REMINGTON

TITANIUM
VACUUM TRIM™

www.remington-products.com



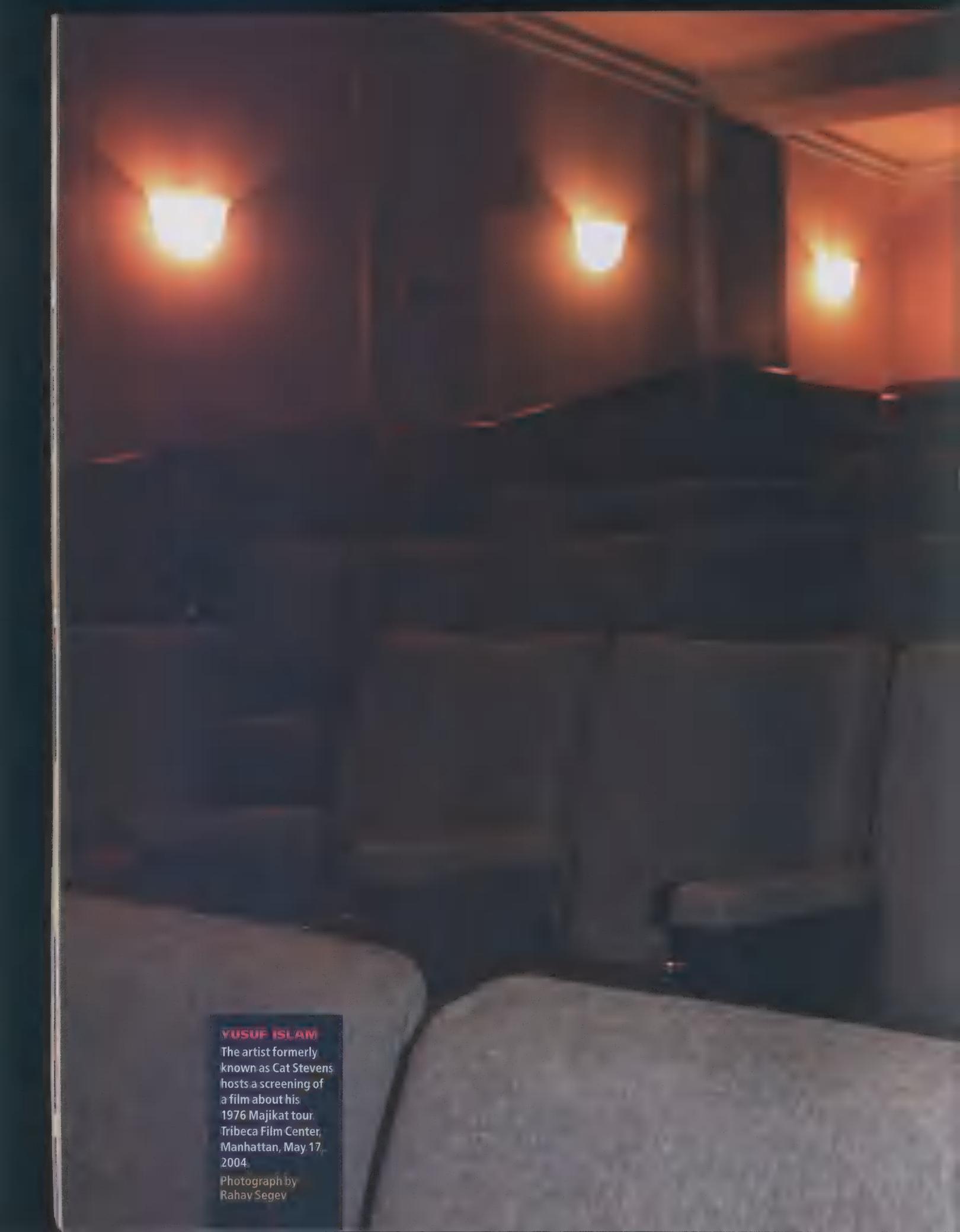
OPENING ACT



NORAH JONES AND KEITH RICHARDS

The strange stage-fellows pair up on "Love Hurts" at a tribute to the late Gram Parsons. Santa Barbara, July 11, 2004

Photograph
Henry Diltz



YUSUF ISLAM

The artist formerly known as Cat Stevens hosts a screening of a film about his 1976 Majikat tour. Tribeca Film Center, Manhattan, May 17, 2004.

Photograph by
Rahay Segev

OPENING ACT





PHISH

Get back home, Trey Phish, planning to disband after its summer tour, conjures shades of the Beatles at a performance above Broadway, Manhattan, June 21, 2004.

Photograph by
Billy Fowks

OPENING ACT

and Sulcuan Theater

REFRESHED

with a



YOU
HAVE ENTERED THE ATMOSP



you + hp

HERE OF PLANET COLTRANE.

Every piece of music for every mood, conveniently downloaded from your PC and stored in a little white box. Introducing the Apple iPod from HP. Get lost in the music, wherever it takes you. www.hp.com/music



YOU
LISTEN TO YOUR OWN



Take 10,000 songs¹ out for a jog.
Introducing the Apple iPod from HP.
Your PC has a new training partner.
www.hp.com/music



N GREATEST HITS.



INTRODUCE YOUR

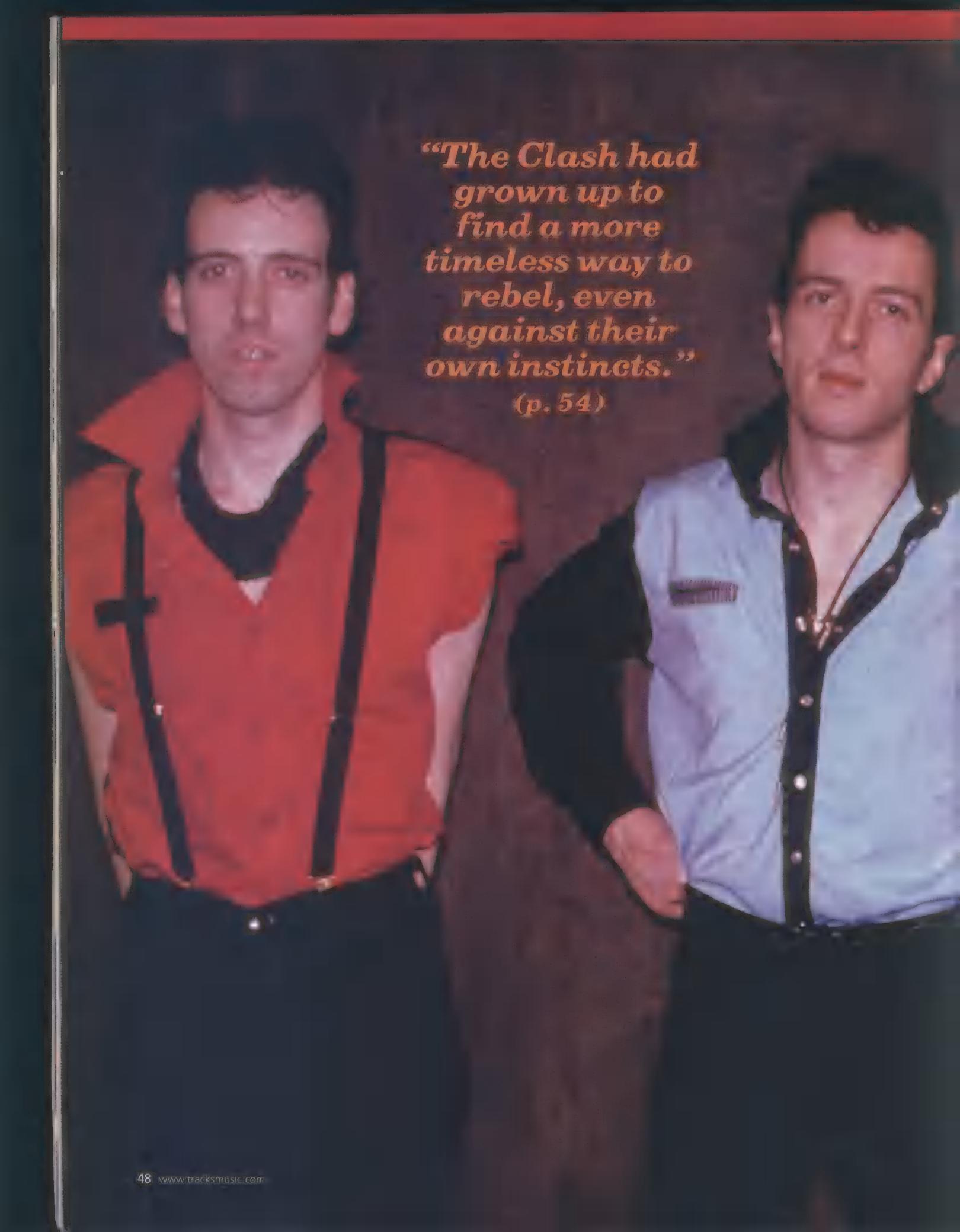
All new HP PCs* come preloaded with Apple iTunes software. Combined with the new Apple iPod from HP, you bring the bass without missing a beat. Your PC is a musical prodigy. www.hp.com/music

*Any PC owner can download the Apple iTunes software for free at www.hp.com/music.



you + hp

YOU
PC TO THE BAND.



*"The Clash had
grown up to
find a more
timeless way to
rebel, even
against their
own instincts."*

(p. 54)

Jukebox

Your guide to all the music that matters

Jukebox Crib Sheet

As you read the Jukebox section, check off the titles that sound most promising to you. Then tear off this card and put it in your wallet, briefcase or purse, and whenever you need new music in your life, you'll be ready.

Now Playing

Ray Charles • Genius Loves Company: *The Birth of Soul*; *The Country & Western Recordings, 1959-1986*; *Ray Charles and Betty Carter, Dedicated to You*; *Live*

ROCK/POP

The Clash • *London Calling: Special 25th Anniversary Edition*

Sahara Hotnights • *Kiss & Tell*

Jason Mraz • *Tonight, Not Again—Live at the Eagles Ballroom*

Rilo Kiley • *More Adventurous*

The Electras • *The Electras*

Jonathan Richman • *Not So Much to Be Loved as to Love*

The Finn Brothers • *Everyone Is Here*

Brian Eno • *Here Come the Warm Jets*; *Taking Tiger Mountain (by Strategy)*; *Another Green World*; *Before and After Science*

Talking Heads • *The Name of This Band Is Talking Heads*

Nick Drake • *Made to Love Magic*

Low • *A Lifetime of Temporary Relief*

10 Years of B-Sides & Rarities

David Crosby and Graham Nash • *Crosby-Nash*

Tommy Stinson • *Village Gorilla Head*

Tom Waits • *Real Gone*

North Mississippi Allstars • *Instores & Outtakes*

k.d. lang • *Hymns of the 49th Parallel*

Christine McVie • *In the Meantime*

The Thrills • *Let's Bottle Bohemia*

Guided By Voices • *Half Smiles of the Decomposed*

Vic Chesnutt • *Little, West of Rome; Drunk; Is the Actor Happy?*

Kings of Convenience • *Riot on an Empty Street*

Gibby Haynes and His Problem • *Gibby Haynes and His Problem*

Various Artists • *Por Vida: A Tribute to the Songs of Alejandro Escovedo*

Twilight Singers • *She Loves You*

Radio 4 • *Stealing of a Nation*

R&B/HIP-HOP

Jean Grae • *This Week*

Northern State • *All City*

Jill Scott • *Beautifully Human: Words and Sounds, Vol. 2*

Quincy Jones and Bill Cosby • *The Original Jam Sessions 1969: The New Mixes, Vol. 1*

PlantLife • *The Return of Jack Splash*

Percy Sledge • *Shining Through the Rain*

ROOTS

Ben Harper/Blind Boys of Alabama • *There Will Be a Light*

Various Artists • *Beautiful Dreamer: The Songs of Stephen Foster*

Mavis Staples • *Have a Little Faith*

JAZZ

Jane Monheit • *Taking a Chance on Love*

Patricia Barber • *A Fortnight in France*

Charlie Haden • *Land of the Sun*

50 NOW PLAYING

Ray Charles's Farewell

54 ROCK

70 R&B/HIP-HOP

72 ROOTS

75 JAZZ

76 LISTENING SESSION

Sarah Vaughan

79 COUNTRY

83 BEATS

84 WORLD

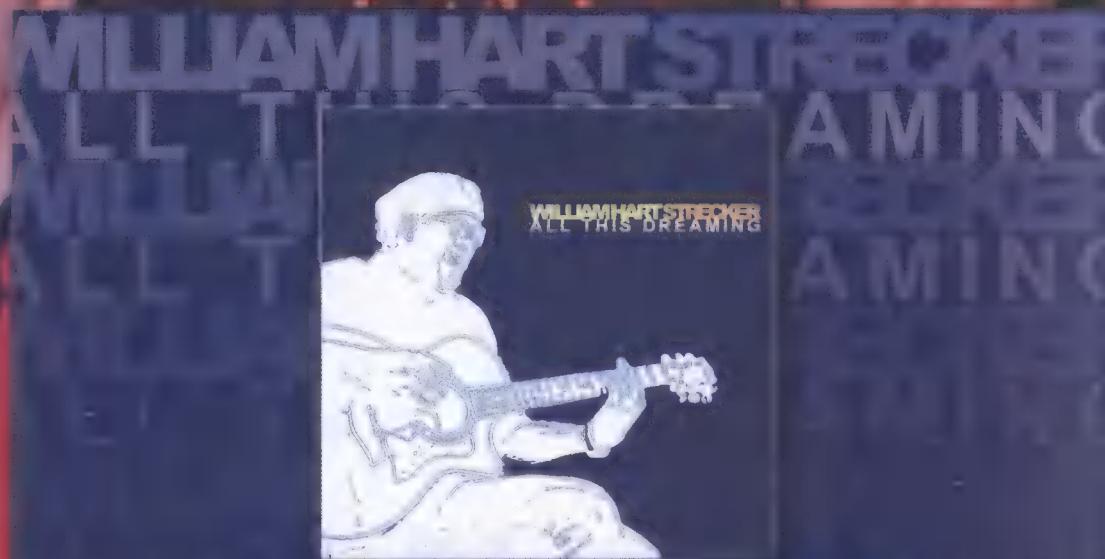
86 DVDs

89 WHATEVER

90 THE TRACKS LIST

African Pop

*"The Clash had
grown up to
find a more
timeless way to
rebel, even*



WILLIAM HART STRECKER ALL THIS DREAMING

*"....smart songs, tempered by living
and still leavened by dreams.*

*They're folk, rock and country,
and they're a welcome breeze for
anyone who simply enjoys
a good record."*

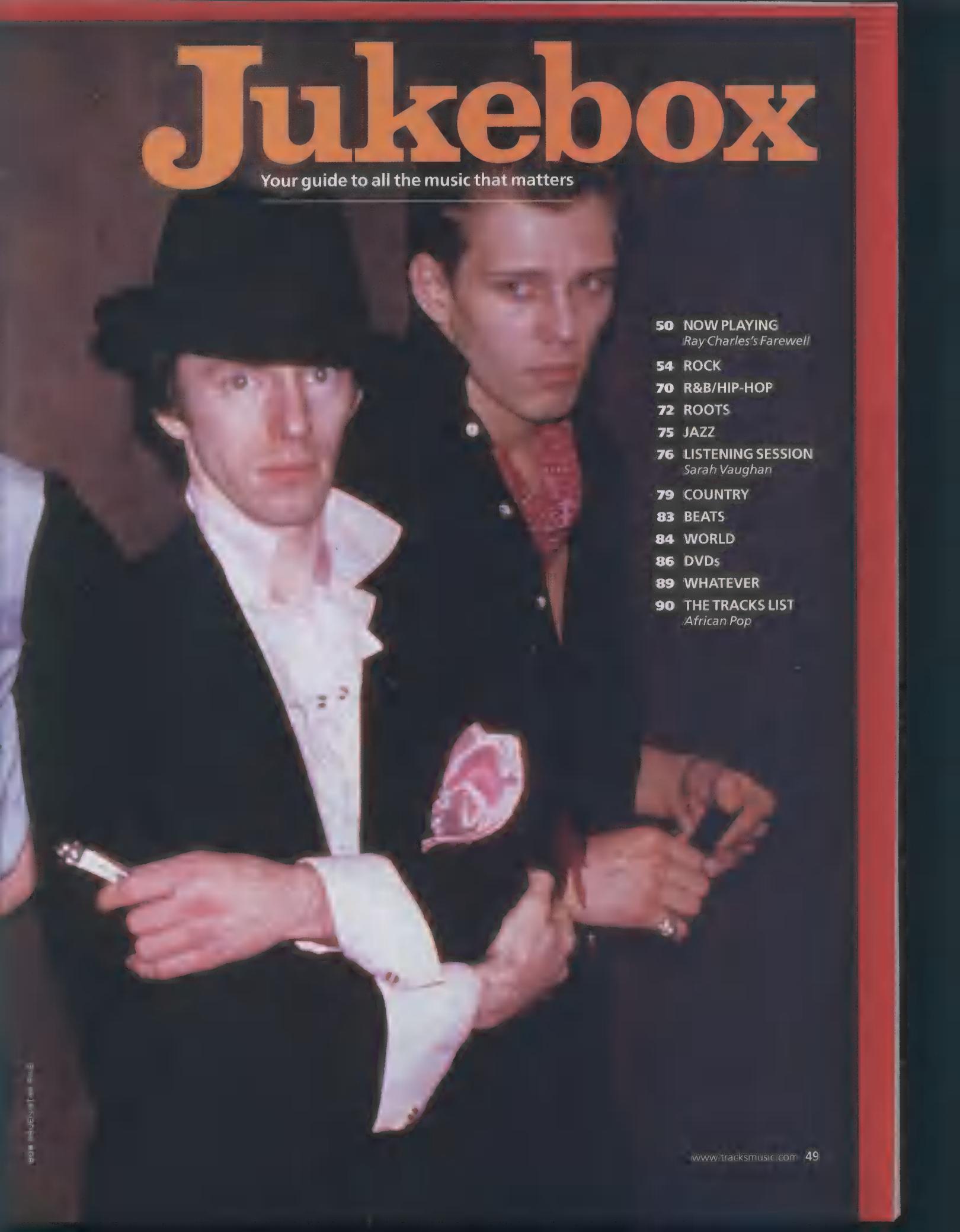
David Hinckley, Daily News

Available at
www.cdbaby.com

www.williamhartstrecker.com

Jukebox

Your guide to all the music that matters



- 50 NOW PLAYING**
Ray Charles's Farewell
- 54 ROCK**
- 70 R&B/HIP-HOP**
- 72 ROOTS**
- 75 JAZZ**
- 76 LISTENING SESSION**
Sarah Vaughan
- 79 COUNTRY**
- 83 BEATS**
- 84 WORLD**
- 86 DVDs**
- 89 WHATEVER**
- 90 THE TRACKS LIST**
African Pop

now playing



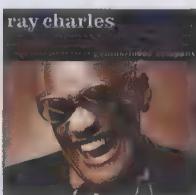
O Brother, Where Art Thou?

Ray Charles bids farewell in a set that flickers with genius.

By Tom Moon

Ray Charles always liked to mix it up. He did his apprenticeship in the jazz world, and through six decades—during which he wrote the blueprint for soul music, experimented with virtually every pop genre and spread his inclusive ideal through constant road work—he never lost his taste for spontaneous creation, particularly in the company of artists he admired. The singer and pianist, who died on June 10 at the age of 73, didn't have a fixed strategy for collaborations; he would just do what was necessary to create the cozy surroundings that let his guests shine. He'd provide spicy chords or idle cocktail-bar tinklings from the piano. He knew that it often took just the slightest vocal on his part, the "uh-huh" under his breath, to set things off.

But despite all that gracious-host deference, he usually stole the show. Listen to his 1961 recording of the standard "Alone Together," with Betty Carter. He exits his first verse with an elegant handoff, and



Ray Charles
Genius Loves Company
Concord/Hear

Carter—then a nervous emerging jazz chanteuse—slides right into the bridge, where she does a striking woeful-girl turn. Sneaking back in for the last verse, Charles announces his arrival with a little half-twist turnaround phrase that, all by itself, sends the music airborne. Flip and affection-free, the morsel lasts less than four beats.

But it completely transforms the music.

The Charles catalog is full of these animating moments (see "Ray Charles 101," page 52). They happened in early small-group jazz sessions, with big studio orchestras, even on recent pop dates (like Billy Joel's "Baby Grand"). Alas, there aren't enough on *Genius Loves Company*, which unites Charles with a boatload of admirers, including Elton John, Norah Jones, Natalie Cole, James Taylor, B. B. King and Willie Nelson. The album, completed shortly before Charles's death, is his first full duets collection, and it moves with customary ease from R&B to country to pure pop, show-

casing his knack for elevating the ordinary to the extraordinary at nearly every stop.

There's plenty of banter and camaraderie. And there are also moments when the guests seem awed to be sharing a platform with the mighty Charles, whose voice retained its textural richness—his phrases could conjure the feeling of coarse sandpaper or aged leather—to the end. But there is such a thing as being too accommodating. Charles joins James Taylor in a tiptoeing funk bonbon, "Sweet Potato Pie," that wriggles and wobbles but offers little of the assertiveness he brought to his classics. On "Sorry Seems to Be the Hardest Word," he and Elton John trade overwrought pleasantries that seem aloof, disconnected. And though he tries his best to get Natalie Cole to loosen up on "Fever," she never really catches it.

There are sparks, though—enough of them to remind anyone of the reasons that Charles will always be revered as an interpreter of American popular song. On "Somewhere Over the Rainbow," Johnny Mathis handles the pathos, and Charles, coy as ever, brings the sunshine, as he does again on an otherwise bluesy "Do I Ever Cross Your Mind?" featuring Bonnie Raitt. Norah Jones, who owes Charles a great stylistic debt, starts off the first track, the wounded lovers' lament "Here We Go Again"; then the host crawls up into the mood of lovesick wariness she's created and extends it with a series of casual but perfectly formed vocal phrasings. Here he sounds at near peak, and when he calls for the input of "Mr. Preston"—the organist Billy Preston, whose spry, creeping chords frame every utterance—he gets an amazing blues solo in return.

The album ends with Charles and one of his most ardent disciples, Van Morrison, performing live in 2003. The two sound fully immersed as they take Morrison's "Crazy Love" back to its hymnbook roots. They find ad-lib possibilities in each volley, bouncing off each other like a seasoned vaudeville team. There's the sense that everyone involved is having a blast. And that was another, often overlooked, dimension of Ray Charles's genius: no matter the setting or the style or the company he kept from track to track, he made everything seem urgent, artistically significant and, most important of all, a hell of a lot of fun.



EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT OUR WHISKEY IS HERE
IN BLACK AND WHITE.

When it comes to drinking responsibly, there are no gray areas.

JACK DANIEL'S and OLD NO. 7 are registered trademarks. ©2004 Jack Daniel's. Come visit us at www.jackdaniels.com

BRUCE HORNSBY
HALCYON
DAYS

MUSIC
TO MAKE
YOUR DAY

The new album
featuring the single
"Comin' to Some
Changes Made"
and some very
special guests
IN STORES NOW

PRODUCED BY WAYNE POOLEY
& BRUCE HORNSBY

Enter to win AWESOME prizes at
www.columbiarecords.com/brucehornsby

www.bruchornsby.com
www.columbiarecords.com

on sale at all locations

TOWER RECORDS
Tower.com

Tower Exclusive! FREE BONUS CD with purchase.
Features 3 live and previously unreleased tracks.

now playing

RAY CHARLES 101

There are tons of Ray Charles anthologies; all give short shrift to one area of his genius or another. These four titles offer a fairly comprehensive primer.



The Birth of Soul (Atlantic, 3 CDs, 1991) This isn't just the birth; it's the complete DNA map of soul, as well as a chronicle of Charles's commercial high points. The beginning of this accelerated survey shows how he held onto some early influences—Nat King Cole's casual vocal style, the call-and-response volleys of gospel—as he went about forging his new sound. From there, the set strikes a nice balance between the obligatory ("Hallelujah, I Love Her So") and the underappreciated ("Lonely Avenue"). The booklet includes a thoughtful essay by the late critic Robert Palmer.

The Complete Country & Western Recordings, 1959-1986 (Rhino, 4 CDs, 1998) Charles wasn't the first to notice the connection between country weepers and R&B ballads, but his far-beyond-novelty recordings remain the most nuanced explorations of it. This set contains all of the material from Charles's first country efforts, *Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music Vol. 1* and *Vol. 2* (the 1962 sessions that yielded his monster hit "I Can't Stop Loving You," among other gems), then gathers subsequent singles and album sides with a country tinge.



Ray Charles and Betty Carter/ Dedicated to You

(Rhino, 1998) Though an easy-listening vocal choir (the Jack Halloran Singers) pops up in all the wrong places, and there are times when the strings get maudlin, the chemistry between Charles and Carter on this compilation, which comprises two albums recorded in 1961, is extraordinary. They swoop and slide through standards like "Every Time We Say Goodbye" and "Stella By Starlight," generating sparks with gymnastic flights and ballet-worthy handoffs.

Live (Atlantic, 1973; Rhino, 1987) As lively as Charles's studio recordings are, there was nothing like hearing him live—pounding the piano and roaring over the horn section with a perpetual determination to take things higher. This set, which collects performances from 1958 and 1959, catches him at his genre-busting, roof-raising best.



WILLIENELSON & FRIENDS OUTLAWS AND ANGELS

This new live album from Willie's 3rd USA Network special features Willie performing with some of his closest friends and biggest legends making music today including Los Lonely Boys, Keith Richards, Merle Haggard, Toby Keith, Lucinda Williams, Al Green, Shelby Lynne, Jerry Lee Lewis and many more!



WILLIE NELSON
& FRIENDS
OUTLAWS AND ANGELS

www.losthighwayrecords.com

© 2004 UMG Recordings, Inc.

LOST HIGHWAY

USA
NETWORK

rock

Revolution Rock

In 1979, the year of "My Sharona," the Clash released *London Calling*—a double album that defied punk purists to accuse the band of arena rock's bloated egotism. It would be easier to believe that 25 years have passed if the album didn't still sound so strong and fresh, its ambitious rush of invention and conviction untied to any stylistic moment. Dropping the rejection of cultural forebears they previously expressed as "no Elvis, Beatles or the Rolling Stones in 1977!" the Clash enthusiastically adapted rockabilly ("Brand New Cadillac"), soul ("Jimmy Jazz"), reggae ("Revolution Rock," "The Guns of Brixton"), Phil Spector grandeur ("The Card Cheat") and mainstream rock ("Train in Vain (Stand by Me").

On *London Calling*, which was several grades of sophistication and scholarship beyond the raw blurt of "White Riot," Joe Strummer sang of Montgomery Clift and apocalyptic drama, allowing the tender vulnerability of "Lost in the Supermarket" to mingle with the incendiary fervor of "Death



The Clash
London Calling:
Special 25th
Anniversary
Edition
Epic/Legacy

or Glory." Essentially, the Clash had grown up to find a new, more timeless way to rebel, even against their own original instincts.

Sonically, the album split the difference between the harsh simplicity of their 1977 debut, *The Clash*, and the fussed-over fury of their 1978 follow-up, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*. Credit their producer, Guy Stevens, an erratic character who could fish among the band's conflicting impulses and pull out performances—at once powerful, detailed, rough and beautiful—that suited them all. For a clue to his methods, watch the making-of documentary on the DVD included in this triple-disc package. For audible evidence of his impact (and that of the longtime Clash engineer Bill Price, who

mixed and allegedly salvaged the *London Calling* sessions), listen to *The Vanilla Tapes*, the bonus disc of 21 demos that predate the album sessions by a few weeks. The bootleg-quality rehearsals of works in progress at no point rival the finished songs on the album. These sketches reveal little about the creative process except that it has a beginning. The stray pleasures to be found amid the false starts and ill-tuned instruments include the otherwise undocumented "Heart and Mind"—a romantic rocker stitched together from "The Prisoner" and "Keys to Your Heart" (the wonderful pub-rock single released by Strummer's pre-Clash band, the 101ers)—and guitarist Mick Jones's incongruous rendition of the country lament "Oh Lonesome Me." Otherwise, this peek behind the curtain is the brilliant, sprawling *London Calling* writ small, short on both sound and fury. —Ira Robbins

Editor's Pick

Sahara Hotnights

Kiss & Tell
RCA

You can slam the Swedes for being more rock researchers than originals (the Soundtrack of Our Lives, the Hives, etc.). But the gals of Sahara Hotnights, who look like they just crawled out of CBGB circa 1976, are nothing if not passionate. Singer and guitarist Maria Andersson has the voice of a gritty, pissed-off bartender, and the grooves are as solid as a Sundsvall ice floe.

The band has said that on this, their second American album, they've modified their Joan Jett worship by listening to the Cars, and you can hear it in the shiny keyboards that ring over "Who Do You Dance For?" But they also infuse every track with girl-gang choruses that add a hint of Ronettes redemption to the otherwise desperate metalhead tone. "Mind Over Matter" has, along with zip-gun riffs and a giddy, stinging solo by Andersson, the bright melody of one of Television's epic tunes—but, at just over three minutes, it's far more succinct. After listening to *Kiss & Tell*, it's clear that, after punk triumphed, it took 30 years for the Scandinavians to perfect the form. —Pat Blashill



Jason Mraz

Tonight, Not Again—Live at the Eagles Ballroom
Elektra

Forget lighters—on Jason Mraz's live *Tonight, Not Again*, you can almost hear the cellphones being hoisted to beam the folk-rock poster boy into a thousand voice mails. Clutching the phones are young women screaming, testimony to the ecstasy of being in Mraz's presence. This tour souvenir (with requisite DVD) is intended primarily for them. Essentially it's a live version of the golden-throated coffeehouse graduate's emo-hippie debut, the 2002 *Waiting for My Rocket to Come*, with the fan hoopla standing in for John Alagia's slick, simple production.

The girls aren't all wrong. For starters, Mraz has a gift for bright melody. On his first single, "The Remedy (I Won't Worry)"—met here with excited yelps—the half-rapped lyrics tumble into a catchy chorus. Mraz's songs are mostly clever boy-smooches-girl fare that he uses as vehicles for dramatic hooks: a horn flourish, a guest appearance (Blues Traveler's John Popper), raps ("Common Pleasure"), confessional breakdowns ("The Remedy"), *American Idol*-worthy vocal histrionics ("Absolutely Zero"), melodramatic scats ("No Stopping Us" and pretty much every other tune). Owing quite a bit to Dave Matthews—Mraz votes yes on acoustic funk-pop but no on jammy jams—the singer's rocket has obviously arrived. And he's riding it, his words aimed straight at yearbooks everywhere. —Jesse Jarnow



Editor's Pick

Rilo Kiley

More Adventurous

Brute/Beaute

We all have misadventures we'd like to forget. Unfortunately for Rilo Kiley's Jenny Lewis, hers pop up on late-night cable like recurring nightmares. You might have

caught her as the rich girl in the '80s preteen flick *Troop Beverly Hills*, or maybe in that Lifetime movie in which her mother's boyfriend seduces her. In her present life, happily, Lewis is fronting a brilliant LA pop-rock band. And on *More Adventurous*, which marks its departure from the Omaha-based Saddle Creek label (home of critical darlings like Bright Eyes and Cursive), she fully discovers herself.

Lewis has evolved into a singing actress who vividly embodies her frustrated and triumphantly sad narrators. In "Does He Love You" she's a woman in a doomed relationship with a married man. In "I Never," a blues ballad about the good pain of bad love, she channels Dusty Springfield. In "The Absence of God" she plays herself, a 20-something questioning her mistakes and her beliefs. "Maybe love won't let you down/All of your failures are training grounds," she sings, and her words ring true: Lewis's rocky roads have led her to some solid artistic truths.

—Sarah Wilson

FETISH OBJECT

In 1961, a band of teenagers from the St. Paul's prep school in New Hampshire pressed 500 copies of a crudely recorded, even more crudely played LP to sell at the sock hops where they performed. This would be just another private-pressing obscurity, except that the Electras' bassist was John Kerry. The album's semicompetent covers of a dozen surf-and garage-rock standards and its one original don't offer much insight into Kerry's platform, aside from that Congressman in "Summertime Blues" who tells the singer that he's too young to vote. Still, Kerry keeps the beat moving, even if his tuning is a little off. The slow numbers that don't let him do much tend to drag, and the band could've used a honking saxophonist like, say, Bill Clinton. But when Kerry and the drummer, Peter Lang, get to drive a fast riff, as on Lee Dorsey's "Ya Ya," you can imagine teenage girls voting with their bobby socks. (Available at www.theelectrasrockandrollband.com.)



She's blonde
she came along the sidewalk
leave a trail of bl...

X - THE BEST
MAKE THE MUSIC GO BANG!

The First Definitive Collection
From
L.A.'S PUNK PIONEERS

46 Tracks on 2 CDs
Featuring

LOS ANGELES
WE'RE DESPERATE
THE HUNGRY WOLF
BLUE SPARK
BURNING HOUSE OF LOVE
4TH OF JULY

Plus Single Versions, Live Tracks,
and an Oral History Culled From
the Scene's Main Figures

www.rhino.com

there are no angels...

MUSIC BY

THE HAVE NOTS

UNDER THE BIG

100% additive-free natural tobacco



premium whole leaf tobacco
no processed stems
no scrap tobacco

For a sample carton offer
call 1-800-872-6460 ext 10502.

No additives in our tobacco does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Natural American Spirit® is a registered trademark of Santa Fe Natural Tobacco Company. Offer restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older. Void where prohibited, alternate offer may be available. Limit one sample carton per person per year (12 months). Shipping & Handling charges may apply.

© SFNTC 4

rock

Jonathan Richman

Not So Much to Be Loved as to Love
Vapor/Sanctuary

Jonathan Richman may have helped invent punk rock with the Modern Lovers, but his subsequent creation of "twee rock" (gently naive, childlike and pastoral) is no reason to feel betrayed—especially since in the past decade-plus Richman (a.k.a. Jojo) has, paradoxically, blossomed into one of the most fully adult singer-songwriters around. On terrific records like 1992's *I, Jonathan*, 1998's *I'm So Confused* and 2001's *Her Mystery Not of High Heels and Eye Shadow*, he matched his wide-eyed delivery with acute observations of the way real-world relationships work.

But where those albums exuded ease even when he was digging in emotionally, *Not So Much to Be Loved as to Love* sounds like Richman is struggling—against songwriter's block, among other things. The sour "He Gave Us the Wine to Taste" and the simplistic (even for him) "Behold the Lilies of the Field" say almost nothing beyond their titles. "My Baby Love Love Loves Me" is even more repetitious than you'd guess. And "Abu Jamal" must be one of the lamest protest songs ever recorded. ("The charges against him make no sense at all/Once you hear the proud voice of Abu Jamal.") Skip this and go see Richman, who's always a captivating performer, in concert. —Michaelangelo Matos



The Finn Brothers

Everyone Is Here
Nettwerk America

The Finn Brothers, Neil and Tim, are obviously indifferent to trends. They've never ventured into garage rock, cited the Cure as an influence or asked the Neptunes to build them a smash-hit single. Like experienced fishermen, they're just seeking the perfect hook.



The New Zealand duo brings the whole damn tackle box to their second release (and their first record together in nine years). *Everyone Is Here* is a treasure that only two craftsmen with 30-plus years of pop experience could have produced. Incorporating the earnest and unconventional harmonies of Neil's previous band, Crowded House, with the quirky sensibilities of Tim's long-defunct Split Enz, songs like "Won't Give In" and "Disembodied Voices" don't ask to be listened to so much as they plead to be hugged. "Homesick" confirms that, despite their long résumé, they still record with a summer-intern optimism that even Mandy Moore could envy. Their unpretentious display of family bonding, however, doesn't prevent the occasional misstep, like the slightly overcooked "Luckiest Man Alive." But then the genetically enhanced harmonies of "Part of Me, Part of You" remind you why "everyone is here" in the first place: the hooks will hook you. —Arye Dworken

REISSUES THAT MATTER

Brian Eno *Here Come the Warm Jets; Taking Tiger Mountain (by Strategy); Another Green World; Before and After Science*



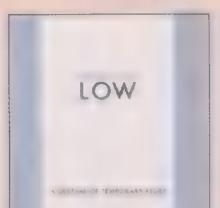
(Astralwerks) Impeccable-sounding remasters of four of the best, most important albums of the 1970s. The dry, nervy *Warm Jets* and *Tiger Mountain* presaged New Wave, with help from Robert Fripp's crosscutting guitar; the entrancing *Another Green World* set the stage for ambient music; and *Science* brought it all back home with the idyllic "By This River," the sideways funk of "No One Receiving" and "King's Lead Hat," about a band Eno admired and would eventually produce (see below).



Talking Heads *The Name of This Band Is Talking Heads* (Rhino) In *Stop Making Sense*, Brian Eno's pet band may have made the best concert film ever, but this 1982 live double is fa-fa-far better than that soundtrack. The songs, culled from shows from

1977 to 1981, nearly beat the studio versions, with David Byrne in terrific vocal form and scads of bonus cuts. A long-overdue CD.

Nick Drake *Made to Love* (*Magic*) Drake's death, at 26, and his subsequent success, first as a cult icon, then as the unwitting scorer of a recent Volkswagen commercial, have left fans who want more frustrated. *Magic* refurbishes the 1986 rarities comp *Time of No Reply* with some new finds, some new arrangements, better sound and Drake's singular delicate touch. Nice, but his three original albums come first.



Low *A Lifetime of Temporary Relief: 10 Years of B-Sides & Rarities* (Chairkickers' Music) For a band that's essentially written and rewritten one slow, sublimely brooding song,

Minnesota's Low sure has a lot of stuff left over from its albums. This three-CD box collects it all, from demos of faves like "Lullaby" to a hovering cover of the Beach Boys' "Surfer Girl." So how about a best-of, guys?

THE LONG-AWAITED
NEW SOLO ALBUM FROM THE
FORMER MEMBER
OF FLEETWOOD MAC



CHRISTINE McVIE
in the meantime

FEATURING 12 STUNNING
NEW SONGS INCLUDING
"FRIEND"
AND
"YOU ARE"

ALBUM IN STORES NOW

Hear the entire album now at
WWW.CHRISTINEMCVIE.COM

on sale now at



order at fye.com

KOCH
records adventure
kochrecords.com



KINGS OF CONVENIENCE RIOT ON AN EMPTY STREET

Norway's kings of mellow pop Eirik Glambek Bøe & Erlend Øye follow their now-classic debut "Quiet Is The New Loud" with another tour de force of reflective, thoughtful songcraft.

Features "I'd Rather Dance With You" and "Misread."

BARNES & NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS



ASTRALWERKS
www.astralwerks.com

Phoenix • Alphabetical



The long awaited follow-up to the acclaimed debut album "United."

Features "Everything Is Everything" and "Run Run Run."

Co-produced by Tony Hoffer (Air, Beck, Turin Brakes)

U.S. version includes bonus video enhancement.



ASTRALWERKS
www.astralwerks.com

First ever U.S. tour dates this Fall

BARNES & NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS

rock



David Crosby and Graham Nash

Crosby-Nash

Sanctuary



The duo's first album of original material in nearly 30 years is replete with the good intentions and crystal-clear harmonies that keep the Crosby, Stills, Nash and (sometimes) Young concert franchise robust. A double CD that needn't be, *Crosby-Nash* counters beautifully rendered songs of cosmic triviality with a modicum of political outrage. David Crosby delivers the most engagingly pissed-off tunes, the Enron-hating "They Want It All" and "Don't Dig Here," an anthem protesting the burial of nuclear waste in Nevada's Yucca Mountain. Graham Nash sings movingly of the damage needles do in "The Other Side of Town." Otherwise . . . well, maybe he's simply too well-adjusted or something.

While their indie offspring—guys like Will Oldham (Bonnie "Prince" Billy) and Sam Beam (Iron and Wine)—mute their voices, these classic-rock survivors croon loud and proud, with an authority you'd have to be deaf not to appreciate. But Nash's Milky Way ponderings and smug lines about "feeling pretty good about myself, much more than you'll ever know" don't cut it. The album concludes, ponderously, with a song about the Vietnam War memorial and a cover of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" (a.k.a. "America"). The pair aren't half as heavy as they'd like you to believe. But they sure do sing pretty. —Richard Gehr



North Mississippi Allstars

Instores & Outtakes

Tone Cool/ATO

Last year's wide-ranging *Polaris* sparked a clash between the North Mississippi Allstars' Luther and Cody Dickinson and their legendary musician-producer father, Jim Dickinson: should the Allstars go pop, as the brothers argued, or perfect Dad's preferred rootsy, bell-bottom blues-rock? *Instores & Outtakes*, a six-song EP, notches a parental victory, offering gritty acoustic versions of three *Polaris* tracks. It's the EP's covers, however, that stand out. "Stray Cat Blues" is hard and righteous, with Dixie-fried slide and gut-string guitars adding newfangled textures to the Rolling Stones' raunchy anthem (though the Allstars' take on the song lacks vocal heft). Luther's slide on the Band's "The Weight" pays homage to Aretha Franklin's 1969 version of the tune, which featured Duane Allman's six-string wizardry. And the dreamy tones of the Replacements' tattered "Skyway" (Jim Dickinson also produced the 1987 original) proves once again that father knows best.

—H. Andrew Schwartz



ELVIS COSTELLO & THE IMPOSTERS THE DELIVERY MAN

"the album is steeped in Southern Americana: the gospel-rooted grooves of Memphis soul, touches of pedal steel guitar, Southern-rooted guest singers including Emmylou Harris and Etta James, and the storytelling that Southern soul shares with country music."

- Jon Pareles, New York Times

FEATURING
MONKEY TO MAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSE DYLAN

LOST HIGHWAY

BORDERS.
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE

BORDERS.COM



HEART'S BEATING STRONGER THAN EVER

THREE FAN FAVORITES: NEW EXPANDED EDITIONS OF HEART'S CLASSICS



Platinum fan favorites all featuring previously unreleased Bonus tracks from the archives. Ann and Nancy Wilson, including unreleased demos, rarities and live classics like "Stairway to Heaven"! PLUS liner notes and track-by-track overviews. Nancy Wilson
In stores now. On Epic/Legacy Recordings.

On Sale at
BORDERS
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE

Also Available:
The Essential Heart On 2 CDs!



On tour through September.
www.HeartRocks.net
www.Heart-Music.com

© 2004 Sony Music Entertainment Inc. All Rights Reserved. Heart and Heart logo are trademarks of Sony Music Entertainment Inc. © 2004 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.



rock

Tom Waits
Real Gone
Anti

Editor's Pick



"She took all my money and my best friend/You know the story, here it comes again": the opening lines of the steady rolling blues "Make It Rain" could serve as an epigraph for the whole of *Real Gone*. Tom Waits has made a great Tom Waits album that doesn't amble off in any new direction so much as it digs deeper into his familiar affectations. *Blood Money* and *Alice*, his last two records, were simultaneously released in 2002 and both inspired by theater pieces; from an artist already as theatrical as Waits, they seemed mannered and minor. But *Real Gone* is a keeper. Waits has reunited with the adventurous, angular guitarist Mark Ribot, whose sound defined classic sets like *Rain Dogs* (1985). His son, Casey Waits, is apparently joining the family business, playing percussion and turntables; his wife, Kathleen Brennan, returns as co-writer and co-producer. You get plenty of steam-hiss percussion, beat lyrics, cutting guitar solos and drunk-chooglin'-down-the-street-with-his-pants-at-his-knees boogie grooves. That's what any good Waits CD has. But Casey Waits's electronic noise and Ribot's Cuban-flavored riffs make the sound fresh, and the dark themes are timely. One line declares, "Everyone wants to know how is it going to end." "Green Grass" is sung by a corpse. At the end comes "Day After Tomorrow," as plain-spoken as anything from Waits's barroom-singer-songwriter phase three decades ago. It's delivered by a soldier coming home in two days, and, the way Waits holds the words at the bottom of his throat, the homecoming sounds centuries away. This is a CD made for a generation with war and death on its mind. Waits has sounded weary before, but on *Real Gone* the weariness speaks in ways it never has before. —RJ Smith



Tommy Stinson
Village Gorilla Head

Sanctuary

In the mid-'80s, Tommy Stinson was the poster boy for everything inspiring and scary about American punk rock. Playing bass for the Replacements at 13 (!), he was a child prodigy in glam eyeliner. You wanted to see him in *Tiger Beat* but suspected he might also turn up on the back of a milk carton.

When the band split, in 1991, he was the first to return to the teenage wasteland of their earliest music. His short-lived bands Bash and Pop and Perfect were beer-chugging Stones/Faces rock outfits. But no one expected his next move: bassist for Axl Rose's relaunched (and doomed) Guns N' Roses. Now in his mid-30s, Stinson has attempted to come up with a crafted coming-of-age record. His obsessions on *Village Gorilla Head* are classic Replacements—ambivalence, relationships, feeling dumb, losing control. "Couldn't Wait" retreads Cheap Trick; other songs have garage-rock trimmings. "OK" takes its cue from Wilco, with dusty programmed beats, a supple acoustic guitar and Stinson mumbling eloquently about words he can't find. "Light of Day" is similarly mumble-mouthed, with Stinson strumming in the last minutes of a relationship he wishes he knew how to save. Sure, the shadow of Paul Westerberg looms large ("Something's Wrong"), but some time in the shade must be nice for a guy who's taken so much heat for so long. —Laura Sinagra

PETER CINCOTTI ON THE MOON



"The Re-birth of Cool!"

—ELLE MAGAZINE

"Poised to make the leap from connoisseur's secret to stardom."

—NEW YORK MAGAZINE

"On The Moon," the highly anticipated second CD from singer/pianist Peter Cincotti. Peter's keenly observed songwriting and innovative take on pop and jazz standards is fresh, unique, and undeniably infectious.

2004 CONCORD RECORDS  www.concordrecords.com

www.petercincotti.com

THE FINN BROTHERS
TIM & NEIL FINN from SPLIT ENZ and CROWDED HOUSE
EVERYONE IS HERE
FEATURING WON'T GIVE IN

IN STORES NOW

www.NETWERK.COM www.FINNBROS.COM www.FRENZ.COM/FINNBROTHERS

NETWERK
AMERICA

rock

k.d. lang

Hymns of the 49th Parallel

Nonesuch

After *A Wonderful World*, her 2002 Grammy-winning collaboration with Tony Bennett, it's only natural that k.d. lang would attempt an album of standards on her own. But *Hymns of the 49th Parallel* doesn't offer another spin on the Great American Songbook. Instead, lang looks to her native Canada and draws on classics by Neil Young, Joni Mitchell and Leonard Cohen. Some, such as Cohen's "Hallelujah" and Mitchell's "Case of You," are familiar; others, such as Bruce Cockburn's rambling "One Day I Walk" and Jane Siberry's heart-rending "Love Is Everything," ought to be. But each one possesses the qualities you expect of standards: memorable tunes, imaginative wordplay and vividly evoked emotion.

That lang is accompanied mostly by acoustic instruments adds a certain seriousness to the project. But the singing is what's truly convincing. It illuminates the familiar contours of the melodies and invests the lyrics with the immediacy of speech. Suddenly "Case of You" isn't about Joni Mitchell (as it is on *Blue*) but the yearning majesty of love; "Bird on a Wire" soars beyond clever metaphor to become a resolute assertion of hope. If *Hymns* has a failing, it's that, at 11 songs, it seems too short. But, as Canadians know, there's plenty more where these came from. Here's hoping we get a second helping soon.

—J. D. Considine



k.d. lang *of the 49th parallel*

Christine McVie

In the Meantime

Koch

Playing straight woman to Stevie Nicks couldn't have been an easy gig, but Christine McVie did it with dignity, her sultry alto issuing steadily from behind her keyboards while Nicks spun her fringe up front. After opting out of Fleetwood Mac's most recent reunion (reportedly to continue living her quiet life in the country), McVie now casts her own spells center stage on a straightforward new solo album, *In the Meantime*, her first since 1984's forgettable *Christine McVie*.

Her decision to go her own way bears mixed results. McVie co-wrote 7 of the album's 12 songs with her nephew, Dan Perfect, and while the lyrics are weak, the music is reassuringly confident and easy. Without the twining sexuality of Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham as a foil, McVie's restrained vocals sound blunt and, occasionally, bland. But the record remains a well-crafted paean to grown-up relationships, with all their thorns. Choice tracks: "Northern Star," a sad, pretty, lazy love song despite some clunky lines; the snarky yet soulful "So Sincere"; and the buoyant, West-Indian-peppered "Sweet Revenge." While *In the Meantime* doesn't boast any sweeping statements or any melodies as memorable as the ones on her Mac chart-toppers "Don't Stop" and "Over My Head," it's full of hopeful, reflective mid-tempo pop rockers and ballads sung by a woman who still sounds like no one else.

—Barbara O'Dair

The Thrills
Let's Bottle Bohemia
Virgin



These floppy-haired Irish lads' sunny 2003 debut, *So Much for the City*, made a great case for the transporting power of hooky guitar pop. Despite having spent their childhoods trudging to school in slickers and wool sweaters, they packed enough coastal California heat into bouncy tunes like "Big Sur" and "Santa Cruz (You're Not That Far)" to melt a stack of Beach Boys LPs. On their quick follow-up, *Let's Bottle Bohemia* (a definite contender for the worst album title of 2004), the scratchy-voiced singer Conor Deasy and his bandmates make an equally great case for expanding your vistas.

They haven't run out of breezy melodies or strummy guitar parts or buoyant vocal harmonies, the coin of their retro-pop realm; "Saturday Night" skips along on a tangy major-to-minor chord progression, and an insistent Motown bass line motors "Our Wasted Lives." Their producer, Dave Sardy, gives the music a harder-edged gleam this time, while the wistful string arrangements by Van Dyke Parks provide another layer of '60s-pop fidelity. But the Thrills' Hollywood haze is thinning. Instead of spending endless nights on the beach or cruising Sunset Boulevard, now they're wondering, "Whatever Happened to Corey Haim?"

—Mikael Wood



Guided by Voices
Half Smiles of the Decomposed

Matador

Guided by Voices' final album is neither an artistically bereft last gasp nor a valedictory masterpiece. It's really just 14 more songs in a career that's produced 898 others (seriously). If you think about it, that's an entirely appropriate denouement. Guided by Voices' rise from a Dayton, Ohio, hobby band to globe-trotting indie heroes is one of the great stories in pop music, and the group's legendary output is daunting to all but the most serious fans.

For the less obsessive, every GBV album has at least one moment of flat-out rock majesty. On *Half Smiles* it's "Window of My World," which the '60s head-rockers Love could have left behind in a haze of pot smoke after their *Forever Changes* sessions. But, for every such peak, there's also a song that sounds as if all of ten minutes had been devoted to its creation. The chorus of "Asia Minor" goes, "Nothing could be finer, yeah!/Than Asia Minor, yeah!" But that's OK; if GBV were always changing the formula, we wouldn't miss 'em so much already.

—Andrew Beaujon



ben Arnold
Calico

NEW STUDIO ALBUM
from a truly soulful singer/songwriter
featuring the single
Zig Zag

"Here is an impressive artist
making inroads..."
—Billboard

www.benarnold.com
www.scifidelity.com

SCI FIDELITY

TIFT MERRITT

Tift Merritt's new album *Tambourine*, which includes eleven new original songs written by Tift, is the highly anticipated follow up to her critically acclaimed 2002 debut *Bramble Rose*. Produced by George Drakoulias, it features an all-star band including Mike Campbell, Gary Louris, Maria McKee, Robert Randolph and Don Heffington, as well as a full gospel choir and horn section.

Featuring
"GOOD HEARTED MAN"
& "WAIT IT OUT"

BORDERS
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE

LOST HIGHWAY

www.losthwayrecords.com
www.tiftmerritt.com

2004 UMG Recordings Inc.

Badly Drawn Boy
One Plus One Is One

The record was shot from Badly Drawn Boy via Brown Hand, one of the most revered songwriters of our time. *Wishers* "New at The Rat" 18 bonus tracks if you can't figure out what may be the perfect R&B compilation. *The Fender* www.hootpage.com

BADLY DRAWN BOY
ONE PLUS ONE IS ONE

The record was shot from Badly Drawn Boy via Brown Hand, one of the most revered songwriters of our time. *Wishers* "New at The Rat"

18 bonus tracks if you can't figure out what may be the perfect R&B compilation. *The Fender*

www.hootpage.com

**BADLY
DRAWN
BOY**

**ONE
PLUS
ONE
IS ONE**

mike watt
the second man's middle stand

mike watt

This is way idiosyncratic party music, very far out in several key ways, more authentically new-music than, say John Adams, more true to jazz and even hip-hop than most with that genre tag ('cause it makes its own rules). *LA Weekly*

available wherever you buy great music



edlink

catch Mike Watt on the "El Mar Cura Todo" TOUR (9/3-11/6)

For more info on everything Mike Watt visit: www.hootpage.com

rock

Vic Chesnutt

Little; West of Rome;

Drunk; Is the Actor

Happy?

New West



The cranky music of the Athens, Georgia, singer-songwriter Vic Chesnutt has been labeled folk, country and Americana; this rerelease of his first four albums proves that, if anything, he's a soul singer. A moody child of Otis Redding and John Prine, the rusty-voiced Chesnutt chooses uncelebrated people (including himself) and places as subject matter. Soul music is struggle made beautiful; at its best, Chesnutt's music acknowledges his characters' struggles and beauties in all their prickly particularity.

The bare-bones *Little* (1990)—aptly described by its producer, Michael Stipe, as a field recording—reveals Chesnutt's genius for describing sharp-elbowed types like the dreaming neighbor boy "Danny Carlisle" and the nameless/clueless lovers in "Soft Picasso." *West of Rome* (1992), buttressed by strings,

keyboards and drums, marks a jump in melodic generosity. Veering from the jittery strut of "Steve Willoughby" to the torpid waltz of "West of Rome," the music chases Chesnutt's lyrical wit into bluer states of mind; still, the words are giddily inventive ("The hay is jaundiced and those raisins wheeze"), and the bonus cuts are nearly as good as the original tracks.

Many fans prize *Is the Actor Happy?* (1995) as the culmination of his aesthetic. The depth-plumbing likes of "Gravity of the Situation" and "Sad Peter Pan" definitely make it Chesnutt's most consistent collection. Yet John Keane's reverent production turns the singer into someone too certain: he could be Michael Stipe instead of his doubting cousin. My money's on *Drunk* (1993), which marries sophisticated songcraft and one-take attitude. Cut away the nine sterile bonus tracks and it sounds as harrowingly fresh as the day its peculiar soul was born, squalling with wonder and disappointment. —Terri Sutton

Kings of Convenience

Riot on an Empty Street

Astralwerks



The second album by the ultramellow Norwegian duo Eirik Glambek Bøe and Erlend Øye is engineered for intimacy: the grain of their pretty voices and the thrum of acoustic guitar strings are rendered as sensuously as if they were in your living room. While they're a 21st-century band (they've previously lent out their music for electronic remixes, and Øye tours the world as a singing DJ), the Kings sometimes sound like Simon and Garfunkel, but their lyrics can be a bit harsher. "Love Is No Big Truth" is a musical pastoral, with Bøe plucking a little farmyard banjo riff as Øye sedately picks at his electric guitar, but the lines "Love is no big truth/Driven by our genes, we are simple selfish beings" testify to these fellas' cynicism. "I'd Rather Dance With You" celebrates shallowness over a winsome string section and a tinkling piano. The central theme of the record is the way love comes and goes, and whether it's noticeable in either case. The Kings lazily suppose that romance is much more banal than poetry has led us to believe. Floating on the wings of their sensitive sounds, that seems like a reasonable proposition.

—Pat Blashill



Gibby Haynes and His Problem

Gibby Havnes and His Problem

Surfdog

With the bizarre psychedelic-punk legends the Butthole Surfers on "quietus," as their lumbering frontfreak, Gibby Haynes, puts it, he's cobbled together a relatively straightforward miscellany of tuneful psych-rock on his own. His assistants include one Butthole; the Texas Tornados and Sir Douglas Quintet keyboardist Augie Meyers; and some fancy new software apparently programmed to search and replace Haynes's bullhorn surrealism with lighthearted classic-rock quotes. Dig the "Hard Day's Night" guitar break in "Nights," the Led Zep-referencing "Charlie" ("Been a long time since I lost my mind"), the distended bit of Chicago's "25 or 6 to 4" in "I Need Some Help," the Velvet Underground's "The Gift" translated into "Letter" and so on.

Fans of the pop pranksters Ween will feel particularly at home here, given both units' proclivity for weirding out traditional rock, as on the demented gem "Superman." ("Superman has killer weed/He gets it from Dan Rather.") Haynes's quirkmanship embraces everything from the vaguely threatening "Stop Foolin" to "Redneck Sex" (a down-right moronic attempt to out-hick Kid Rock) to "Dream Machine," an ode to the TV deity, which conjures up the German machineheads Kraftwerk. With his iconoclasm long ago established, Haynes has earned the right to flaunt some relative normalcy. It's not *his* problem if Butthole fans are too bent to follow. —Richard Gehr

—Richard Gehr

Various Artists

Por Vida: A Tribute to the Songs of Alejandro Escovedo

Or Music



Alejandro Escovedo's résumé includes stints in heroic cult bands like the Nuns (punk), Rank and File (cowpunk), the True Believers (roots rock) and Buick McKane (neo-glam). His legacy, though, should rest on his solo career, where over the past decade-plus he's amassed an uncommonly empathetic body of work that rivals Lucinda Williams's for poignancy and emotional insight. His strong suit is writing and singing about flawed yet noble characters, most of whom, like him, have known hardship—in his case, living with hepatitis C. This double CD will raise money for Escovedo's medical expenses, and it testifies to the scope of his influence. Punk forefathers like Ian Hunter, Lenny

to the scope of his influence. Punk forefathers like Ian Hunter, Lemmy, Rag, Mac, Grar (Epic) Kaye and John Cale as well as rootsier artists like Williams and the Jayhawks rally round Escovedo's canon; even his siblings, Pete and Javier, and his niece Sheila E (the former Prince acolyte) pitch in. Among the highlights are Howe Gelb's creaky "She Towers Above," Los Lonely Boys' garage-primed "Castanets" and Jon Langford and Sally Timms's fragile, mbira-backed "Broken Bottle." Best of all is Escovedo's own set-capping "Break This Time," a strutting new track that finds him in strong and still inimitable voice. —Bill Friskics-Warren

—Bill Friskics-Warren

JAZZ ON HD RADIO



Photo courtesy of consolidated.com

LISTEN ONLINE

WWW.KUVO.ORG

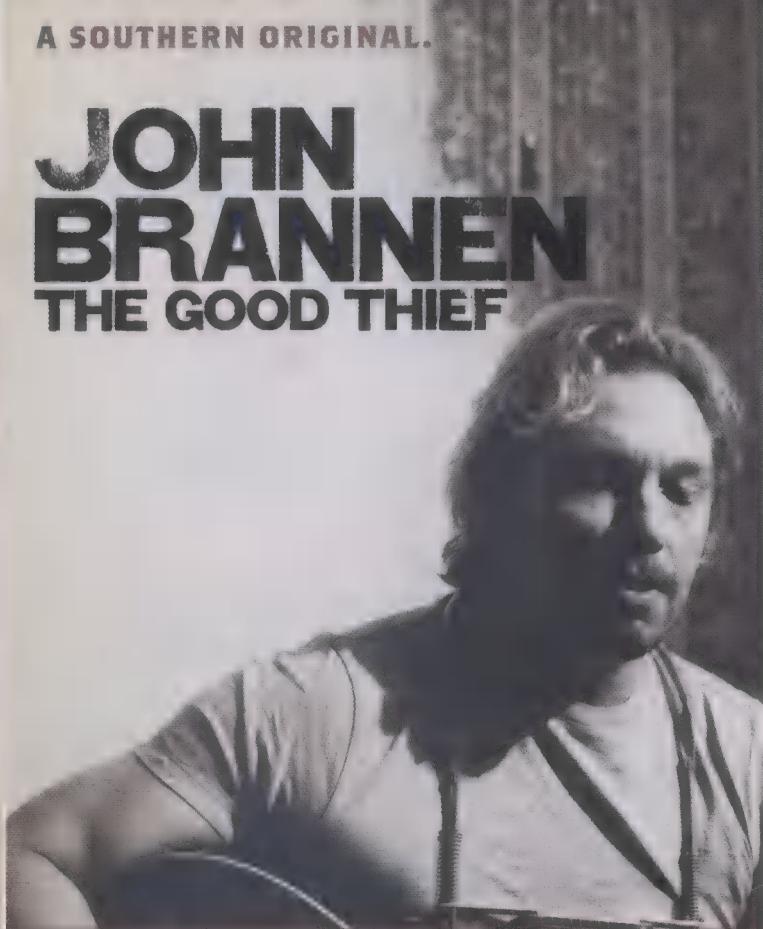
jazz89

kuvo.org

DENVER 89.3 ■ BRECKENRIDGE 89.7 ■ LARAMIE 104.9

A SOUTHERN ORIGINAL.

JOHN BRANNEN THE GOOD THIEF



"[Brannen's voice] evokes wide skies, empty fields, lonely porches and solemn sunsets. It hankers for lost love... This is the real thing."

THE CHARLESTON POST COURIER

Steeped in chivalrous Southern charm, John Brannen's soulful voice and poetic songwriting have elicited comparison to Springsteen, Mellencamp, Seger, Fogerty and Dylan.

AVAILABLE AT YOUR FAVORITE
MUSIC STORE NOW!



SLY 3001

SLY DOG RECORDS, 17200 Mack Avenue, Detroit, MI 48230
www.slydogrecords.com www.johnbrannen.com



rock

Twilight Singers

She Loves You

One Little Indian



Covers are the window to a band's soul; you can learn everything you need to know about its talent, taste and nerve from its choice of other people's music. Aside from a misguided and overdramatic (if ballsy) cover of the anti-lynching number "Strange Fruit," *She Loves You* demonstrates that the Twilight Singers have all three qualities in spades.

Their singer and leader, Greg Dulli—a man with the funk of Prince trapped in the body of Bill Clinton (and with, it would seem, the libido of both)—has always excelled at selecting covers. His old band, the Afghan Whigs, included brilliant ones in its live sets (like that killer Supremes medley), and not much has changed since then. Dulli, joined by Mark Lanegan of Screaming Trees on a number of songs, adds a male desperation to Björk's "Hyperballad," turns "Summertime" positively spooky and compresses John Coltrane's "A Love Supreme" into two hypnotic minutes of sparkling soul groove. But, given covers of Mary J. Blige's "Real Love," Nina Simone's "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair" and Martina Topley-Bird's "Too Tough to Die," along with the aforementioned Billie Holiday classic, Dulli's main obsession seems to be channeling the soul of black women. Honestly, he doesn't do a half-bad job. —Joe Gross



Radio 4

Stealing of a Nation

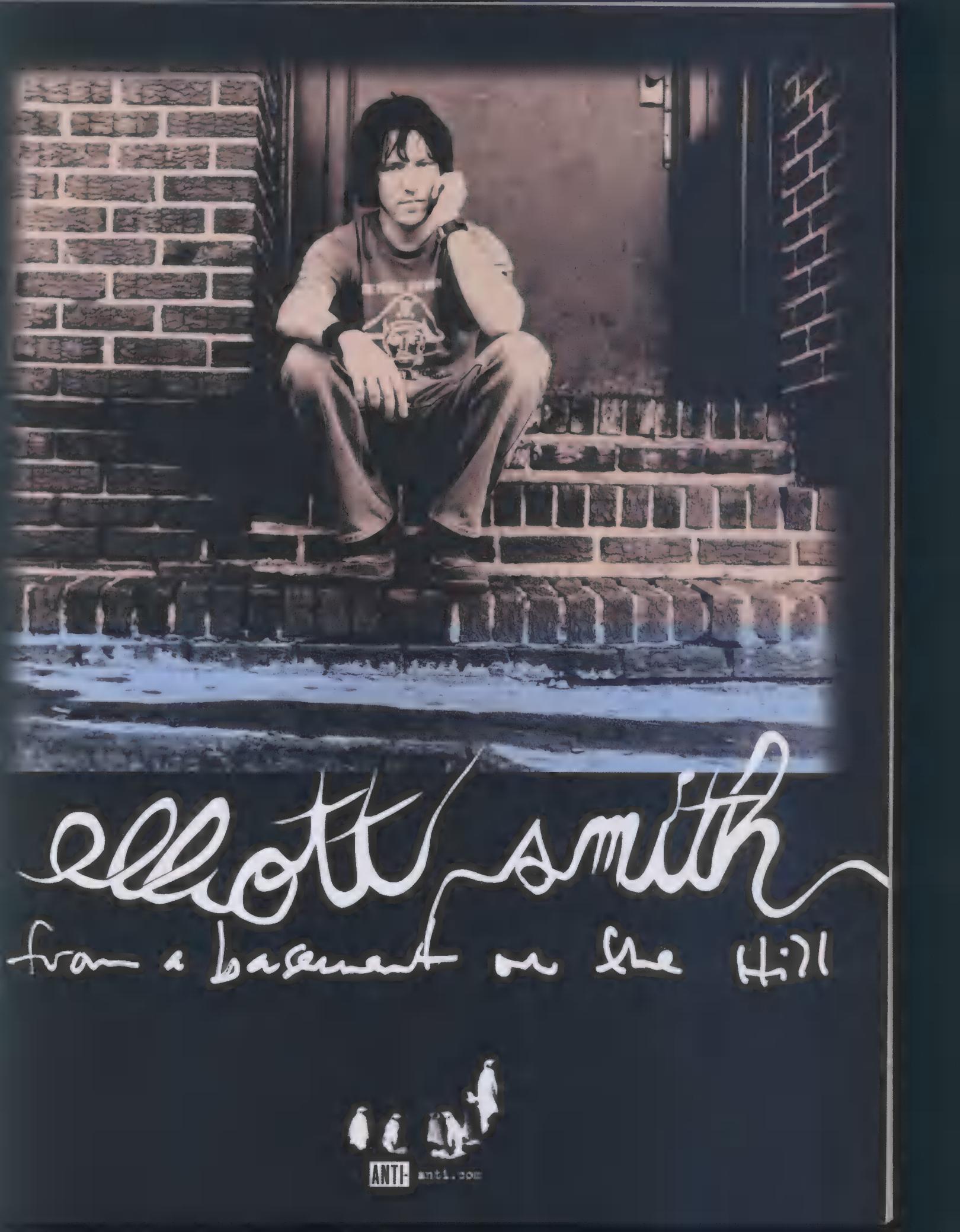
Astralwerks



If you're old enough to remember a time when Ronald Reagan wasn't called a saint, you may be mystified as to why so many current groups sound like the mix tape you buried in your high school's time capsule. But take comfort in Radio 4, which uses '80s music as a palette, not a pose. The single "Party Crashers" showcases their basic approach: a funky bass line, a high-hat keeping the offbeat, a guitar stabbing accents and the singer, Anthony Roman, wailing a postapocalyptic fantasy that sounds a lot like modern-day New York City, the band's home base. The crashers in question might be other passengers on the '80s-revival bandwagon, or they might be the guys who punctured the city's bubble of complacency with some stolen airplanes.

Despite its vintage sound, *Stealing of a Nation* is desperately up-to-date. "Transmission" salutes "digital recording heroes" like the British rap star Dizzee Rascal. "The Death of American Radio" sets a timely lament about corporate entertainment over music that appears to have escaped from Duran Duran's first LP. There was more to the '80s than the young 'uns in Radio 4 probably remember, but at least they've captured the good stuff.

—Andrew Beaujon



elliott smith
from a basement on the hill



THE UNBROKEN CIRCLE

THE MUSICAL HERITAGE OF THE CARTER FAMILY



featuring

George Jones • Sheryl Crow

Emmylou Harris with the Peasall Sisters

Johnny Cash • Janette and Joe Carter

Norman and Nancy Blake with Tim O'Brien

John Prine • Willie Nelson

Shawn Colvin with Randy and Earl Scruggs

The Whites with Ricky Skaggs • Rosanne Cash

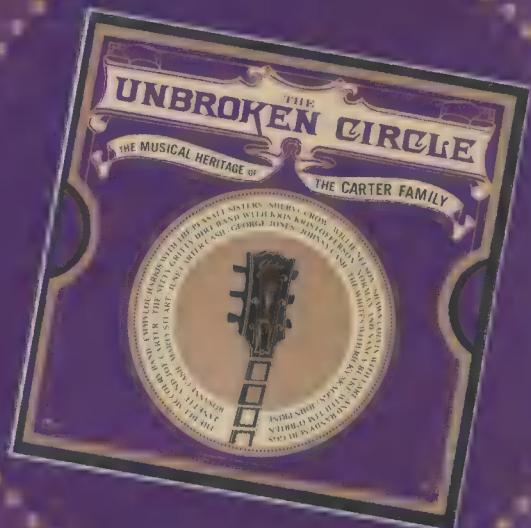
The Del McCoury Band • June Carter Cash

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band with Kris Kristofferson

Marty Stuart

“IN 1933,
THE CARTER
FAMILY ASKED
THE QUESTION
‘WILL THE CIRCLE
BE UNBROKEN?’
UNDENIABLY,
THE ANSWER
IS NO.”

~
John Carter Cash



IN STORES NOW!

Also available, an
album of new material from

Joe and Janette Carter

LISTEN, DOWNLOAD,

AND BUY AT

DUALTONE.COM



WELCOME TO WOODY CREEK

the new studio album from the Grammy award-winning

NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND

features “It’s A New Day,” “Walkin’ In The Sunshine”
and a cover of Gram Parsons’ classic “She”



ALBUM IN STORES SEPTEMBER 21ST!
LISTEN, DOWNLOAD AND BUY AT DUALTONE.COM

DUALTONE

MARSALIS
MUSIC

ROUNDER

branford marsalis quartet

eternal

reflective,
passionately beautiful,
timeless

The new album of ballads from the
Branford Marsalis Quartet

A stunning collection of originals and classics

ALSO FROM MARSALIS MUSIC



www.marsalismusic.com
www.rounder.com

Available at

TOWER RECORDS
Tower.com

r&b/hip-hop

Rhyme animal:
Jean Grae



Girl Talk

When Jean Grae hit the scene, in 1997, her eloquent alto flow prompted comparisons with the rap queen Lauryn Hill. Working under the name What? What?, this non-native New Yorker (born Tsidi Ibrahim to the exiled South African jazz pianist Abdullah Ibrahim and the singer Sathima Bea Benjamin) did guest spots on several indie records

before releasing 2002's *Attack of the Attacking Things* under her current moniker, nicked from a badass in the comic *X-Men*. It is indeed Grae's attack that sets her apart from Hill. Both preach karmic rectitude, but Grae's spirituality incorporates violent fantasy and recrimination. Her stinging narratives and screeds owe more to spoken-word poetry than to dancehall reggae rap.

This Week feels more car stereo-friendly than *Attack* or 2003's dark *The Bootleg of the Bootleg* EP did. Playful references to *Kill Bill* and Bill Bixby balance lyrics like the recollection of post-abortion guilt in "Forgive Me." The standout, "P.S.," is a series of apologetic e-mails that recalls Alanis Morissette's "Unsent" and Eminem's "Stan." Punctuating the messages with tech-speak like "caps lock, delete," Grae types, "I pray to God this is your e-mail / Or else someone's gonna read a lotta details." And the song's shocking mea culpa finale ("I tried to kill you more than once") reveals that the last missive is to herself.

The Long Island babes in Northern State aren't exactly on Grae's buddy list; apparently she's not feeling their rhymes about post-college plans and high-level internships. (Her liner notes to *Bootleg* suggest slapping them.) The trio's debut EP, *Hip Hop You Haven't Heard*, and their album *Dying in Stereo* polarized critics, who found their liberal spunk and keg-party cadences either exhilarating or insipid. But the MCs—Hesta Prynne, Sprout and Guinea Love—could definitely charm with their chick-power salvos. ("Fat bottom girls, are you listenin'?!") On their major-label debut, *All City*, the expensive star-studded beats (by veteran producers like Pete Rock and DJ Muggs) way outshine their rhyming skills. Wordplay like what you get on "Girl for All Seasons" ("Fight for your right to a life without fear") speaks to the converted. But often their overextended wit ("working this room like a Kennedy") sets the eyes rollin'. Worst of all, Guinea Love has dropped her proud ethnic-slur pseudonym. Her new tag, Spero, doesn't represent with quite the same sass as before—much like *All City* itself.

—Laura Sinagra



Jill Scott

Beautifully Human: Words and Sounds, Vol. 2
Hidden Beach

On *Beautifully Human*—the follow-up to her promising 2000 debut, *Who Is Jill Scott?*—the Philly-based soul virtuoso turns a lust for simplicity into the foundation of an art. She opens the set making musical fart noises like a bored schoolgirl. She sings of moonlit evenings and the remembered scent of a former love. Her politics spring from a desire for clean water and "air that I don't see." Her tools of seduction include chicken wings, fish and grits.

Where Scott can sometimes come off distant and preachy, *Human* is humbly rooted in her own experiences. "Golden" finds her hearty, church-ready pipes celebrating the divinity within; like much of her music, it deftly mixes traditions, pairing a hip-hop thump with the wavelike build of a house anthem. "Family Reunion" is a poignant slice of black life à la Aretha Franklin's "First Snow in Kokomo." "My Petition" fuses the personal and the political, making Scott's disappointment with the post-9/11 U.S. government sound like trouble with an untrustworthy brotha. There are awkward moments: a sermonizing drug tale, some jazz indulgences. But these missteps are redeemed by what is ultimately a deeply moving journey. —Craig Seymour

Editor's Pick



Quincy Jones and Bill Cosby

The Original Jam Sessions 1969; The New Mixes, Vol. 1
Concord



In 1969, Quincy Jones was commissioned to provide music for Bill Cosby's TV series *The Bill Cosby Show*. He gathered some of jazz's finest players—including Monty Alexander, Ray Brown, Eddie Harris and Milt Jackson—and left the tape running as they kicked out some funky jams. The vibe was loose and sometimes combustible. Every once in a while Cosby stepped to the mike to scat a mumble-rap. One of those numbers became the hilarious "Hikky-Burr," the show's theme song. The rest got stuffed into a box and locked away in the vaults.

Newly discovered and remastered, the lost tapes on *The Original Jam Sessions 1969* are a soul-jazz marvel: just listen to Les McCann and Arthur Adams getting hot on "Groovy Gravy." *The New Mixes, Vol. 1* places the tracks in the capable hands of new-school sound doctors. The Beastie Boys' studio wizard Mario Caldato Jr.'s "Jimmy's Theme" drives Jimmy Smith's organ grinding into an '80s instrumental hip-hop opus. Mix Master Mike slices and dices "Hikky-Burr" early-'90s style. And Echo takes "Where's Eddie?" into 21st-century broken beat. It's perfect music for Cosby's grandkids. —Jeff Chang



Jack Splash



PlantLife
*The Return of
Jack Splash!*
Counterflow

When Prince returned this year to reclaim his place in the pantheon, the comeback was almost beside the point: his spirit is as alive as ever in pop music. Lately he's been resurrected as a muse for progressive hip-hoppers seeking new vistas—most notably OutKast's Andre 3000, who channels the Minnesota maestro on *The Love Below*. Now L.A.'s fertile hip-hop underground has pushed up PlantLife, whose sprawling falsetto-funk debut counts the Purple One among its primary influences.

A quartet led by Panda One (of the hip-hop crew the Animal Pharm) and vocalist Jack Splash, PlantLife largely eschews the usual beats and rhymes for a range of pre-rap styles and songs with titles sporting you-know-who's shorthand ("Table 4 2," "Got2Get2gether4Luv"). There's the *Dirty Mind*-era new-wave funk of "Underwaterluvboogie (Deep Blue)," the muted rock of "Precious Heart" and lots of loosey-goosey guitar work ("We Can Get High"), disco-cheesy synth vamps ("Stardancer") and gentle piano plinking ("I Know Those Eyes"). Like many recent Prince records, *The Return of Jack Splash!* is wildly uneven; it veers between overindulgence and artful eccentricity, with some damn good songs ("Why'd U Call Me?," "Appreciate") cropping up along the way. And despite its stylistic derivation, the record sounds fresh and new. Just thank the artist currently known as prescient. —Roni Sarig

PERCY SLEDGE



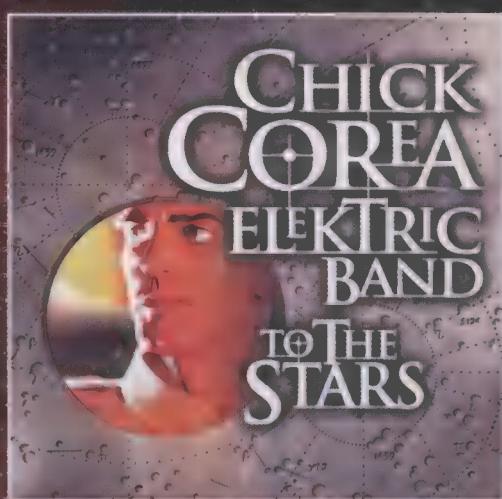
Percy Sledge
*Shining Through the
Rain*
Varèse Sarabande

If all you know of Percy Sledge is "When a Man Loves a Woman," the love-lorn classic that topped the charts for two weeks in 1966 (and for another week 25 years later, thanks to Michael Bolton), *Shining Through the Rain* is likely to be a revelation. Not only hasn't the Alabama-born

balladeer lost his touch with soulful heartbreak; his country-blues roots have grown into a style that encompasses both Memphis and Nashville.

It would be easy to imagine "Lonely Hobo Lullabye" on a Tim McGraw album. With its gently strummed acoustic guitars, tasteful vocal harmonies and mournful harmonica, its sound is typical of today's suburban country; so are Sledge's drawling delivery and his deftly underplayed nod to the blues. Ditto his version of Steve Earle's "My Old Friend the Blues." But it's not all torchy twang. Sledge pulls a Booker T.-style groove from his LA-Nashville rhythm section on "24-7-365" and brings a welcome freshness to Bobby Moore's soulful "Searching for My Love," making this very much the best of both worlds. A good excuse to rediscover a great singer. —J. D. Considine

BLAST-OFF! TO THE STARS



CHICK COREA ELEKTRIC BAND

Restless music pacesetter and multi-Grammy Award-winner, **Chick Corea** now returns with his genre-bending, all-star Elektric Band,

featuring **Frank Gambale, Eric
Marienthal, John Patitucci, Dave**

Weckl and guest appearances by

Steve Wilson, Pernell Saturnino

and **Gayle Moran Corea**. Featuring

all-new Corea compositions

inspired by the

science fiction

novel, *To The*

Stars (Galaxy

Press). Chick

and company's

rocket-fueled

performances are

unquestionably out

of this world.



roots



Ben Harper With the Blind Boys of Alabama

There Will Be a Light

Virgin

Editor's Pick

Jam hero Ben Harper always makes albums that resonate with both spirituality and guitar fire. For this collaboration—a blend of his own tunes and Sunday classics—he pumps up the Holy Spirit and downplays the instrumental flashiness. Harper has worked with the Blind Boys, a venerable group of gospel veterans who've spent 65 years on the road, before: he lent songs for two of their albums, and they've opened his concerts. But *There Will Be a Light* captures a full-grown intimacy between Harper and their 74-year-old

leader and bassist, Clarence Fountain, who sings with a low, leathery intensity that's a perfect counterpoint to Harper's airy sweetness.

They play call-and-response at various points, joined on "Take My Hand" by Blind Boy George Scott, who pleads manfully for guidance as Harper chants the title and lays down wah-wah guitar. The group's alto, Jimmy Carter, trades lines with Harper on "Satisfied Mind," which gets charged by a blues beat. There's also a lovely remake of Harper's "Picture of Jesus." But the disc gets closest to God when the guitarist hefts his acoustic Weissenborn lap steel for the instrumental "11th Commandment," a contemplative soundtrack for soul-searching of any kind.

—Ted Drozdowski



Mavis Staples *Have a Little Faith*

Alligator

The minimalist settings are the best. Acoustic guitars snuggle up to Staples's voice in "Step Into the Light," the elastic phrases of a slide mimicking her smooth note blending. She closes by reprising "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," the Carter Family song that was also a Staples Singers staple. When she unleashes a string of wordless hosannas, they're a reminder of the durability of her legacy, her voice and the higher power that both have served.

—Ted Drozdowski



Various Artists

Beautiful Dreamer: The Songs of Stephen Foster

Emergent

Stephen Foster invented modern songwriting. His style a prophetic American amalgam of European models (Irish, Italian and, inescapably at the time, English) with African-American usages that could have been direct steals or imitations of fakes, he was also an innovator professionally: the first songwriter to sign a royalty deal, the first to go broke when his well ran dry. Raised in Pittsburgh, he died a Bowery alcoholic in 1864. He was 37.

Although Foster's 200-song output was long on parlor ballads like "Beautiful Dreamer" and "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair," he is best remembered for a few lively blackface minstrel hits: "Camptown Races," "My Old Kentucky Home, Goodnight," the world-conquering "Oh! Susanna" and "Old Folks at Home," a.k.a. "Swanee River." But if young people can still hum these tunes, it's not because Foster keeps getting recorded. Unless you're into James Taylor, Taj Mahal's ebullient takeover of "Oh! Susanna" and Kate McGarrigle's primly soulful reclamation of the atypical "Hard Times Come Again No More" are just about the only notable Foster covers of the rock era. So this collection is welcome on historical grounds alone. Dominated by Nashville folkies, from Raul Malo and Suzy Bogguss representing commerce on one end to Judith Edelman and Beth Nielsen Chapman strumming poetically on the other, it's rather more genteel than minstrel music seemed back then and rather more informal than parlor music strove to be. But this compromise captures what we understand of Foster's spirit better than the art-song approach to which he's commonly subjected today.

The minstrel classics fare worse than the ballads. Except for BR5-49's forthright drumming on the obscure cockfighting song "Don't Bet Your Money on de Shanghai," the music, from David Ball's calm "Old Folks" to Michelle Shocked's insouciant "Susanna," is insufficiently rousing. But in Malo's romantic take on the gorgeous title tune and the pristine readings of less familiar numbers by Edelman, Chapman and Alison Krauss, Foster's gifts as a melodist assert themselves. The politeness the singers project feels both contemporary and historically accurate, even though, strictly speaking, it's neither. As a result, when Mavis Staples, John Prine and Alvin Youngblood Hart rough up some better-known titles, what they're doing seems appropriate, too. Foster couldn't have known that all that sandpaper and melisma was what he was aiming at. But it was.

—Robert Christgau

AM.

FM.

@%\$ 'EM.

AM/FM had its chance. So put your finger to good use — on the "off" button. Then switch to SIRIUS Satellite Radio and get over 120 channels of news, talk and sports, including 65 commercial-free music channels. SIRIUS. Available now at over 7,000 neighborhood RadioShack locations.



©2004 SIRIUS Satellite Radio Inc. "SIRIUS" and related marks are registered trademarks of SIRIUS Satellite Radio

one of the most anticipated albums of 2004

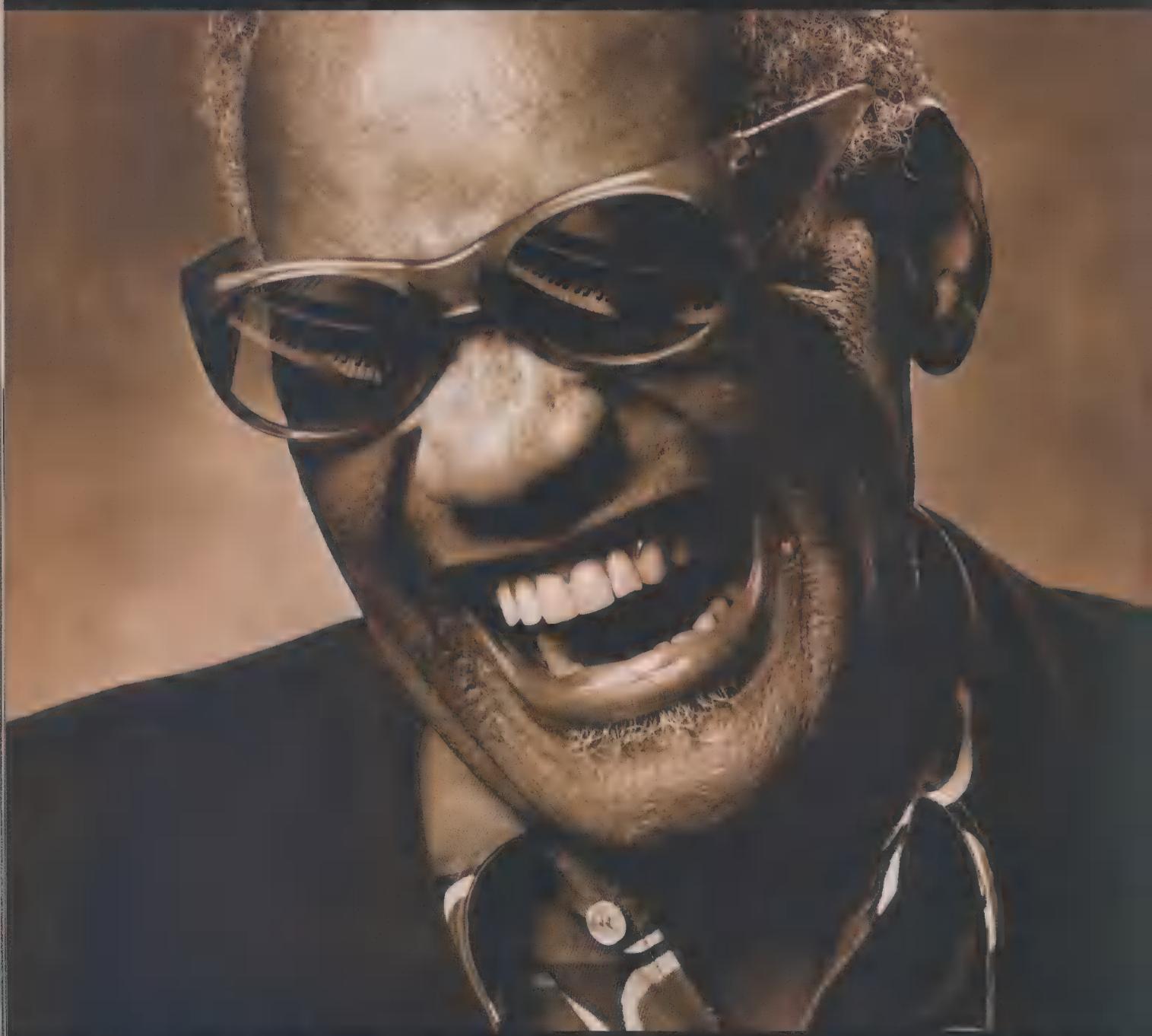
ray charles

duets with natalie cole

elton john norah jones b.b. king gladys knight diana krall

michael mcdonald johnny mathis van morrison willie nelson

bonnie raitt james taylor **genius loves company**



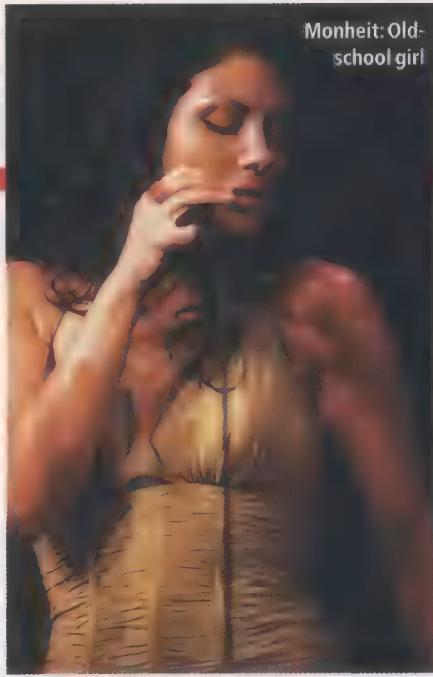
CONCORD
RECORDS



www.geniuslovescompany.com
www.concordrecords.com

BORDERS
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE

jazz



Monheit: Old-school girl



Jane Monheit
Taking a Chance on Love
Sony Classical

Patricia Barber
A Fortnight in France
Blue Note

Editor's Picks

It looks like "jazz singer" is finally outpacing "magician" and "tap dancer" as a field with growing career opportunities. Thank the multimillion-selling Norah Jones, of course, for kicking open some doors. A flood of easy-listening divas cooing sweet nothings may be en route to your Amazon.com home page as a result. But the current climate should also boost some notable talents, from flashback classicists like Jane Monheit to progressives like Patricia Barber.

Monheit, a 26-year-old from a suburban enclave on Long Island, is what you'd call old-school. Her heroes are Ella Fitzgerald, whose youthful scatting she approximates impressively, and Keely Smith, who has a smooth vibrato like Monheit's and could also convey sexual heat without threatening to muss her hairdo. *Taking a Chance*



Charlie Haden
Land of the Sun
Verve

The sturdy, gentle lope of Charlie Haden's bass helped free up small-group jazz in Ornette Coleman's late-1950s quartet. A decade later, Haden was leading the Liberation Music Orchestra, an international-minded big band with a leftist agenda. Haden is always bent on empowerment of one sort or another, and lately that's meant a search for moody settings that enable invention. In the '90s, recordings by his film-noirish Quartet West traded mostly in melodrama. But his 2001 CD, *Nocturne*—a set of Latin boleros—entered broad emotional territory and found delicate beauty

there. The Cuban pianist Gonzalo Rubalcaba was key to *Nocturne*'s success, and the CD signaled a new dimension in his playing: tender and pared down, yet harmonically complex and rhythmic.

On *Land of the Sun*, Haden and Rubalcaba extend their immersion in bolero's possibilities, focusing on the music of the Mexican composer Jose Sabre Marroquin. Ignacio Berroa provides the quietest of percussive support; the saxophonist Joe Lovano plays with throaty majesty, the flutist Oriente Lopez with breathy intensity; the guitarists Larry Koonse and Lionel Loueke and the trumpeter Michael Rodriguez create bright-toned lines. But the story is Haden and Rubalcaba and the confident tenderness they achieve. It's Haden's latest revolution: chamber music that swings. —Larry Blumenfeld



on Love, Monheit's fourth album, finds her continued devotion to the Great American Songbook far more fruitful than Rod Stewart's. Sometimes she's swinging with top sidemen, like the bassist Christian McBride. Other times she's milking it with a full orchestra. The upbeat numbers work best—her lines on "Taking a Chance on Love" dart like hummingbirds, and the vocal filigree on "Honeysuckle Rose" is dazzling. As the critic David Hajdu suggested a few years back in a memorable *New York Times Magazine* piece, her retro fetish is emblematic of a jazz-world conservatism that stymies forward-looking artists. But, as retro fetishists go, Monheit is good. And I'd rather hear her interpret Gershwin than, say, Joni Mitchell's "Case of You" (as she did, somewhat painfully, on her 2001 *Come Dream With Me*), just as I'd rather hear Diana Krall sing Nat King Cole than Elvis Costello.

Patricia Barber, meanwhile, has been showing she has a way with a rock-era cover ever since her knockout reading of Smokey Robinson's "My Girl" on *A Distortion of Love* (1992). On the live *A Fortnight in France*, the Chicago singer-songwriter and pianist uncovers a brooding genderfuck sensuality and unlikely improvisatory wonders on the Beatles' "Norwegian Wood." And her originals, powered by a hot quartet that isn't afraid to rock a bit or add some dissonance, continue tipping their hats to Mose Allison while forging their own way. What other jazz singer would begin a record with the line "Did you ever think a piano would fall on your head?" or pen a funky critique of imperialism called "Whiteworld"? Lines like "I historically revise with deconstructionist ease" don't exactly swing—but the girl writes what she knows. And it's nice to have jazz that reminds us of the here and now.

—Will Hermes

Miles Davis

Seven Steps: The Complete Columbia Recordings of Miles Davis 1963-1964
Columbia/Legacy Jazz



The seven-disc *Seven Steps* could be subtitled *Miles and the Three Tenors*. Davis had been wanting Wayne Shorter for his combo since John Coltrane's departure, in 1960, and the music here shows how Davis

filled the tenor-sax spot during a restless, incredibly prolific transitional period. George Coleman? Too cold. Sam Rivers? Too hot. Shorter? Just right.

The rhythm section, meanwhile, would drive his last hurrah with acoustic jazz through 1968: Herbie Hancock on piano, Ron Carter on bass and the precocious Tony Williams on drums. A master at 17, Williams famously didn't like playing with Coleman, whose style he derided as "too perfect." But Davis's 1964 concert at Philharmonic Hall was one of the group's great triumphs, with a version of "My Funny Valentine" too emotive to keep steady time but still breathtaking on every listen. Coleman may not be playing wildly enough for Williams, but his blues feeling goes deep. Fans of the avant-garde Sam Rivers may regard his performances here as a concession to the mainstream, but his honking, clipped phrases are startling and brilliant, if out of place. It's only on the final disc (a Berlin concert previously just available as an import) that Shorter finally completes Davis's quintet. On "Autumn Leaves," "Milestones" and other familiar tunes, Shorter's harmonic conceits are already apparent, and the group is on fire. *Seven Steps* is not a final destination; it's a threshold to the canonical explorations of the Shorter years. But on these discs, every step was a leap into the unknown. —David Yaffe

jazz



LISTENING SESSION

Sarah Vaughan

By Gary Giddins

The field of jazz singing is now so bullish that performers who've had nothing to do with jazz are feeling their way into it, tenuously for the most part: Rod Stewart, Elvis Costello, Bob Dylan (who recently performed with Wynton Marsalis)—even Madonna is said to be contemplating an album of jazzy standards. So a refresher course in the idiom's masters is in order, and no one offers a more timeless, varied grounding than Sarah Vaughan.

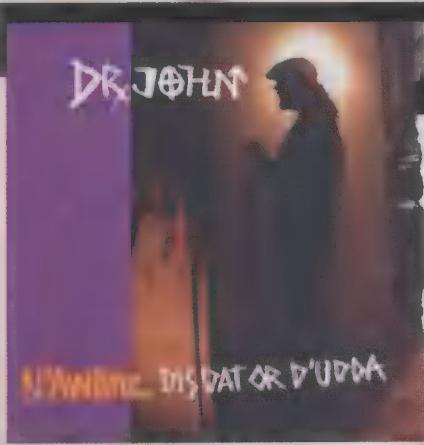
When Vaughan arrived in the 1940s, she possessed several attributes that allowed her to go shoulder to shoulder with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie in developing modern jazz: astonishing imagination, an infallible pulse and a razor-sharp instinct for harmony. She also had one of the most remarkable instruments in musical history—a gorgeous voice that ranged over four octaves and remained luscious every step of the way. In an era dominated by Billie Holiday, who worked her magic with little more than one octave, and Ella Fitzgerald, whose great range suffered from thinness in her top notes, Vaughan baffled a lot of listeners, who described her—with either awe or condescension—as operatic, although her only conservatory had been Newark's Mount Zion Baptist Church.

Dianne Reeves, the most gifted and devoted of her current disciples, inadvertently addressed that issue at her 2004 JVC Jazz Festival tribute to Vaughan. As a member of her high-school choir, Reeves had been given a solo in a Bach cantata, but having recently discovered Vaughan among her parents' LPs, she decided the passage was missing something—and fixed it at a rehearsal. She showed the tribute audience how she'd done it, by first singing the passage straight (to much applause: who knew she could sing Bach?), then as modified with rings of melisma that swooped to the ground in a triumphant jolt. As indicated, Vaughan had an opera singer's reach and a bebopper's technique, but her foundation lay in the gospels.

Vaughan had another, more elusive quality that separates her from the growing number of jazz and pop singers who routinely do virtuoso vocal laps, including Reeves: humor—not merely a sense of humor but rather a poised savvy built into the voice, as if to acknowledge its brilliance while reminding everyone, including herself, not to take it too damned seriously. Vaughan's singing seems to imply a rhetorical question: What's the point of this gift if not to have fun with it? She did have fun—at times, wicked fun—to the despair of the hit-seeking producers who kept trying to rein in her melodic embellishments. Not for nothing did musicians and fans call her Sassy.

Born in 1924, Vaughan launched her career at 18 by winning an amateur contest at the Apollo Theater. A few months later, the pianist-bandleader Earl Hines hired her to sing and play second piano (she was a shy but accomplished pianist), a job that led to associations with Hines's other vocalist, Billy Eckstine, who took her along when he started a modernist band, and with Parker and Gillespie, with whom she recorded in 1944 and '45. By 1950, Columbia Records was attempting to introduce her to a broader audience; for the next 30 years, she battled labels and record producers who would bribe her with jazz dates in exchange for pop sessions (she refused to publicly perform her dismal 1959 Top 10 hit, "Broken-Hearted Melody") or bully her with warnings of career suicide. Perhaps her finest hour came in the late 1960s, when she turned her back on the industry and remade herself as a concert star, recording thereafter mostly on her own terms until her death, in 1990.

Now, of course, we can know Vaughan only from recordings (and from film and TV footage), a legacy rendered uneven by forced compromises and by the very nature of her genius, which thrived on risk and spontaneity—though she occasionally devised variations that become a permanent part of her treatments ("Misty," "Send in the Clowns"). Still, she left hundreds of outstanding performances, accompanied by her trios (*Swingin' Easy* is exceptional), jazz bands (*Sarah Vaughan With Clifford Brown*, *How Long Has This Been Going On?*) and strings (*Sarah Vaughan Sings Broadway*). For instant insight into early and late Sarah, compare the brisk 1949 "Mean to Me" (*Sarah Vaughan in Hi-Fi*), noting how she thoroughly rewrites the melody in her second chorus, and the very deliberate 1973 "My Funny Valentine" (*Live in Japan*), paying particular attention to the closing bridge—an eight-bar adventure capped by an arpeggio that marries technique and wit. And keep your eyes peeled for the inspired *Sarah + 2*, never issued on CD except in Mosaic's *The Complete Sarah Vaughan Roulette Studio Sessions*, but expected to be soon. There's no better place to start. **T**



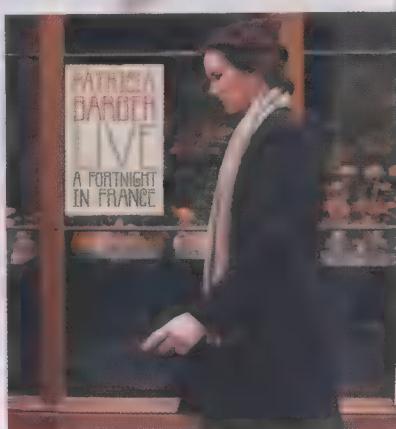
DR. JOHN

N'awlins: Dis, Dat or D'udda

"the Doctor brings on all cylinders with a unified tenderness that adds up to his best album in years." — *MOJO*

Dr. John returns with a musical guided tour of "the psych ward without walls" that is New Orleans. Along for the ride is an all-star cast of the righteous: B. B. King, Mavis Staples, Willie Nelson, Randy Newman, The Dirty Dozen Brass Band, and many more.

REVIEW



PATRICIA BARBER

Live: A Fortnight in France

"Her dark imagery, gripping interpretations, and propulsive piano playing are among the great wonders of contemporary music." — *The Los Angeles Times*

Recorded in three French cities, the album showcases both the pianist/vocalist's songwriting with brilliant originals and her celebrated interpretive skills including classics like "Witchcraft," "Call Me," and "Norwegian Wood."

MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD

END OF THE WORLD PARTY (just in case)

MMW teams up with producer John King of the Dust Brothers (Beastie Boys, Beck), taking the listener on a journey through the MMW universe — from loping funk to latin-tinged workouts, Eastern-influenced atmospheres to futuristic soundscapes — all the while sounding like the soundtrack to the best animated sci-fi blaxploitation porno movie you ever heard!

AU

Monday Oct 21 2002
6 AM 6 AM

TUESDAY Pick up new
CD Changer

Wednesday Clean House

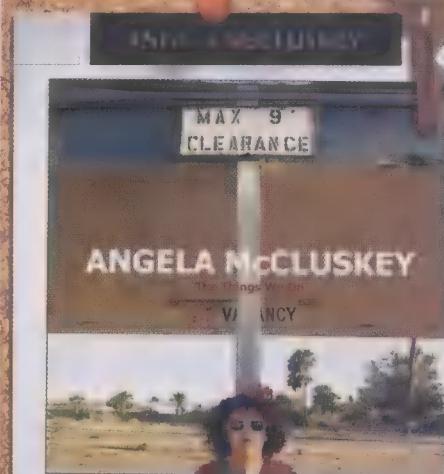
Friday Cocktail Party

REMEMBER TO
GET SOME
GOOD NEW MUSIC!

Keren Ann NOT GOING ANYWHERE



"When Keren Ann murmurs, 'follow me' ... you realize that you'd follow her anywhere she wanted to lead you." — *Rolling Stone (France)*
With a whispery, delicate, almost fragile voice that is as soothing, cool, and refreshing as ice water on a humid summer day, Keren Ann's English-language debut is a sumptuous acoustic pop album of finely crafted, lyrical gems.



THE THINGS WE DO

"The Things We Do is a lush, blues-tinged pop excursion, perfectly suited to McCluskey's husky soul." — *Paper Magazine*

REAL. GOOD. MUSIC.

To listen to tunes, get more information, and check tour dates on these and other great artists, visit us at www.bitterroot.com and www.mainnationrecords.com

MAIN
NATION
RECORDS

2004 Manhattan Records

THE REVOLUTION HAS JUST BEGUN



IN THE MOMENT
Featuring Gretchen Wilson

Watch an all new episode featuring Gretchen Wilson at a time in her career when everything is about to change. Brought to you by George Moll, creator of "Behind the Music". For more information visit CMT.com.

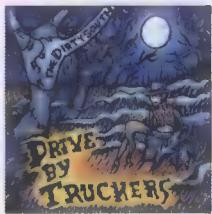
Friday, September 24 8/7C

CMT
COUNTRY MUSIC TELEVISION



Dirty Southerners

Drive-By Truckers
The Dirty South
New West



History weighs heavy on the Drive-By Truckers, as it does on all self-aware Southerners. Their double-CD epic *Southern Rock Opera* (2001) tried to reconcile progressive and redneck worldviews while embracing both punk and .38 Special. *Decoration Day* (2003) was an examination of aging and the rock & roll life. Their third straight home run, *The Dirty South*, is an ode to the seedy, mythical, enduring Southern underbelly.

Having three strong songwriters doesn't hurt. The frontman and guitarist, Patterson Hood, favors crunchy-rock social realism, tales of little people clobbered by nature ("Tornadoes") or plant closings ("Puttin' People on the Moon"). Hood has a fondness for spoken intros—there's clearly prog rock in this man's past. But his all but audible aw-shucks grin makes even his hoariest tropes convincing. Check out "The Boys From Alabama" and "The Buford Stick (The Legend of Sheriff Buford Pusser)," his paean to the people Buford Pusser (the Tennessee lawman immortalized in the '70s hicksploitation flick *Walking Tall*) crushed underfoot.

Mike Cooley—he of the massive guitar solos—loves them cars. "Daddy's Cup" goes down to the dirt track; "Carl Perkins' Cadillac," with its chiming 12-string drive, uses the title car as a metaphor for that legendary Southern criminal enterprise the music business. But *The Dirty South*, like *Decoration Day*, reminds you that the crackerjack guitarist Jason Isbell is the best thing that's happened to this band. His anthemic "The Day John Henry Died" takes a complicated look at both the steel-driving badass and the Ford magnate. And he nails the album's centerpiece, the shattering "Danko / Manuel," a tearjerker about the members of the Band who have died. Over a stately beat and a glistening acoustic hook, Isbell names the dead and dreams a boomer-rock nightmare ("15 years ago we owned that road/Now it's rolling over us instead") without ever descending into camp.

And, for these guys, unintended camp is a constant danger. As with any good formalists (the Hives, the Von Bondies, etc.), their stylized rock can slide into half-baked irony. *Opera* proved that their music is as much *about* Southern rock as it *is* Southern rock. But their songwriting is so vivid that what might seem like shtick at first ultimately comes off as a refusal to bow to anything but their own muse. —*Joe Gross*

Editor's Pick

country

Old 97's

Drag It Up
New West



Rhett Miller, Ken Bethea, Murry Hammond and Philip Peeples started as a raucous contingent playing cowpunk in Dallas dives. Over the course of two indie and three major-label releases, they evolved into slickly twangy pop-rockers. Then they went on hiatus. Miller, their frontman, took a singer-songwriter turn, cutting the considerably less twangy *The Instigator* in 2002; Hammond collaborated with his wife, Grey Delisle, on a lovely country-folk album; Bethea and Peeples jammed in an outfit called Scrap Hotel.

Drag It Up showcases a re-invigorated band and an eclectic batch of tunes. The doozy of an

opener, "Won't Be Home," mates alt-country gallop with pop-rock hooks. "Moonlight" and "Blinding Sheets of Rain" are old-school honky-tonk

weepers. There are nods to Dick Dale-style surf guitar ("Smokers"), early-'60s Tex-Mex ("Coahuila"), moody late-'60s psychedelia ("Valium Waltz"), Anglo pop ("The New Kid") and balladry ("Adelaide"), with Miller, Hammond and Bethea switching off on lead vocals and instruments. "Hang in there/Friends forever/In memory far away," the quartet sings near the end—a statement of commitment to rock & roll camaraderie that infuses all of this powerful return.

—*Holly George-Warren*



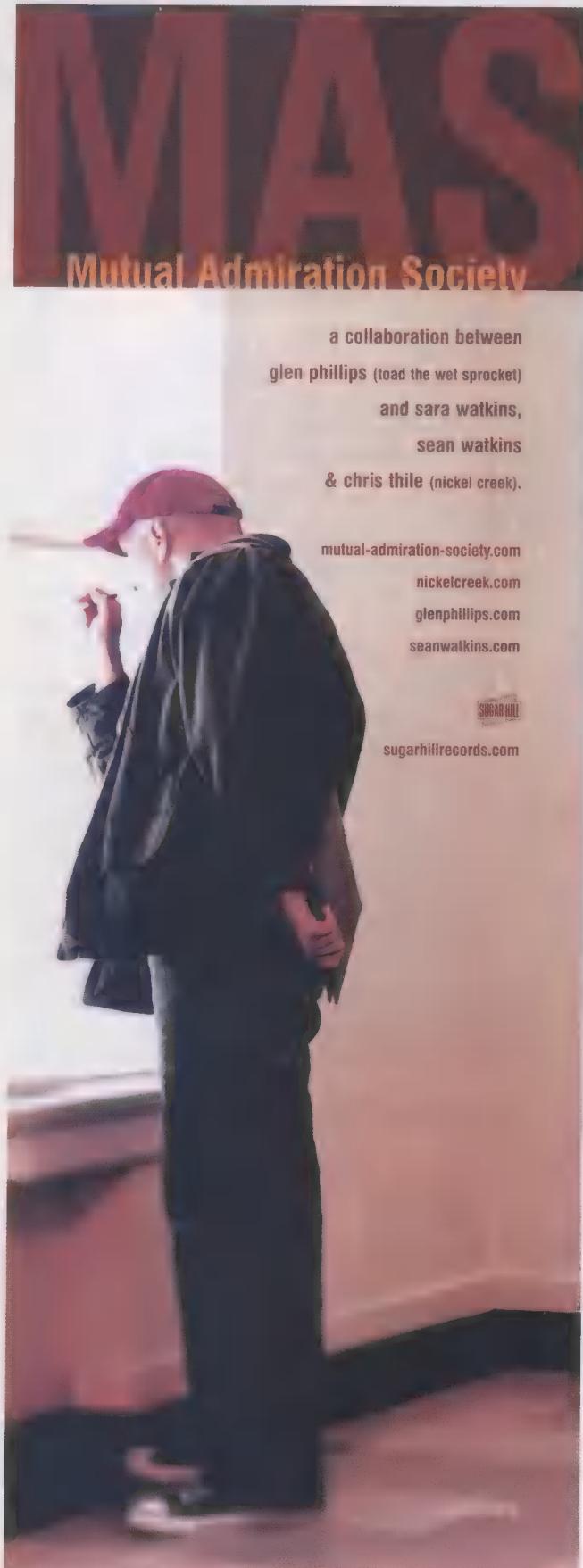
Terry Allen

Juarez
Sugar Hill



In his liner notes to this reissue of the Texas cult hero's 1975 debut album, Dave Alvin claims that it belongs alongside such '70s songwriter classics as Randy Newman's *Good Old Boys* and Bob Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks*. Actually, that distinction better fits Allen's expansive *Lubbock (on Everything)*, the 1979 successor to this at times brilliant, at times overreaching song cycle about lust, death and heartbreak along the Mexican-American border. The wry narrative, which unfolds in Allen's sandpaper

drawl, backed by austere piano and the occasional fiddle or mandolin, centers on a pair of misfit couples: a pachuco from Juarez and his enigmatic girlfriend, and a sailor on shore leave and the Mexican prostitute he marries. On another level, the story (which has since been adapted as a play) is a noirish allegory about the promises and snares of the American West. The roaring jeremiad "There Oughta Be a Law Against Sunny California" is perhaps the most emblematic track; but the inscrutable between-song dictum "Today's rainbow is tomorrow's tamale" is high-plains mystagogy at its most whacked out and sublime. —*Bill Friskics-Warren*



MAS

Mutual Admiration Society

a collaboration between

glen phillips (toad the wet sprocket)
and sara watkins,
sean watkins
& chris thile (nickel creek).

mutual-admiration-society.com

nickelcreek.com

glenphillips.com

seanwatkins.com



sugarhillrecords.com

country

Various Artists

Touch My Heart: A Tribute to Johnny Paycheck

Sugar Hill



Tribute records: who needs 'em? Stocked with frequently unpaid (and thus unrehearsed) artists you never heard of, they're generally nowhere nohow. This one, though, is worth keeping. *Touch My Heart* gathers the work of Johnny Paycheck, the redneck brawler who wrote some of the doomiest songs of the '70s and '80s and sang them in a baritone that only his role model, George Jones, matched in brilliance. Paycheck was a righteous mess: he once shot a man in an Ohio bar for asking if he liked turtle meat. But in music he was one of a kind, an outsider too unmanageable to ever fit the "outlaw" package.

The Chicago hillbilly punk Robbie Fulks (a musical heir of Paycheck's who once recorded a song about Nashville called "Fuck This Town") dialed up a bunch of friends and associates—a mix of alt-country rockers and mainstream used-to-bes—and somehow made them understand that this one mattered. Neko Case ("If I'm Gonna Sink, I Might as Well Go to the Bottom") sounds possessed naturally, so it's appropriate that she's conjuring a dead singer's ghost. George Jones shows up, too, as well as the hardboiled country singers Dallas Wayne and Johnny Bush. But why didn't anybody take on "(Pardon Me) I've Got Someone to Kill"? I guess Nick Cave was busy.

—RJ Smith

Tift Merritt

Tambourine

Lost Highway

Now this is more like it. Merritt's 2002 solo debut was pro forma country rock sung commandingly but with too heavy a debt to Lucinda and Emmylou. But its follow-up tips the balance toward country soul, with groove-rich arrangements that suit her steamy alto and her languid phrasing far better. There are shades of Bonnie Bramlett's and Shelby Lynne's gospel-infused eroticism, along with bluesy nods to the likes of Bonnie Raitt and Terry Garthwaite (of the '70s protofeminist combo Joy of Cooking).

Yet, like her label mate and fellow North Carolinian Ryan Adams, Merritt still tends to emulate roots-rock touchstones from the pre-punk days of FM radio instead of pursuing her own muse. And as the boilerplate track "I Am Your Tambourine" attests, she still has a ways to go before she'll be able to put across a randy double entendre with the conviction of either of the Bonnies mentioned above. Still, even that track gets over on groove, suggesting that soul-inflected twang might be Merritt's true métier.

—Bill Friskics-Warren



KATE CAMPBELL

"Lauded by both the Farm Journal and NPR, Campbell's music perches comfortably between country and folk...a distinctive talent." - USA Today

"Her literate songs artfully skirt the border between country and rock with a few blues twists...a major talent...simplicity, sincerity, and sophistication run rampant here." - Boston Globe

Kate Campbell re-arranges and improved versions of many of her most popular songs for two new albums featuring the talents of Rodney Crowell, Nanci Griffith, Jeff Black, Jonell Mosser, and Kim Richey.



All available from Compadre Records.

Digitally remastered reissue of Kate's first album Songs From the Levee. Features five previously unreleased tracks.

THE PORTABLE KATE CAMPBELL

Wrought Iron Fences, Moonpie Dreams, Visions Of Plenty, Rosaryville, Galaxie 500, Crazy In Alabama, A Perfect World, Bus 109, Porcelain Blue, Tupelo's Too Far When Panthers Roamed In Arkansas, Deep Tang, Bud's Sea-Mini Boat, Rosa's Coronas, See Rock City, Rosemary, Look Away
Produced by Will Kimbrough



SING ME OUT

Heart Of Hearts, Jesus, Tomatoes, Older Angel, Who Will Pray For Junior, Waiting For The Weather, Break This Side Of Heaven, Ave Maria Grotto, In My Mother's House, Would You Be, Parson Signs Following, Delmus Jackson, Sing Me Out, Funeral Food
Produced by Will Kimbrough



All available
August 10, 2004

www.katecampbell.com
www.compadrerecords.com



JAMES MCMURTRY AND THE HEARTLESS BASTARDS LIVE IN AUGHT THREE

"James McMurtry may be the truest, fiercest songwriter of his generation... there hasn't been anything quite like this since Dylan's *Highway 61 Revisited* album. And nothing like it on American Idol. Probably a good thing. Simon's head would explode."

- Stephen King, Entertainment Weekly

In Stores Now.



Defining Roots Music.

www.jamesmcmurtry.com
www.compadrerecords.com

"He's as real a writer as Hemingway. He is timeless. The more he hangs around, the more people are going to know him. I felt lucky to be in a position to help people get to know him. He's not as famous as he ought to be." - Kris Kristofferson

"My favorite songwriter." - Johnny Cash



billy joe shaver BILLY & THE KID

Shaver revisits unreleased Eddy Shaver recordings on his new album, *Billy and the Kid*. Billy Joe added vocals and lyrics to the previously unreleased tracks performed by Eddy, making this album his final collaboration with his son, who passed away in 2000. *Billy And The Kid* also features the new Shaver tune titled "Fame," a heartfelt commentary on the pitfalls of celebrity.

Release Date: August 24, 2004



Defining Roots Music.

www.billyjoeshaver.com
www.compadrerecords.com



TEARS FOR FEARS

EVERYBODY LOVES A HAPPY ENDING



BRAND NEW ALBUM **EVERYBODY LOVES A HAPPY ENDING**

FEATURING THE HIT SINGLE “CALL ME MELLOW”
AND “CLOSEST THING TO HEAVEN”

IN STORES SEPTEMBER 14TH

ON TOUR THIS FALL

ALSO AVAILABLE



WWW.TEARSFORFEARS.NET



NEW LOW PRICE

© 2004 Universal Music Enterprises, a Division of UMG Recordings, Inc.



BORDERS
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE



Slimmed Down

One big reason Norman Cook, a.k.a. Fatboy Slim, got large was that he made the good times his tunes promised sound just within reach. 1996's *Better Living Through Chemistry* and 1998's *You've Come a Long Way, Baby* pummeled you with flair, their gigantic hooks and pile-driver beats irresistible only to committed tight-asses, and his blinding *On the Floor at the Boutique* (2000) remains a landmark of DJ mix discs. But 2000's *Halfway Between the Gutter and the Stars* was all too aptly titled: the disc was split between the revelatory (its three closing tracks would have made a perfect EP) and overly cutesy hackwork—"Weapon of Choice" was a far better video (thanks, Christopher Walken) than it was a piece of music.

The hackwork continues on *Palookaville*. Cook's beats have cooled to room temperature, and he relies heavily on secondhand hooks, from the Five Man Electrical Band sample in the opener, "Don't Let the Man," to a pointless cover of Steve Miller's "The Joker" with vocals by Bootsy Collins. Cook seems nostalgic for his own heyday, too—consider the "dot-com" refrain of "Slash Dot Dash." You never needed to be a day trader to dig "The Rockafeller Skank," but *Palookaville* belongs in the poorhouse. —Michaelangelo Matos

Various Artists

Kompakt 100

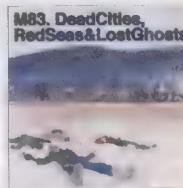
Kompakt

No dance-music label of the past few years has garnered as fervent a cult as Kompakt (out of Cologne, Germany), and for good reason: its catalog of warm electronic dance beats and swooning synthesizer ambience is one of the most consistent and engaging in all of electronic music. For its 100th release, 19 Kompakt artists have remixed its back catalog, and while the results don't startle or improve on its masterworks (*Triple R's Friends* and Michael Mayer's *Immer*), the two-disc set is a satisfying way into the Kompakt aesthetic.

Much of the material is fairly tranquil. The Orb (an electronic-music veteran) reworks Ulf Lohmann's "Because Before" into a lumbent haze. Kaito's take on Superpitcher's "Tomorrow" sounds the way a marshmallow expanded in hot chocolate tastes. But when things get harder, they get more interesting. Lawrence's "Teaser" gets made over into a clicky, popping, gurgling groove by the Russian producer Scsi9, who also exposes a tougher side of "Tomorrow" without losing its airiness. And Matias Aguayo and Leandro Fresco's redux of the latter's "Cera Uno" is minimal without sounding severe or mechanical. Let's hope the label keeps it going for another 100. —Michaelangelo Matos



beats



M83
Dead Cities, Red Seas & Lost Ghosts
Mute

Few performers in the world of pop, rock and electronic music bother to attempt the grand conceptual gesture anymore—apparently it's just too pretentious, or difficult, or silly to dream big. While it's not anything as howlingly goofy as a rock opera, *Dead Cities, Red Seas & Lost Ghosts* is a grand conceptual attempt

to synthesize disparate strains of modern music into something vastly beautiful. And it works. The duo Anthony Gonzalez and Nicolas Fromageau, based in the South of France, make loved-up, blissed-out 21st-century stadium art rock, with traces in their sound of everyone from the German synth pioneers Tangerine Dream to the guitar-drone painters My Bloody Valentine.

True to its Tolkaenesque title, "On a White Lake, Near a Green Mountain" is magisterial. "Noise" begins with a crude antique-drum-machine beat, then becomes a whorl of melancholy melody and tidal distortion, canyons of reverb meeting oceans of synthesizer. As the epic "Gone" swells up and roars, it's difficult to pinpoint exactly what is generating the music. Electric guitars? Synthesizers? A string orchestra from Alpha Centauri? The question quickly becomes irrelevant as the music slips into your nervous system, soon seeming like a tune that's always been playing inside your body. Gonzalez and Fromageau make an extremely organic, familiar sound. Like some of those ancient art rockers, M83 seem to have tapped into a universal vein of gooey yearning, hazy beauty and humanity. They may be onto something. —Pat Blashill

Ulrich Schnauss

A Strangely Isolated Place

Domino

Editor's Pick

Contrary to popular belief, not all electronica is ruled by the thump-thump-thump of its beats. For some artists, melody is king. In the late '90s, when techno and the do-it-yourself aesthetic of laptop music-making began inspiring kids as punk once had, the German sister labels Morr Music and City Centre Offices began specializing in atmospheric song-oriented material. Nicknamed romantica and bucolica, the music took its cues not from club culture but from the heady guitar symphonies of bands like My Bloody Valentine and Slowdive.

Berlin's Ulrich Schnauss currently rules this surprisingly emotive world. His American debut, *A Strangely Isolated Place*, refashions '90s psychedelia as an accessory for both dens and dance floors. Schnauss's compositions are slowly unwinding jams (nothing shorter than 6:30 here) of shimmering keyboards, glacial guitars and Judith Beck's masked vocals; there are sweeping chord changes at every scenic turn. Yet Schnauss is also beholden to techno's pulse and to DJ tastes for an ever changing mix. So the tracks roll with the usual cheap drum-machine beats but without the lone focus on rhythm, retaining their hummability till the very end. —Piotr Orlov

world



Urban Dance Squad: Ozomatli

Rebel Groove Thang

Brooklyn's Antibalas and LA's Ozomatli may both be party-rocking, politics-spouting big-band fusionists, but the crews are as different as their hometowns. Since the late '90s, Antibalas has been channeling its obsession with the late Nigerian Afrobeat king Fela Kuti (see the Tracks List, page 90) into a series of hero-worshiping sessions that have helped fuel a stateside revival of his sound, while Ozo has been mixing post-Rodney King political hip-hop and Latin music in the hope of sparking urban revolution.

Who Is This America?, Antibalas's third CD, sticks to the new-school Afrobeat formula: take the style's polyrhythmic, horn-

centered, jam-band mentality (songs can approach 20 minutes) and mix in bits of jazz and Afro-Caribbean grooves. This time there's less of the latter; the 14-piece ensemble sticks mostly to studied Kuti reanimations in its bid to send George W. Bush an eviction notice. Because Afrobeat is all about riding a rhythm until it snaps, *America* can feel alternately tight and rudderless—one long languid haze of slow-brewed bass percolations, punchy brass stabs and percussive shuffles.



Ozomatli
Street Signs
Concord



Antibalas
Who Is This America?
Nopeadope

Antibalas could use more of the tempo shifting it brings to the James Brown-juiced "Indictment," in which rhythms stutter into choppy, edgy blocks as Stuart Bogie calls out members of the administration.

Ozomatli, meanwhile, seems to have finally gotten comfortable with its ADD. The band's third outing, *Street Signs*, is its most organic set of style splices yet, from the hip-hop block party of "Saturday Night" to the remixed *jarocho* dancehall of "YaViene El Sol" and "Doña Isabelle," ■ salsa throw-down with the piano legend Eddie Palmieri. Ozo's chest-pounding earnestness can still overwhelm the music, but *Street Signs* changes channels too fast for anything to get stale. Middle Eastern music broadens the band's sound this time around. Hassan Hakmoun, a master of the bass-like North African *sintir*, adds vocals to "Believe"; Arabic-style strings float under "Love and Hope"; and when the band's original MC, Chali 2na (now of Jurassic 5), returns to helm "Who's to Blame," he denounces political trickery over Indian tablas and hand-claps that evoke Moroccan *gnawa*. Drop it all on shuffle next to *Who Is This America?* and you've got the perfect rhythm-and-issues soundtrack for a bumpy road trip into November. —Josh Kun



Editor's Pick

Keren Ann
Not Going Anywhere
Metro Blue/Blue Note

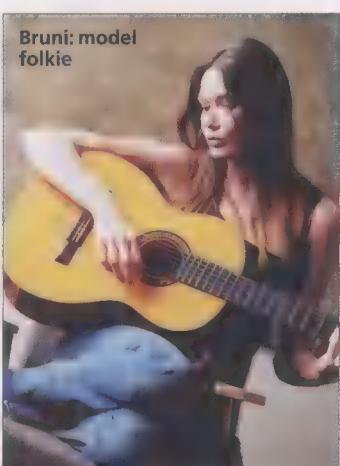
For a long time, French popular music had a hard time reaching beyond the borders of France. But the rediscovery of Serge Gainsbourg and the rise of Gallic electronic acts like Air and Daft Punk have done a lot to change the situation. This new acceptance may widen with the arrival of two French imports that demurely sport '60s signifiers (long, Joni Mitchell-straight hair; a sophisticated, folk-derived sound) while projecting a contemporary cool their labels clearly hope will click with Norah Jones fans.

Not Going Anywhere is the American debut of Keren Ann (Zeidel), but it's actually her third album. The first two were collaborations with the hot songwriter-arranger-producer Benjamin Biolay, with whom she also worked on an elegant album for the 87-year-old crooner Henri Salvador, *Room With a View*, which topped the French charts in 2000. When her partnership with Biolay ended, she switched from French to English and gave her new CD a defiant title. Some of

Not Going Anywhere is songs from 2002's *La Disparition* with rerecorded vocals, the rest is new compositions, but the album feels of a piece. No matter what language Keren Ann spins her melancholic tales in, she lands midway between that archetypal '60s chanteuse Françoise Hardy and Suzanne Vega.

Carla Bruni performs in French, but that marketing obstacle is counterbalanced by her being a former model (not to mention the ex-girlfriend of both Mick Jagger and Eric Clapton). Her debut album, *Quelqu'un M'a Dit*, is

low-key and surprisingly austere and has already sold more than a million copies in France. The main draw is Bruni's voice, a dusky rasp that makes the songs sound more interesting than they actually are. Yet, while almost every track works as a three-minute charmer, the cumulative effect is of an all but suffocating bourgeois perfectionism. This is a record made by someone who's apparently never had a bad hair day. —Elisabeth Vincentelli



Carla Bruni
Quelqu'un M'a Dit
V2

Various Artists

Is It Rolling Bob?
A Reggae Tribute to Bob Dylan,
Vol. 1
RAS/Sanctuary

At first glance, mixing

Dylan and reggae may seem like an odd idea. Dylan recorded the reggae-tinged *Infidels* (represented here by a remix of the LP's "I and I") back in 1983, and his "I Shall Be Released" has been covered by the Heptones and Keith Hudson. While there have already been (mostly lackluster) reggae tributes to the Grateful Dead, Pink Floyd, the Rolling Stones and even the Police, this is the first significant meeting of island artists with the modern bard of love and apocalypse.

Dylan's songs of high-plains drama, alienation and lost love seem well suited for Rasta singers, and the novelty quotient on *Is It Rolling Bob?* is happily low. The universal-sufferer theme of "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" and "The Times They Are a-Changin'" inspires sympathetic readings by Luciano and Israel Vibration's Apple Gabriel, respectively. Beres Hammond, the reigning island crooner, sings "Just Like a Woman" as though his heart could never be healed. On the strangest cut, the flicker-tongued dancehall firebrand Sizzla uncovers the dazzling weirdness of "Subterranean Homesick Blues" and transforms the tune into something completely alien, but with a spirit that captures Dylan's outsider aesthetic perfectly. —Jeff Chang

MORE REGGAE THAT MATTERS

Jimmy Cliff Black Magic
(Artemis) After his star turn in the 1972 movie *The Harder They Come*, Jimmy Cliff should have become the world's first reggae superstar. Sadly, his latest comeback record, *Black Magic*, is also full of should-haves. Cameos by Annie Lennox, Sting and Wyclef Jean should have been heftier. Cliff's team-up with Kool and the Gang on a remake of the latter's "(Ooh, La, La, La) Let's Go Dancing" should have been canned. Only a duet with the late Joe Strummer on "Over the Border"—one of the ex-Clash singer's final recordings—lights the lyrical and musical fire that, elsewhere, could have been.



Beenie Man Back to Basics
(Virgin) The most important dancehall artist of the '90s stumbled with weak crossover attempts at the millennium. Now, with dancehall seducing the mainstream (Sean Paul, Beyoncé, R. Kelly) and after a year of personal tragedies—including a near-fatal car crash—Beenie Man delivers his best album since 1997's *Many Moods of Moses*. The life-affirming topic this time is, basically, sex. Working with some top dancehall producers (including Lenky), he returns to salacious form on "Dude," "Dr. Know" and "Good Woe." Don't call it a comeback—call it a breakthrough.



Is It Rolling Bob?

A Reggae Tribute To Bob Dylan



Vol. 1

RYAN ADAMS ★ TREY ANASTASIO ★ JEFF BECK
KEN BOOTHE ★ ERIC CLAPTON ★ BOOTSIE COLLINS
MARCIA GRIFFITHS ★ TERRY HALL ★ BEN HARPER
WILLIE NELSON ★ NO DOUBT ★ RAHZEL ★ BONNIE RAITT
KEITH RICHARDS ★ THE ROOTS ★ SHAGGY ★ THE SKATALITES
U-ROY ★ BUNNY WAILER ★ RACHAEL YAMAGATA

HAVE IN COMMON

TOOTS & THE MAYTALES

TRUE LOVE

IN STORES NOW

WWW.TOOTSTHEMAYTALES.NET
WWW.V2RECORDS.COM



BEFORE REGGAE THERE WAS ROCKSTEADY;
BEFORE ROCKSTEADY THERE WAS SKA;
BEFORE SKA THERE WAS MENTO

TOOTSTH
MAYTALES
Tower.com



A global groove party featuring
cutting-edge world dance and electronica

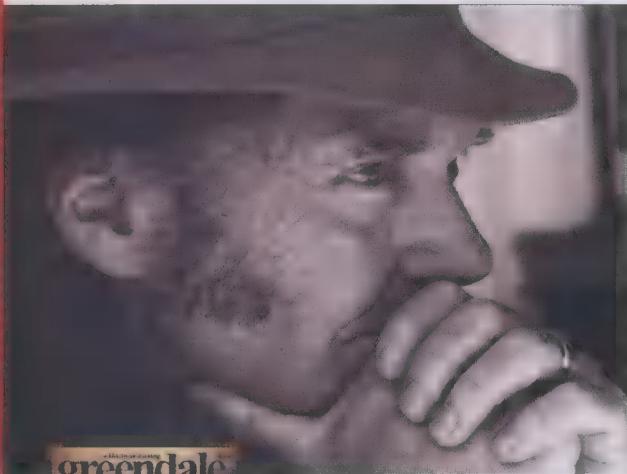
2 CD set for the price of 1

For a limited time, World Groove will include
a Putumayo Groove sampler featuring
10 songs from the Groove & Lounge series

PUTUMAYO
World Music
Guaranteed to make you feel good!
www.putumayo.com



dvds



Neil Young

Greendale
Sanctuary

"I believe in love," Neil Young sang on last year's *Greendale*; "I believe in action."

Well, who could argue? With a discography as deep as any North American rocker's and a restless political mind he's not afraid to exercise in public, Young is the poster boy for rock & roll engagement.

But does the singer love action? The film

suites devil that torments them. But Young (using the directorial pseudonym Bernard Shakey) is such a prosaic filmmaker that he saps his gloriously ragged garage rock of drama. He sings about Grandpa sitting on the porch, we see Grandpa sitting on the porch; he sings about "the hero and the artist," we see a fireman in full work gear and a guy in a beret. The breezy making-of featurette included on this DVD is actually more illuminating, providing the backstory that Young's songs abjure. But its primary appeal is its crisp video and its lack of atmospheric gloom. —Mikael Wood

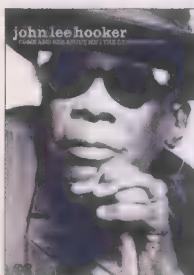
John Lee Hooker

Come and See About Me: The Definitive DVD

Eagle Eye Media

Editor's Pick  John Lee Hooker was the dark magus of Delta blues, a presence whose voice had the power to make you catch your breath in cold dread—at least until he'd ignite the dance floor with his patented boogie beat. Hooker had mesmerized generations by the time he died, at age 83, in 2001, and he was nearly right when he predicted, "When I die, they're going to bury the blues with me."

As this career-spanning narrative (woven from performances and interviews) proves, Hooker's mix of menace and charisma remains irreplaceable. Rock stars sought to bask in his aura, notably on 1989's famed (and still out of print) *The Healer*, on which Los Lobos, Keith Richards, Carlos Santana and Bonnie Raitt all joined him. The romps with Santana and Raitt are reprised here, although an explosive guitar jam with the Rolling Stones and Eric Clapton overshadows them. But true believers know that Hooker was always best either alone or with a single accompanist. His 1969 solo performance of "It Serves Me Right to Suffer" defines the genre's lonesome sound. And his takes on "Hobo Blues" and "Baby Please Don't Go," with Ry Cooder and Van Morrison, respectively, are the work of kindred musical hearts beating in sync. —Ted Drozdowski



Tom Dowd & the Language of Music

Palm Pictures



There's a moment in the documentary *Tom Dowd and the Language of Music* when Tom Dowd—the recording engineer and producer who helped shape legendary records by Aretha Franklin, Ray Charles, Otis Redding,

Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, Cream and others—offers a glimpse into what life around the Atlantic Recording Studios was like during the label's '60s heyday. He was finishing up a session with the doo-wop legends the Coasters, he recalls, when somebody told him that the prickly jazz master Charles Mingus was on his way in. "Talk about culture shock," he says. Talk about understatement.

Flexibility was the prime requirement for the job: Dowd (who died in 2002) had to be ready to roll tape whenever an artist's inspiration struck, regardless of how long he'd been working or whether he'd spent the day on a project several musical galaxies away. His formidable run, as the film makes clear, owed a great deal to his ability to mix on the fly during a recording rather than afterward, and to his early embrace of multitrack recording technology. (A versatile engineer by training, he didn't often tell musicians about his previous stint, helping the US government develop the atomic bomb.)

The Language of Music tells Dowd's story with odd reenactments and, alas, only a few vintage clips. (The one of Aretha in the studio is priceless.) Interviews with Atlantic Records honchos Ahmet Ertegun and Jerry Wexler as well as Eric Clapton and other artists portray him as an engineer with an astute musical sense who was able to gently affect the direction of a session. Though some of the film's control-room scenes are stony and exceedingly worshipful, one near the end connects vividly. As Dowd listens to Derek and the Dominos' "Layla," he silences individual instruments until all that's audible is the duet between Clapton and Duane Allman, who's playing bottleneck slide up in the nosebleed register. Those guitars, tangled alone in that whirling-dervish embrace, illustrate Dowd's building-block art. Making records isn't just about getting ideas down on tape. It's about textures and drama and notes that echo around the room. As Ray Charles says at one point: "The name of the game is what does it sound like?" Dowd is one man we have to thank for those sounds. —Tom Moon



BEACH BOYS
Good Timin' Live at Knebworth 1980
Special Edition DVD & CD



JOHNNY CASH
A Concert Behind Prison Walls
Special Edition DVD & CD



THE DOORS
Live in Europe 1968
(with Grace Slick & Paul Kantner, Jefferson Airplane)



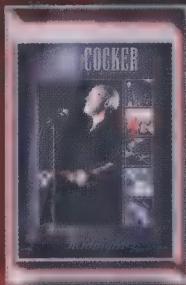
TINA TURNER
Live in Amsterdam
Wildest Dreams Tour



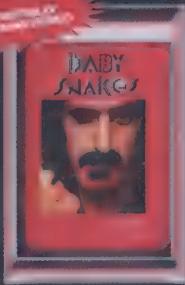
TONY BENNETT'S
New York
(1996 Concert / interview)



JONI MITCHELL
Painting With Words And Music



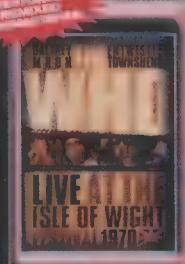
JOE COCKER
Live: Across From Midnight Tour



FRANK ZAPPA
Baby Snakes
The Movie

EAGLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT

NOW PLAYING ON DVD



THE WHO
Live At The Isle of Wight Festival 1970



MUSIC FOR MONTSERRAT
Clapton, McCartney,
Elton John, Sting & More



**IN STORES NOW
OR ORDER ONLINE
WWW.EAGLEROCK.COM**

"Anyone who wants to be a songwriter should listen to as much folk music as they can, study the form and structure of stuff that has been around for 100 years. I go back to Stephen Foster." -Bob Dylan/LA Times, April 2004

"It's hard to imagine an album more affecting" -Alanna Nash, Music Critic

Beautiful Dreamer

the songs of

Stephen Foster

featuring 17 All Original Tracks
from some of Music's Most Original Voices...

~Raul Malo~

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Lo-Lo Ma, Mark O'Connor,
~Edgar Meyer~

featuring Alison Krauss
SLUMBER MY DARLING

~BR5-49~

DON'T BET MONEY ON
THE SHANGHAI

~Alvin Youngblood Hart~
NELLY WAS A LADY

~Judith Edelman~
NO ONE TO LOVE

~The Duhks~

CAMPTOWN RACES

~John Prine~

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME,
GOODNIGHT

~Henry Kaiser~
AUTUMN WALTZ

~Beth Nielsen Chapman~
IN THE EYE
ABIDES THE HEART

~David Ball~

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

~Michelle Shocked~

~Pete Anderson~

OH! SUSANNA

~Grey De Lisle~

WILLIE WE HAVE
MISSSED YOU

~Mavis Staples~

HARD TIMES COME
AGAIN NO MORE

~Ollabelle~

GENTLE ANNIE

~Roger McGuinn~

JEANIE WITH THE
LIGHT BROWN HAIR

~Suzy Bogguss~

AH, MAY THE RED
ROSE LIVE ALWAYS

~Hill Barrow~

HOLIDAY SCHOTTISCH

~Ron Sexsmith~

COMRADES FILL NO
GLASS FOR ME



A Long Overdue
Tribute to America's
First Great Songwriter

All net proceeds to benefit American Roots Publishing, a non-profit arts and literary organization dedicated to preserving America's cultural treasures. Look for ARP's first project, Joe Ely's debut novel *Super Reverb*, in bookstores Fall, 2005. For more information or to make your tax-deductible donation visit www.americanrootspublishing.org



BORDERS
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE



whatever



Blood Warrior

Editor's Pick

As a self-made diva, Diamanda Galás has always been more about Medusa than Manolo Blahnik. She has a remarkable three-and-a-half-octave-range voice that can ricochet from bat screech to hounds-of-hell growl; she uses it for aggressive, exploratory vocalizing that's distantly kin to the more approachable work of PJ Harvey, Björk and Sleater-Kinney's front-woman, Corin Tucker. And she makes up her sharp Greek features to look, by turns, ghoulish, hysterical (in the orgiastic sense) and mad (in both senses). Galás has chosen in much of her work to turn her powerful voice and persona into a defiant witness to wrongful

Diamanda Galás

La Serpenta Canta; Defixiones: Will and Testament

Mute



Tin Hat Trio

Book of Silk

Ropeadope

If concert halls give you the jimmies but you still cop a thrill from the subtle pleasures of smartly composed art music, the Tin Hat Trio is for you. String-picker Mark Orton, string-bower Carla Kihilstedt and keyboardist Rob Burger combine avant-garde interests with a folksy back-porch sensibility that brings the street to the chamber and vice versa. Their fourth album, *Book of Silk*—named after a 2500-year-old Chinese manuscript connecting celestial events to earthly calamities—is a moving memorial to Orton's late wife. Augmented by Zeena Parkins's harp and Bryan Smith's tuba, the trio delivers 15 pieces, varying from roughly one to five minutes, that announce themselves in unusual sonic flashes and reveal their secrets only over repeated listenings. A life-is-but-a-dream quality pervades the record, from the opener, "The Longest Night," to the heartbreaking "Empire of Light," on which Kihilstedt delivers the record's only vocals—and there's not a moment of false sentiment. The set is leavened by a handful of gently upbeat gems, including a batty little samba ("Hotel Aurora"), a dodecaphonic folk frenzy ("Elliot Carter Family") and a smooth-as-silk tribute to the late Cuban singer-guitarist Compay Segundo ("Compay"). Delicate, and a little dire, *Book of Silk* is perfect music for curling up and drifting away to. —Richard Gehr



death—whether from a so-called "shameful" virus, slavery, economic oppression or genocide. Once, mourning the deaths of her brother and her friends from AIDS, she doused herself in blood and mocked the God of "hypocrite" fundamentalists in a performance of her "Plague Mass" at New York's Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine.

Her material has ranged from classical to international folk and American blues. The live double disc *La Serpenta Canta* features Galás's gravely revised versions of 13 American standards, from "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" to Ornette Coleman's "Lonely Woman," plus one playfully Bessie Smith-style original, "Baby's Insane." Accompanying herself on piano, she keens and rattles like an agitated raven; the familiarity of the melodies offers listeners a line to grasp when the voice takes flight. Galás attacks the material with such ferocity that some listeners might hear what she does as parody. Which is not the intent, of course—but there it is.

Defixiones, created to commemorate the Turkish massacres of Armenians, Assyrians and Greeks between 1914 and 1923, is a more complex and adventurous work. Another live double CD, it uses texts by exiled or martyred writers in various languages, piano-accompanied samples and some spare effects. Galás ululates with grief, damning those who would bury history, soaring into moments of uncomfortable beauty—connecting past atrocities to present horrors in a way that leaves both inescapable. —Terri Sutton



Medeski Martin and Wood

End of the World Party (Just in Case)

Blue Note

More than most modern jazzmen, John Medeski, Billy Martin and Chris Wood are hep to the studio. On *End of the World Party (Just in Case)*, John King—one-half of the Dust Brothers, best known for their trippy work with the Beastie Boys on *Paul's Boutique*—reshapes the trio's jams with startlingly contemporary production. What the album lacks in memorable melodies it supplies in deep grooves and sweepingly layered soundscapes, keeping MMW accessible without letting go of their avant-garde tendencies.

Much of the time, as on the cosmetically slinky "New Planet" and the ominous title cut, the band borders on sexy hip-hop, both sonically (thanks to King) and rhythmically (thanks to Martin's swinging Afro-Latin beats). Elsewhere, as on "Mami Gato," Medeski's elegant acoustic piano takes center frame amidst ambient washes and tantalizing percussion tangents. But the band is at its most distinctive when it delves into the cinematic styles of the opening "Anonymous Skulls" and the exquisitely haunting "Midnight Poppies/Crooked Birds." On the latter, Wood's gently pulsating bass gives shape to Medeski's creeping synth shadows, showing off MMW's decade-old telekinetic chemistry. You may wish they'd linger longer in that hallucinatory world... though, admittedly, it wouldn't have made for half the party. —Jesse Jarnow

the tracks list

Out of Africa

When Paul Simon released *Graceland*, in 1986, he introduced African—specifically, South African—popular music to a huge new audience. And then, for a while, major labels were releasing records by Ladysmith Black Mambazo and Mahlathini and the Mahotella Queens in the United States. But nowadays African pop is again a hard-to-find pleasure. So, on the occasion of an expanded reissue

of *Graceland*, we've put together a guide to some of Africa's most sublime music: electric guitar-driven rhumba bands, Afrobeat funk orchestras, percussion troupes, dramatic singers, even folkies with acoustic guitars. Who knows? Given Dave Matthews's and Trey Anastasio's travels to Senegal to jam with the legendary Orchestra Baobab, we could be on the brink of a revival.

—Will Hermes



Paul Simon
Graceland (Expanded & Remastered)
Warner Bros.

A New York pop star singing about "cinematographer parties" and "the lights on Upper Broadway" over South African mbaqanga grooves and choruses? Made in the apartheid-era cultural boycott, the record invited lots of skepticism, yet today it stands as a high-water mark of polyglot pop.



Franco
The Rough Guide to Franco
World Music Network

Probably the most popular musician in Africa during his lifetime, Franco was a generous electric guitarist and singer who led one of Zaire's greatest dance bands from the '60s until his death, reportedly from AIDS, in 1989. This set culls sweetly swinging material from his entire career.



George Sibanda
The Legendary George Sibanda
SWP/Stern's

These joyous folk-guitar recordings of the '40s and '50s made Sibanda an early radio star in his native Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) and across sub-Saharan Africa. With the randy "Guabi Guabi," later covered by the American folkies Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Taj Mahal and Arlo Guthrie.



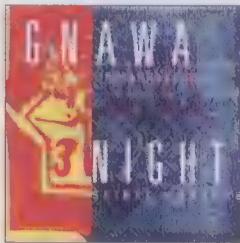
Various Artists
The Indestructible Beat of Soweto
Shanachie

Still the definitive compilation of late apartheid-era black South African pop, released in 1987 on the heels of Simon's unlikely blockbuster. It includes Ladysmith's heavenly choral singing and the marvelous sub-baritone "groaning" of the mbaqanga king, Mahlathini (R.I.P.).



King Sunny Ade
The Best of the Classic Years
Shanachie

Ade's *Juju Music* (1982) was the first example of African pop's new wave to break through to a US audience. This collection draws on earlier, rawer versions of his lilting, kinetic juju style. It's a guitar lover's dream. See also *Syncro Series* (IndieDisc), an excellent compilation of later sides.



Various Artists
Gnawa Music of Marrakesh: Night Spirit Masters
Axiom/Island

The Master Musicians of Jajouka get all the glory, having inspired (and recorded with) artists like the Stones. But this 1990 set of bass like *sintir* and drum jams, tweaked by the American producer Bill Laswell, may be the most powerfully hypnotic Moroccan-music album ever made.



Fela Kuti
Expensive Shit
MCA

Talking Heads were listening to *Shit* (1975) around the time of *Remain in Light*, and you can hear the way it informed their album's funky polyrhythms. Arguably the best of Kuti's Afrobeat funk LPs (many now reissued on twofer CDs), which took James Brown's music to Nigeria and taught it some new moves.



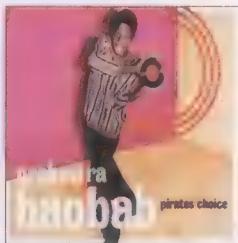
Various Artists
The Wassoulou Sound: Women of Mali
Stern's

The so-called Wassoulou sound is one of the few female-dominated traditions in African pop. This 1994 set showcases the piquant, percussive, Arabic-inflected style in all its grrl-power glory. Among the singers is Oumou Sangare, who went on to become a label mate of Wilco and Emmylou Harris on Nonesuch.



Youssou N'Dour
The Rough Guide to Youssou N'Dour & Etoile De Dakar
World Music Network

He's been called one of the world's greatest singers because, well, he is. This set bypasses his sometimes spotty crossover material to focus on his rootsier *mbalax*, the chattering Senegalese dance groove he patented in these '70s and '80s recordings with his then band *Étoile De Dakar*.



Orchestra Baobab
Pirates Choice
Nonesuch

Cuban music, itself rooted in Africa, returned to the motherland via 78s and produced some wonderful hybrids, this veteran Senegalese crew foremost among them. Listen to the guitar work on this 1989 release's "Utrus Horas" and you'll understand why Anastasio and Matthews flew halfway around the world to jam with these guys.

20th

CENTURY masters

GET THE BEST OF THE BEST THIS SUMMER!

THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION



NEW
TITLE

KISS
20TH CENTURY MASTERS - THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION
VOLUME 2



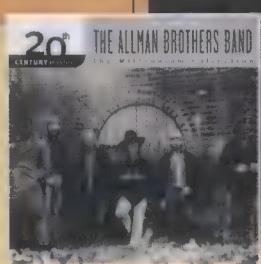
NEW
TITLE

ERIC CLAPTON
20TH CENTURY MASTERS - THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION



MARVIN GAYE

20TH CENTURY MASTERS - THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION
VOLUME 2, THE '70S



THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
20TH CENTURY MASTERS - THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION



ABBA

20TH CENTURY MASTERS - THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION



SCORPIONS

20TH CENTURY MASTERS - THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION



FOUR TOPS
20TH CENTURY MASTERS - THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION



THE TEMPTATIONS

20TH CENTURY MASTERS - THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION
VOLUME 1, THE '60S



THREE DOG NIGHT

20TH CENTURY MASTERS - THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION

\$9.99

AVAILABLE AT

TOWER
RECORDS

Tower.com

UMe Chronicles

DovDr

Mercury

Mercury
GOSEN

UNIVERSAL

NEW LOW PRICE

A UNIVERSAL MUSIC COMPANY
© 2004 Universal Music Enterprises, a Division of UMG Recordings, Inc.

MUSIC VIDEOS.

RIGHT NOW.

ALL THE TIME.

ANY TIME.

YOUR CHOICE.

WHAT YOU WANT.

WHEN YOU WANT.

IF YOU WANT.

OR NOT.

WHATEVER.

GET THE IDEA?

MY
MUSIC
CHANNEL



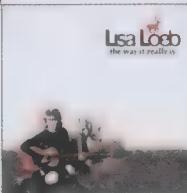
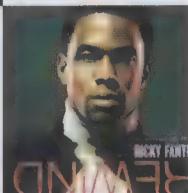
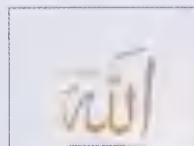
FOR BROADBAND

Finally. A music channel where you can watch what you want, when you want. Any genre from rock to country to R&B. Plus original programming like Sessions@AOL. And it's available with your paid Time Warner digital cable subscription.

Available in certain areas only. Contact your local Time Warner cable provider for more details. AOL, America Online and the triangle logo are registered trademarks of America Online, Inc. The My Music Channel logo is a trademark of America Online, Inc. © 2004 America Online, Inc. All rights reserved.

B&N RECOMMENDS Good music

Before music hits our stores, we hear it. All of it. From the biggest name labels to the smallest indies. That's why we created *Barnes & Noble Recommends Good Music*. Music that is carefully selected by us, so you can hear the very best. Whether it's a new artist or a veteran, *Barnes & Noble Recommends Good Music* will keep you tuned in to the music you might not otherwise find.



Look for our *B&N Recommends Good Music* display at music locations.

BARNES & NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS



Passing the Torch

Willie Nelson

For the original Outlaw, the party's never over. By Richard Skanse

Kris Kristofferson enters Willie Nelson's storied tour bus, the *Honeysuckle Rose*, with a booming, amiable laugh. The air is thick with sweet smoke, and Nelson greets his old friend with true stoner bonhomie. "C'mon in, Kris!" he offers with a wide grin. "Get out of the weather, man!"

Kristofferson strides down the aisle and hugs Nelson, who sits at the small table where he entertains all his visitors. "How are you?" he says. "You've got a big one going here!" Kristofferson is referring to Nelson's 4th of July Picnic, which he's held nearly every year since 1973. This year it's in the middle of the 27-acre Fort Worth Stockyards, on a flat, sunbaked field. The 18,000 revelers are grooving to Nelson's protégés, Henry, JoJo and Ringo Garza, better known as ...

"Los Lonely Boys!" Kristofferson exclaims as he takes a seat on a couch to watch the performance on a video feed.

"Those guys are great, Kris," Nelson says. "You seen them?"

Kristofferson replies, "I seen 'em when you brought 'em to Maui. They're hot! Some guy outside said, 'They're gonna do 20 minutes.' I said, 'Hah! Maybe on the first song!'"

Nelson beams with parental pride. While the Red Headed Stranger didn't literally discover the trio, he has gone far beyond the call of celebrity cheerleader. Shortly after Los Lonely Boys' manager, Kevin Womack, invited Nelson and his nephew, the producer Freddy Fletcher, out to see the band at an Austin gig, Nelson put the still-unknown group in front of an audience of thousands at a 2002 Farm Aid concert. By last year's 4th of July Picnic, the band was holding its own on a heady bill that also featured Neil Young and the Dead. And now they're the most hotly anticipated—and enthusiastically received—act of the day.

"They have that brother harmony that is unmistakably family—just as close as you can get," Nelson marvels. "Their musicianship is good, their writing's good, and they're just good guys. They have

[continued on page 98]



LOS LONELY BOYS
From left: JoJo, Ringo
and Henry Garza

Los Lonely Boys

A refried-blues power trio takes a family stand. By Steve Pond

Henry Garza sat with his father in an RV park in Texas a couple of years back, cradling a guitar and looking at the man who'd taught him to play music so long ago he couldn't even remember when it happened. "You know what I love about playing music, daddy?" he asked. "You can just pick up a guitar, and you don't even have to think. You can just go with the first thing that comes out."

To demonstrate, he started strumming a lilting, stuttering rhythm, then slipped into a simple chorus: "I'm going back to Tennessee ..." The line met with immediate approval from Enrique Garza, a former conjunto musician and an avid country fan who'd raised his three sons and two daughters on every style of music that came across the border, down the river or over the Texas airwaves.

But before he took the song into a recording studio, Henry Garza turned his ode into a nod to a bigger, shinier dream. "I'm movin' on to Hollywood, you see" is how the song goes now that it's the fifth track on *Los Lonely Boys*, one of the more seductive and quietly venturesome debut

Photographs by Sheryl Nields



IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR Los Lonely Boys at Willie Nelson's 4th of July Picnic, Fort Worth, Texas, 2004

albums in some time. "It's always been a lifelong dream / For my family to see me on that silver screen."

In other words, Henry, JoJo and Ringo Garza—brothers from San Angelo, Texas, who've been playing music almost as long as they've been alive—aren't just following in their father's footsteps anymore. Taking inspiration from everyone from Jimi Hendrix to Ritchie Valens, they've put a languid but biting brand of Tex-Mex blues-pop on the charts. Spurred by the funky slow-burn groove of their single, "Heaven," by midsummer the band had gone platinum and were in the Top 10.

Most of their songs shift easily between English and Spanish; Henry Garza, the lead guitarist, aims for, and as often as not pulls off, a blend of the sweet sting of Santana and the raspy grandeur of Stevie Ray Vaughan. "When you hear our songs now, you're hearing Stevie, Santana, Ritchie, Jimi," says JoJo Garza, the middle brother, who's 24.

"But not their songs," clarifies his little brother, Ringo, 22. "It just feels like 'em, is what I'm saying," JoJo agrees.

"Because we're the same *breeeee*, man," says Henry, 26.

The Hollywood hills are visible through the window of a hotel room in the mid-Wilshire section of Los Angeles. This

morning the band was in Kansas City; in a couple of days they'll be heading to Fort Worth for Willie Nelson's 4th of July Picnic, where they'll hang with the country icon who was their first famous fan. For now, though, they're working: an early-morning flight, an afternoon of interviews, an evening appearance on *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, then a little rest before it starts again tomorrow.

"Sometimes you make a record and it's great, but you know it's not going any further," says John Porter, the veteran British producer, who has worked with the Smiths, Ryan Adams and B.B. King, among others. "But with this one I knew they could go a *lot* further. I played the record for my kids and my friends, and everybody would end up with smiles on their faces."

"There have been very successful groups that defined what a trio is supposed to sound like," he continues, "from Cream to the Police. It's hard to come up with a new, recognizable sound of your own. But Los Lonely Boys do it, partly because of that Tex-Mex thing that sets them apart."

Los Lonely Boys are fond of calling it "Texican rock & roll" and of advancing a "musical burrito theory" according to which they are the tortilla in which all their musical influences can be wrapped.

Los Lonely Boys call Willie their very own

"We had lots of dreams," Henry says. "But we didn't really expect anything." He shrugs. "We're just three brothers from San Angelo, Texas, who have been doing music for as long as I can remember."

That town of about 90,000, which lies midway between the Texas musical meccas of Austin and Lubbock, is still home to all three brothers, their father, their wives and their kids. Enrique Garza worked a variety of jobs as his sons were growing up. "He did carpentry, drove trucks, built houses, everything you can think of," Henry says. But music always occupied a prominent place for Enrique, who performed with his brothers in a band called Conjunto Falcón from the 1960s to the early '90s. As soon as his sons were old enough, he'd bring them to gigs and invite them onstage to sing a song or two. "We wanted to be like our daddy, man, 'cause he was bad," Henry says. "He still is bad."

By the time they were in their early teens, they'd become a band: Henry on guitar, JoJo on bass and Ringo, of course, on drums. In 1990 their father took them to Nashville, where he was determined to make a go of it as a renegade country outlaw; the town didn't treat him any more kindly than it had treated Waylon and Willie and the original Outlaws. "Nashville was hard," Ringo concedes. "We were going to the littlest rinky-dink bars, and people would yell, 'Get those wetbacks off the stage!'"

During the day, the kids would try to handle school; every night, for three years, they'd be back in the bars. The music industry in town, though, never took them seriously. "We basically got toyed with," Henry says. By the mid-1990s they'd moved back to Texas; before long, other responsibilities interfered as well. "It got tough in there with school and stuff," Henry says. "And before you know it you're involved with a girl, and she's pregnant, and you're a daddy, and you're still doing music . . ." He trails off and shrugs. "Just everyday life, man."

Over the next few years, attention shifted from the Tex-Mex country tunes of Enrique Garza to the rock- and soul-oriented blend his three sons played. "While we were doing our thing we kinda grew musically," Henry says vaguely, "and all of a sudden we were doing it by ourselves."

When pressed, the brothers admit that no longer performing with their father, which came about largely because the music business was interested in them but not in him, took its toll. "Man, dude, it was tough," Henry says. "Real, real tough."

"Still tough now," Ringo adds quietly.

"It's still tough now," Henry agrees. "Because we are a family. We were scared to death to do a show without our dad."

On their own, Los Lonely Boys gradually attracted attention from people who could help them. The producer Rob Fraboni, who was working with Keith Richards at the time, recommended them to the Austin-based manager Kevin Womack; Womack

recorded a demo and took it to Freddy Fletcher, who ran the Pedernales Studio outside Austin for his uncle, Willie Nelson.

"The fact that a three-piece band was putting out that kind of music floored me," Fletcher says. "Willie had the same reaction. I took him to see them in a small club, where there were maybe three people besides us. We both thought, 'We gotta do something to help these guys.'"

Nelson invited Los Lonely Boys to play Farm Aid in 2002, and he and Fletcher signed them to Pedernales Records in a joint venture with the Or label. (Epic Records, which has a deal with Or, later stepped in.) More recently, Nelson booked the band on his *Outlaws and Angels* TV special, alongside such luminaries as Keith Richards, Bob Dylan and Lucinda Williams. "It was cool hanging out with those cats, man, but Willie's the big dog," Henry says.

Los Lonely Boys was recorded at Pedernales. Porter made the band comfortable in the studio, and he put their enthusiasm for playing to an audience to use: he delayed recording the nine-minute Santana-style workout "Onda" until a group of visiting journalists provided the band with a crowd to impress. "With the album," Henry says, "it's more than we could have asked for

that people seem to have gotten the brotherhood, the family, the sense of putting real music back in the mix."

In the late afternoon, the band heads into Hollywood to tape the Kimmel show, where they're a favorite of the host's. During a commercial break between the stomping blues-rocker "Real Emotions" and the unreleased set-closer "End of a New Beginning," Kimmel grabs a microphone and shouts, "Los Lonely Boys are the best band that we've ever had on this show!"

In about 12 hours, the band is due at the shiny Hollywood and Highland complex, home of the Oscars, to appear on the TV show *On-Air With Ryan Seacrest*. The peppy host, fresh from another season as Simon Cowell's

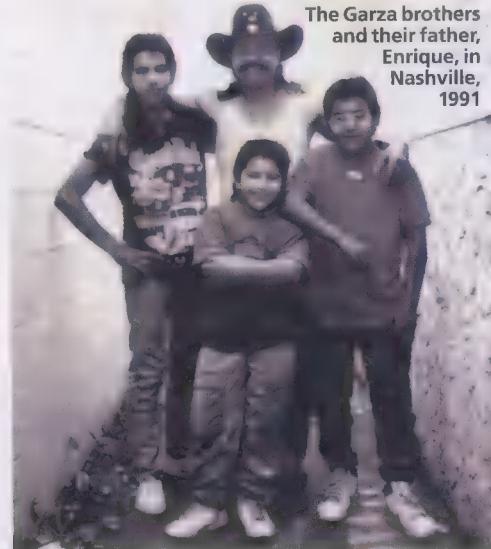
punching bag on *American Idol*, will flash his prime-time grin and ask the questions he's been fed. And Henry, JoJo and Ringo will shake off the fatigue to talk about Texican rock & roll, the burrito theory and the power of *familia*. They'll pick up instruments and show a lot of flash and a lot of heart. In the end, it won't make much difference if it's Seacrest's gleaming studio or a dive somewhere by the Rio Grande.

"We know what we want," Henry says. "I want to wake up and be happy and see if my bank account's got a few dollars in it so I can take my wife out to eat. If you're asking for more than that, man, it's superficial."

"If everything was to stop right now," Ringo adds, "we'd still be at your local club rockin'."

"You can't stop what is, you know?" Henry concludes with a triumphant laugh. "And we *are* what is!"

T





LONELY NO MORE
Nelson and the boys at
Farm Aid, Burgettstown,
Pennsylvania, 2002

[continued from page 95] everything it takes." When told that the Garzas have on more than one occasion referred to him as their very own Yoda, he chuckles. "I'm old enough to be Yoda," he says.

Nelson would probably be onstage with the Boys right now, trading blues licks with Henry Garza, if he weren't under doctor's orders not to play guitar for at least another six weeks: his left hand is sheathed in a thick bandage after recent carpal-tunnel surgery. "It had gotten to the point where three different doctors said, 'You've got to have surgery because the nerve is permanently damaged.' It's taken a little longer to come back because there's been some complications." Although he admits he's enjoyed the time off, which he's spent mostly at his home in Maui with his fourth wife, Anne-Marie, and his two teenage boys, he's clearly ready to get on the road again after nearly three months of cancelled gigs.

In fact, when he takes the stage tonight, first for a blues set with his Hawaiian band, the Planetary Bandits, later with Kristofferson and finally with his venerable Texas Family Band, it will be only the second time in his four-decades-plus career that he's performed a full show without playing guitar—and the first time was just yesterday, at Merle Haggard's UFO Music Fest in Roswell, New Mexico. Nelson says that his hand hurts enough to keep him from being tempted to play, though he hopes to be strumming again by August, when he'll embark on a tour of minor-league baseball parks with Bob Dylan. In the meantime, he can't even enjoy his other passion: golf. "It's been a lesson in impatience," he says. "I play a lot of chess, poker, dominoes, cribbage—all those things you do when you're really bored."

Even with his hand on the disabled list, Nelson is a man with few complaints at this point in his life. His 2002 album *The Great Divide*, a guest-heavy set that teamed him with everyone from Kid Rock to Sheryl Crow to Bryan McKnight, earned him his sixth Grammy, for "Mendocino County Line," a lovely duet with Lee Ann Womack. And 2003 might as well have been declared the Year of Willie, as he marked his 70th birthday with an all-star tribute concert (captured on the *Live and Kickin'* CD),

his anointment as an official treasure of the State of Texas and his first no. 1 country song in 20 years, "Beer for My Horses," an admittedly ridiculous duet with Toby Keith on which both men raised their glasses "against evil forces."

"There's a lot of luck involved in being at the right place and singing the right song," Nelson says. "Me singing with Toby on that song was a total fluke. We were hanging out on the bus and he said, 'You want to do this song with me?' I said, 'What's it called?' He said, 'Whiskey for My Men, Beer for My Horses.' I said, 'OK, let's go do it.' It's such a great title, I could have just recorded that. But it was luck, like when Waylon called and said, 'Let's do "Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys."'"

It's suggested that Waylon and Willie, the two anchors of the Outlaw country movement of the mid-to-late '70s, seem a more natural pairing than Willie and Toby. Nelson, after all, is a hippie icon who wrote a campaign song ("Whatever Happened to Peace on Earth?") for Dennis Kucinich, while Keith is the blustery "Angry American" who gleefully led the crusade against the anti-Bush Natalie Maines of the Dixie Chicks, a group Nelson happily opened for on their 2000 Fly Tour.

"Oh, I don't know the ins and outs on that, so I wouldn't want to comment on it," Nelson says when asked about their feud. "I like them both. I could see why maybe someone would think that Toby and I were opposites, but we're not. I don't think we disagree on anything, even politics. From what I've heard Toby write and say, he's pretty much right on. You know the song where he got a lot of heat?" He means "Courtesy of the Red, White and Blue (The Angry American)." "It was written about 9/11. And I was all for him. I thought it was great. We had to do something. So I don't think that particular song would indicate that his politics were any different from mine."

The connection carries over to Nelson's new studio album, *It Always Will Be*, on which the singer covers Keith's "Tired," as well as two songs co-written by Scotty Emerick, Keith's co-writer on "Beer for My Horses." Other tracks include Tom Waits's "Picture in a Frame," one song each by Nelson's daughter Paula ("Be That as It May") and son Lukas ("You Were It"), J.C. Hopkins's "Dreams Come True" (a duet with Norah Jones) and a duet with Lucinda Williams on her own "Over Time." There are also three originals—though "My Broken Heart Belongs to You" is the only one he's never recorded before.

"I don't write as much as I used to," says Nelson, who has composed some of the most enduring country songs of the 20th century, including "Crazy," "Night Life" and "Hello Walls." "But I'm accumulating songs for an album that would be all new stuff, which requires some thought and time." The last Nelson album consisting entirely of his own new songs was the bare-bones acoustic set *Spirit*, which he released in 1996. It's one of his favorites.

Nelson is proud of *It Always Will Be* as well, and not without cause. The album boasts a spare honky-tonk sound that contrasts markedly with the crossover polish of *The Great Divide*. But it doesn't seem quite as close to his heart as his other new record,

**THINK
NOTHING BEATS
YOUR SENSOR®?**

THINK AGAIN.



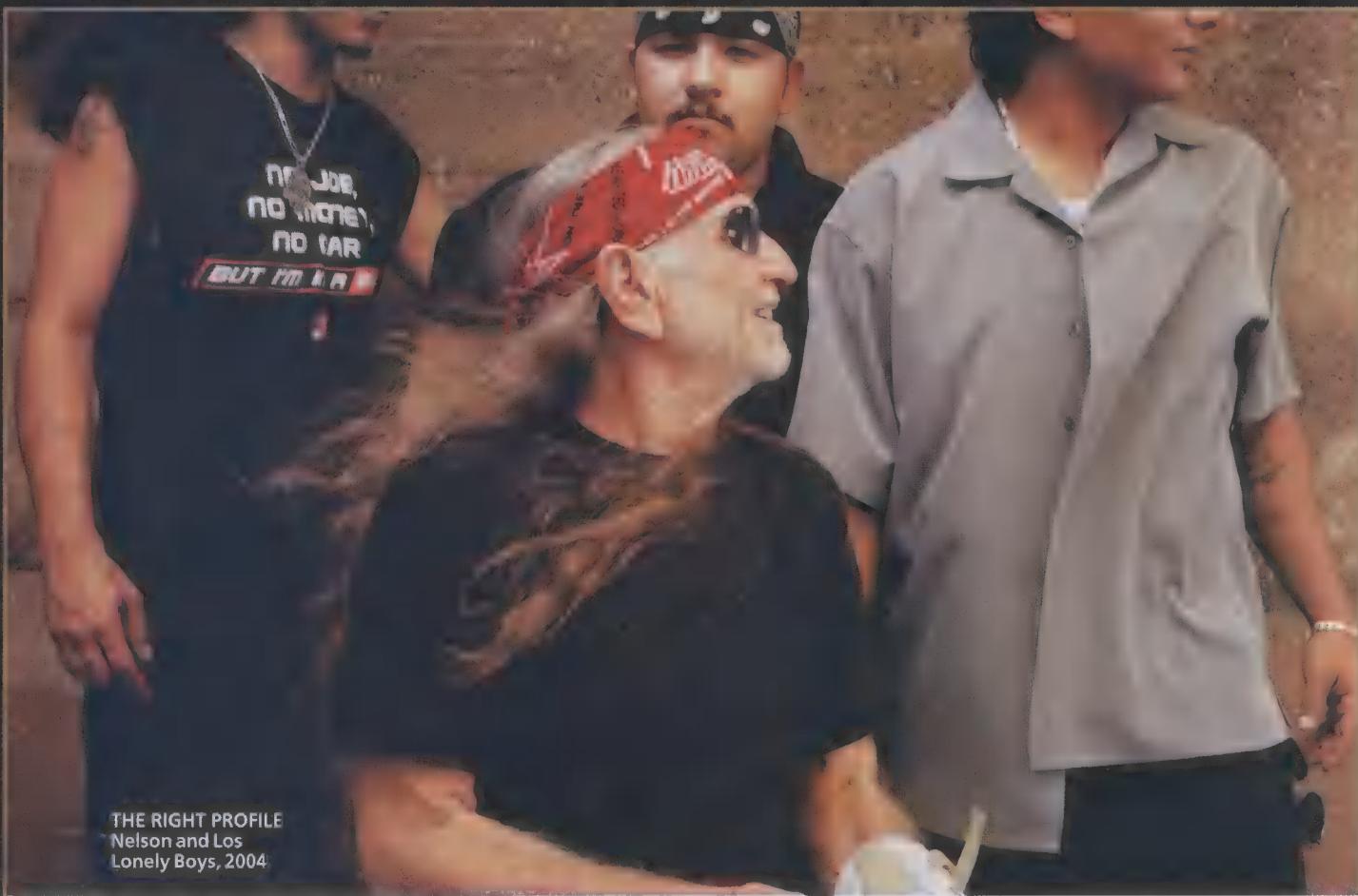
**INTRODUCING
GILLETTE SENSOR® 3**

Now Sensor has three blades. It's the closest, most comfortable Sensor shave ever.



Gillette®

The Best a Man Can Get™



THE RIGHT PROFILE
Nelson and Los
Lonely Boys, 2004

the independently released, jazz-inflected *Nacogdoches*. "That one is kinda special," he says. "Seven years ago I got a call from a good friend"—his guitar teacher, Paul Buskirk, who has since died—"who said, 'Let's go play music.' It was just that simple."

It Always Will Be, on the other hand, is like *The Great Divide* and *Teatro* (his 1998 album produced by Daniel Lanois) in that Nelson happily handed the reins over to the producer, James Stroud, another Keith connection. Nelson says he's never recorded a song he didn't like, but there's a reason a typical Nelson concert rarely tips its hat to his latest major-label album. "I never would have chosen those songs," he says, referring to both *The Great Divide* and *Teatro*. "But that's where you turn it over to a good producer and you don't have to worry about it. I brought a couple of songs to the sessions, too, but I trusted those guys to put together the sound they were hearing." Such hands-off projects, he admits, occasionally find him switching to autopilot. "Because I'm so used to doing everything myself, when I have it done for me, it's easy that way," he says. "I'm a little nervous about it being so easy. But at the same time ... it's easy!"

Lest any of this suggest that Nelson is merely going through the motions, keep in mind that he certainly doesn't have to keep making records. And yet he still makes two or three a year—both low-profile indie affairs and major-label projects. (In addition to *It Always Will Be*, Lost Highway recently issued *Outlaws and Angels*, the third Willie Nelson and Friends live album in as many years.) He keeps doing it for the same reason he still plays more than 200 dates a year: "He just loves music," the Texas songwriter Ray Wylie Hubbard says. "People always ask Willie, 'When are you going to retire?' And he says he plays golf and

he plays music—which one do you want him to give up?

"He's the same Willie," Hubbard continues. "I saw that TV special where he had Keith Richards playing with him, all those guys, and I was impressed. But he still takes time to talk to people. He cares, and he's got a good heart and soul."

That explains why his band and crew have stuck with him for decades. People like 80-year-old Ben Dorcy, who's accompanied Nelson on the road since the beginning of the '70s, doing just about every job that needs to be done. "He's a good man," Dorcy says. "I take care of him, he takes care of me." And people like his drummer, Paul English, who notes that Nelson gave him his first job and he's never considered doing anything else. "We've had fun from the word go," says English, the subject of one of Nelson's signature songs, "Me and Paul"—and, perhaps more important, the man who introduced him to golf. "I've been with him for 38 years, and I'm still learning from him."

"Everybody in this whole band and crew is pretty glad to be here," Nelson says. "We all realize how lucky we are."

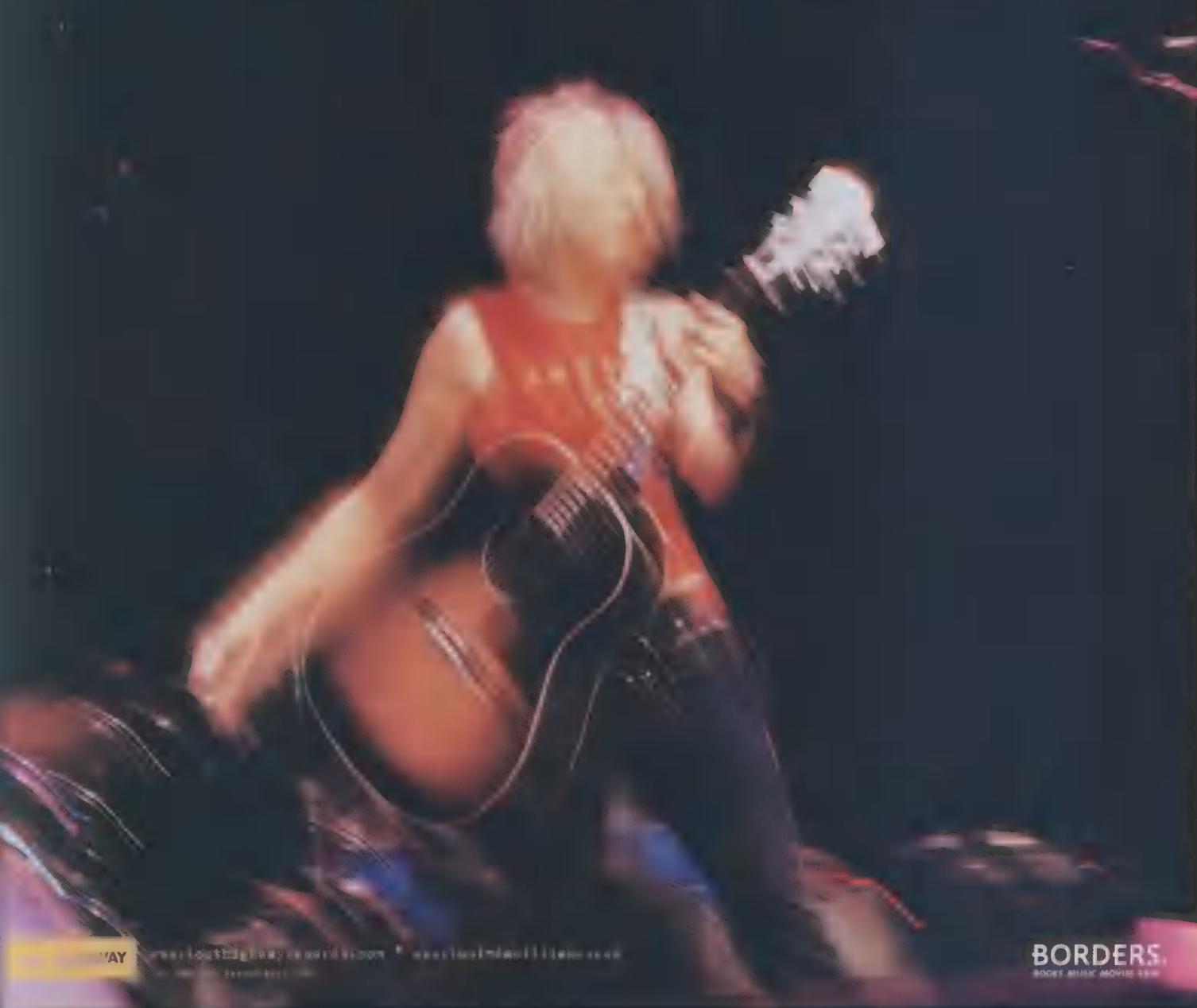
That humility is evident after nearly every show, when Nelson routinely shakes hands with hundreds of fans outside his bus. "I worked a long time to get somebody to ask for my autograph, so I can't complain now when people do," he says. So despite being one of the most recognizable musicians still walking the earth, you'll never catch Nelson going incognito to fake out his fans. "I've never really tried, you know?" He shrugs. "There's been some countries that I've gone to where people didn't recognize me, where I've walked down the street and nobody noticed or knew who I was." He pauses, and then grins. "So I just quit going to those places!"

Lucinda Williams *Live @ The Fillmore West*

Lucinda Williams' first live album

RECORDED OVER 3 NIGHTS AT
SAN FRANCISCO'S LEGENDARY FILLMORE WEST

This deluxe, packaged double
CD/triple LP set features favorites
from Lucinda's distinguished career



May 2000

located in a record store. www.borders.com

BORDERS
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES

THE



STORY



OF



SMILE

After nearly four decades, **Brian Wilson** comes to his own emotional rescue and completes his masterpiece. By Bud Scoppa. Photographs by Chris Buck

On a socked-in June morning, Brian Wilson points his silver Mercedes eastward on Mulholland Drive for the short hop to the Beverly Glen Deli, where he'll have lunch. Ten miles farther east, Mark Linett and Darian Sahanaja, Wilson's long-time engineer and musical director, respectively, are mixing the newly recorded *Smile* album in Linett's home studio in Glendale. The work, which Wilson famously abandoned in 1967, is an intricate three-movement symphony for rock band, orchestra and chorus, and they have to get it finished before Wilson and his ten-piece combo fly to Europe to perform it. Everyone close to Wilson regards the completion of the album as nothing less than a miracle—and the rest of the music world shares that sense of wonder.

After all, this wasn't just any old piece of unfinished business. *Smile* has been described by Wilson's biographer, David Leaf, as "the Holy Grail of rock & roll." Without question it's the most fabled, most endlessly discussed of all unreleased albums. No one can reliably say how *Smile* would've been received had it come out as scheduled in 1967, but some believe it would have upstaged *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

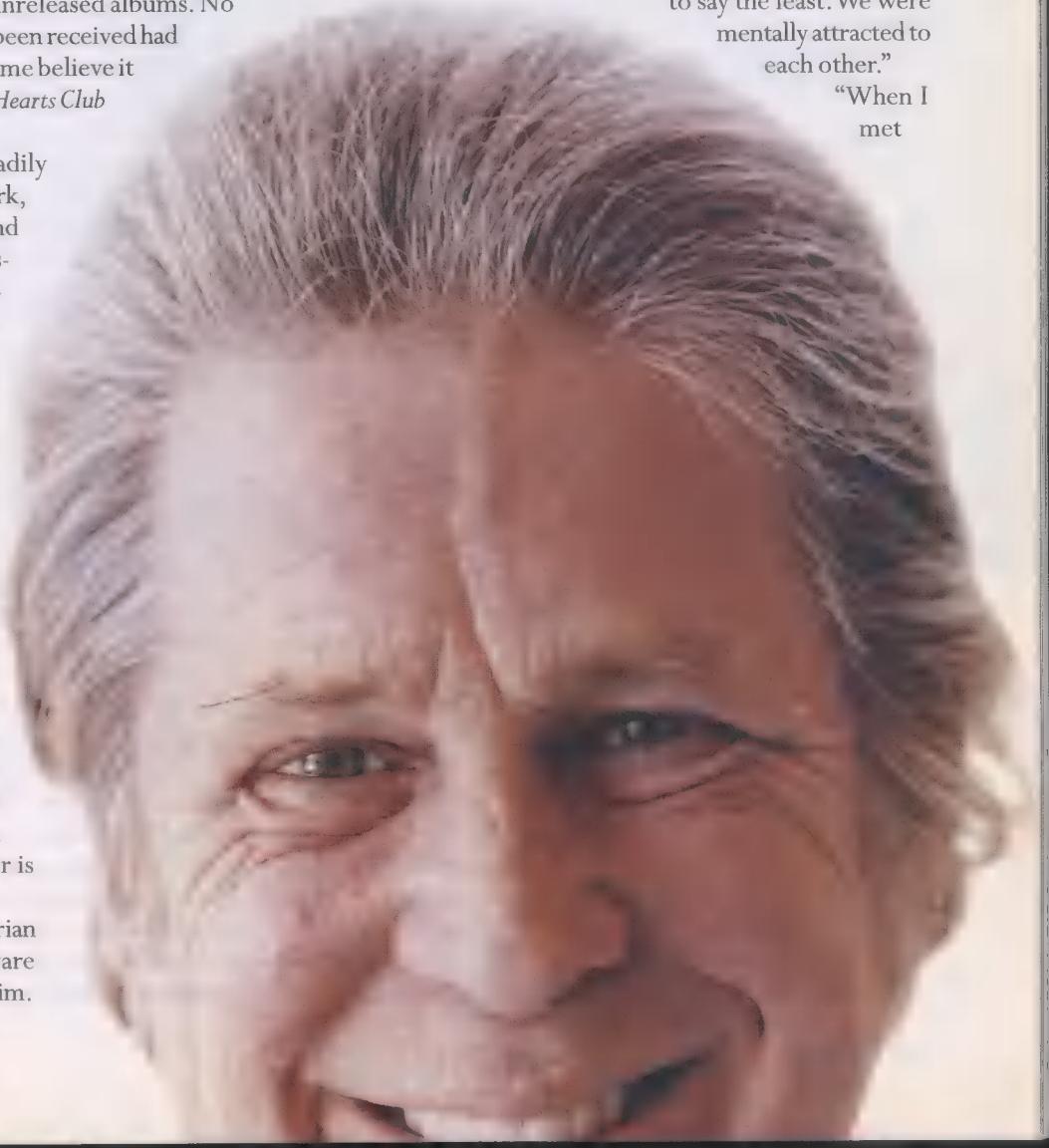
Slimmed down and smiling more readily these days after some cosmetic dental work, Wilson, who is 62, arrives by himself. And though his wife, Melinda, handles the logistics, he has picked today's restaurant himself, because he knows what he wants—two scoops of tuna. He accepts the greetings of the staff as a regular and takes a booth by the window facing the entrance, declining a menu and ordering a Diet Coke. A waitress crouches beside him and places a folded-up section of *The Los Angeles Times* on the tabletop. "You're in the crossword puzzle today," she tells him. "What's a 15-letter word for '1964 Beach Boys hit'?" Wilson ponders for a second—the amount of time he takes before answering any question—and says, "Probably 'Good Vibrations.'" She starts to pencil his answer into the squares, not yet realizing that the title is two years and one character off. (The correct answer is "Dance, Dance, Dance.")

In late 1966, the 24-year-old genius Brian Wilson was hanging ten, only dimly aware of the rip tide that was forming beneath him.

While the critics were anointing him the Beatles' chief rival, based on the groundbreaking *Pet Sounds*, Wilson's record company and some of his fellow Beach Boys were growing uneasy about the increasingly esoteric direction the teen-music maestro was heading in. Sure, "Good Vibrations," at that point the most complex pop single ever made, had become a no. 1 hit. But now Wilson was applying the "modular," or multiple-session, approach he'd employed on "Good Vibrations" to a far headier group of songs, having enlisted as his collaborator the 23-year-old intellectual adventurer Van Dyke Parks—a fellow wunderkind whose lyrics were light years beyond "Be True to Your School" and "Help Me, Rhonda." Parks's sensibility lent itself more naturally to phrases like "Columnated ruins domino" and "Over and over the crow cries uncover the cornfield."

"I wanted to try to grow a little bit musically," Wilson recalls, and he sensed that Parks, whom he'd met a year earlier, was the guy to help him do it. "He's a genius, to say the least. We were mentally attracted to each other."

"When I met





THEY GET AROUND The Brian Wilson Band debuts *Smile* at the Royal Festival Hall in London, February 20, 2004. Backstage, Wilson with Van Dyke Parks.

Brian, he was in rapture," Parks recalls. "He was a driven man who was excited and in constant exploration. He'd already shown how to keep a sense of informed optimism—still allowed to be sad, but not to the point of narcissism. His music offered hope, and I wanted to be part of that."

So they got started. On the first day, they banged out a little ditty they called "Heroes and Villains," which would become the first piece of a musical fable about the westward movement of American settlers, opening at Plymouth Rock and culminating on the shores of Hawaii. They were concocting it while toking copious amounts of dope. "I smoked pot for *Pet Sounds*," Wilson explains, "and we smoked hashish for *Smile*. It enabled me to shut everything out except for my keyboard." When the Beach Boys returned from touring, in November, they were confronted with a commercially problematic work; worse yet, their meal ticket was describing it as his "teenage symphony to God."

Things came to a head in mid-December, when a CBS film crew expecting to document a Beach Boys session at Columbia Studios, in Hollywood, instead found Brian at a grand piano,



him the reassurance he required—and that sandbox in the living room he'd put his piano in simply had to go. Not surprisingly, Wilson began doubting *Smile*'s legitimacy, and in May he simply stopped working on it. "I didn't know how *Smile* was gonna be received," he says. "That's why I juked it."

Parks describes Wilson as "a psychological time bomb, due to circumstances beyond his control—and some within his control. I'm not qualified to say that it was a drug experience that put him in crisis. Didn't help, but I don't think that it was the key."

Among the other factors, Parks says, were a court battle with Capitol Records for unpaid millions in royalties and an overwhelming sense of responsibility: "By now, he's 24, and he's painfully aware that he's the head of a large corporation, and all these people need product to get out there on the road." On top of that, Wilson had become "a magnet for all kinds of people who hustled all kinds of things—dope and dreams for some new corporate glory in the record racket. Movers and shakers were on him all the time with these distractions. Rather than hanging around and putting my snout in the trough, I decided to act like quality people and resign. As Yogi Berra said, 'You come to a fork in the road, take it.' I took it."

"I didn't know if I could deal with it," Wilson says. But even now he refuses to accuse Parks of desertion. "He never let me down. That's why I love the guy. I love him."

Two years earlier, while working as the Beach Boys' tour manager when Wilson had refused to continue touring, Loren Schwartz (who now goes by the name Lorren Daro) had seen the omens. "Carl Wilson was a sweetheart, Dennis Wilson was out of it and Al Jardine was irrelevant. It was all about Mike Love ganging up with Marilyn and making Brian's life miserable. He had to feign mental illness in order to legitimately be off the road. Then he turned that into his staying-in-bed routine, which had worked with his father, Murry, and it just turned into a pathology. Where's the line between schizophrenia and artistry?

“WHERE'S THE LINE BETWEEN SCHIZOPHRENIA AND ARTISTRY? BRIAN IS THE POSTER BOY FOR THAT. BUT AS PURE A HEART AS YOU COULD FIND.”

alone. He serenaded them with a strange and beautiful song he called "Surf's Up." From that point on, although the rest of the Beach Boys continued working on the vocals, they grew increasingly resistant to the project. As Mike Love once said of Parks's lyrics, "Although I thought they were far-out, I couldn't relate to them."

In time, even Parks began making himself scarce, freaked out by Wilson's increasingly bizarre behavior—like insisting the session musicians play a song called "Fire" wearing firemen's helmets, and asking everyone present to make animal sounds for "Barnyard." "It got progressively crazy," Parks explains. "You can hear this pathos in the work as he spiraled toward his collapse."

By the spring of 1967, Wilson was without any remaining support system; not even his then wife, Marilyn, could give

Brian the poster boy for that. But not a drop of malice, not a drop of guile; as pure a heart as you could find."

Soon after Wilson walked away from the project, he started unraveling. "I had a little breakdown right after I juked the *Smile* tapes," he says, "and it kinda shook me up, y'know?"

At first it was reported that Wilson had burned the tapes, but pieces of the music soon began to appear on Beach Boys albums. "Heroes and Villains," "Vegetables" (with lyrics rewritten by Mike Love), "Wind Chimes" and "Wonderful" turned up later that year on the watered-down *Smiley Smile*; "Cabinessence" and "Our Prayer" were tossed onto *20/20*; and "Surf's Up" went onto the 1971 album of the same name. Then came what Wilson insiders call the Brianistas: *Smile*-obsessed get-a-lifers who'd begun unearthing, exchanging and bootlegging remnants of the

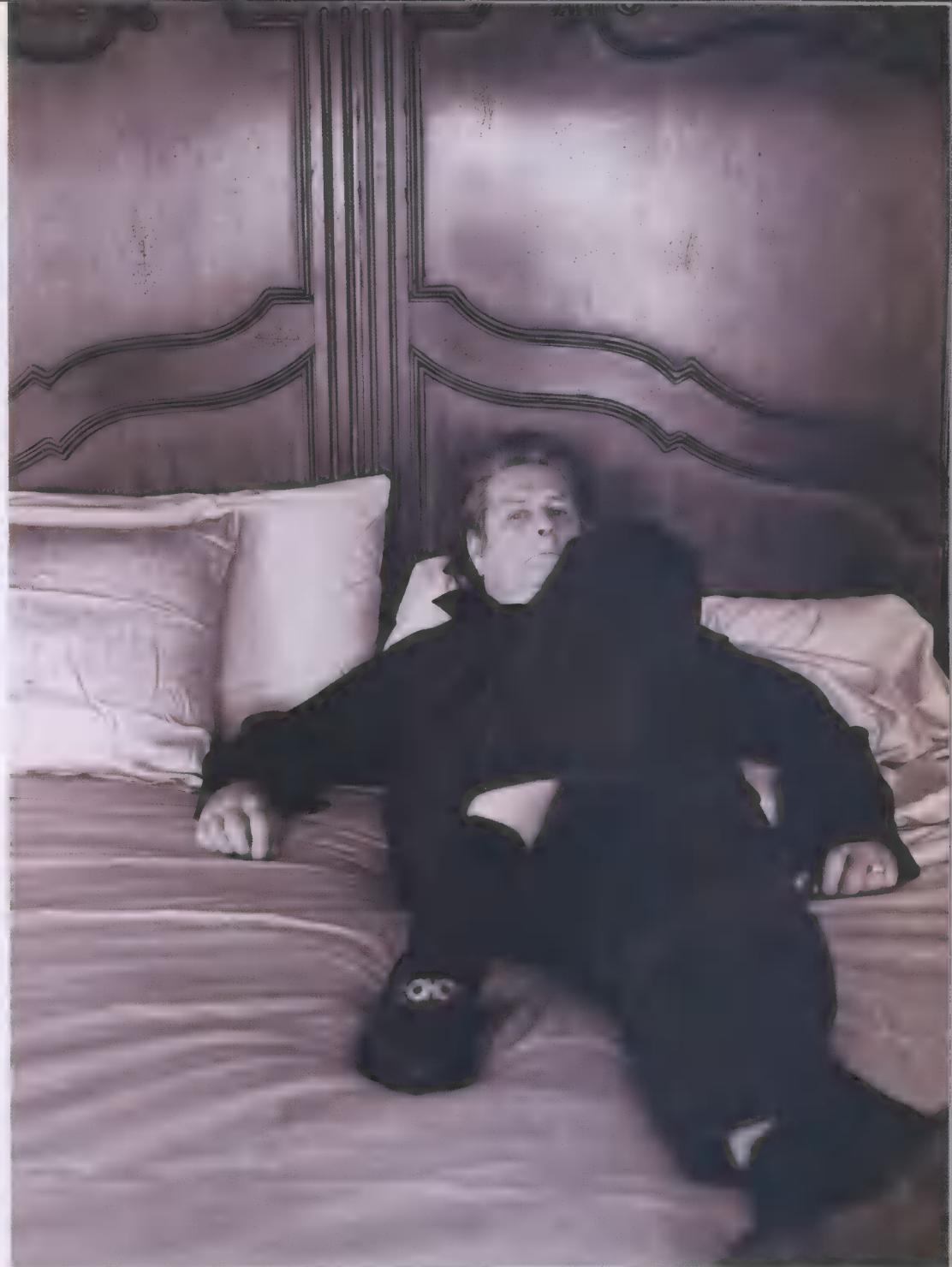
scrapped album while debating about the actual songs and sequence like characters in *The Da Vinci Code*. The cult of *Smile* was in full swing, but its creator was in an extended stall—the years in bed, followed by the infamous round-the-clock therapy of Dr. Eugene Landy, and then, haltingly, the reentry.

Wilson met Melinda Ledbetter in 1986, when she sold him a Cadillac at the dealership where she then worked; that was the end of it, but she stayed on his mind. Six years later, a friend suggested he ask her out. "So I called her," he says. "And there she was, right there for me. We sort of fell in love a little bit and got married. And then adopted two kids, had a wonderful life—together." He's using the past tense, but he's speaking of an ongoing relationship; they recently adopted a third child. "I needed her a lot," Wilson says.

After finding his emotional center, he serendipitously came upon Darian Sahanaja's LA-based power-pop trio the Wondermints, who became the core of the Brian Wilson Band. He started playing live again, he says, because "I thought maybe it would be time to make people happy." But he refused to introduce any *Smile* material into the band's repertoire, until, during rehearsals for a 2001 TNT special, he agreed to do "Heroes and Villains." That performance brought the house down, and an elated Wilson began incorporating more and more songs from the scrapped album into his sets, until, early in 2003, he announced that he would perform *Smile* in its entirety the following spring. But first he had to finish it.

"When word went out that Brian had agreed to try putting it together, starting last October, it was astonishing that it ever got past the talking stage," says Linett, who had some familiarity with the original recordings, having mixed several of them for Beach Boys reissues. "Brian's records in general are not things that you just listen to and go, 'OK, I can pick everything out of that.' What you need to do is take the thing apart in order to figure out how it's put together."

Sahanaja organized the old recordings into a coherent a



sequence as he could. Then came the critical moment—he drove up to Wilson's house and, with some trepidation, began playing the music for Wilson through his iBook. "After I listened to it and assimilated it, I started to like it," Wilson remembers. "I said, 'This stuff is good!'"

At that point, Sahanaja says, "he started to engage a bit more as we discussed who would play what instruments and so on. Then came the moment when we were listening to one of the fragments that I assumed was unfinished and I point-blank asked Brian whether there had been more to it. To my amazement, he said that there were more ideas and began describing them—and then started to hum a melody! He mentioned that Van Dyke might have written some lyrics. The next morning I show up

at Brian's house, and he tells me that Van Dyke will be there in 15 minutes." Wilson had called Parks because, he says, "I needed his creativity very much."

Parks, who with his own idiosyncratic albums has attained cult status as a musician, arranger and composer, admits to having been frightened at the prospect of readdressing the work. "I didn't want to hear this stuff at all," he says. "It was a sense of obligation. I went up there with a heavy heart, wondering where was the moment in all this that I would find Van Dyke Parks was a demon. And I could not find it, and it was a blessing. Any work that I had done, I was satisfied with."

He wasn't the only one who was frightened. "I was a little scared, because I was with great people," Wilson says, "and I felt like I wasn't good enough for Van Dyke. But I got over it."

As Sahanaja took notes, he marveled at the give-and-take between the reunited partners. "It was as if they'd never stopped," he says. "They were just a couple of freethinking young Americans back in 1966, and they were no different in 2003. Van Dyke would be very conscious of thematic unity, while Brian would continue humming melodies over existing chord patterns. Van Dyke would come in the next morning with some lyrics that to this day I'm not certain were just recently written or were always there in his head. And that was what I found to be so magical—the seamlessness of it all."

So they threaded "the connective tissue" into the work, and Parks came up with an idea for the climax of the notorious "Fire," in which Wilson sings, "Is it hot as hell in here or is it me? It really is a mystery." "I said, 'I think you should leave him alone there, stripped and bleeding'"—so that there is a moment in *Smile* when you get a glimpse of a man remembering what he has been through."

They finished it before the end of 2003, and then Wilson's band prepared it for the February premiere. When they were ready, Linett came to the rehearsal studio to record a run-through. "I was just floored," he says. "They took something that had never been done onstage before—a very complex, unconventional studio performance—and figured out a way to play it live."

"This would not have happened without Melinda's encouragement," says David Leaf, who is currently shooting a *Smile* documentary. "I think the key reason that Brian was able to finish it last fall is that the person who gives him emotional security also really loves the music of *Smile*, and she wanted Brian to complete it because it would be good for him."

Of the six London performances, which took place in February, Parks says, "It was incredible, because it was really without the net. Anything could've gone wrong. It was an event." The press almost unanimously agreed. *The Guardian*, for example, noted that it seemed like "the grandest of American symphonies" and compared Wilson to Charles Ives. The ten-minute standing ova-

tions provided the final impetus for Wilson to return to the studio and record *Smile*, this time surrounded by believers.

"We decided," Linett says, "to record the pieces pretty much with everybody playing live, including the string and horn players, with minimal overdubs—and to use Studio One at Sunset Sound, the actual room he used to record good bits of 'Good Vibrations' and some of 'Heroes.'" Remarkably, it took them just five days to complete the tracks. Wilson and the six band members who doubled as background singers then went to Linett's studio to record the vocals. Mission accomplished; at long last the myth had become a reality.

The completed *Smile* comes off as simultaneously monumental and miniature, erudite and cartoonlike—just as its authors intended. In the center is the voice of Brian Wilson, less beautiful than it once was but imbued with a poignancy that would not have been possible all those years ago.

At the deli, Wilson keeps firing off answers and insisting on more questions as if he were a game-show contestant working against the clock. After he starts to relax, he describes what it feels like to be inside his racing mind: "I'm like somebody who's on a hot skillet, and I have to bounce around a lot not to get burned."

Why is this the right time for *Smile* to come out? "Because I feel like people are ready for something creative and beautiful. There's not as many good records these days. *Smile* is probably one of the only really good music things happening. So it's a little scary to be showcased like that, y'know? I feel pressure. But I'm convinced that I've done something that's creative and good."

Now that *Smile* is completed, what does he want to do next? "I want to create something that people will be able to

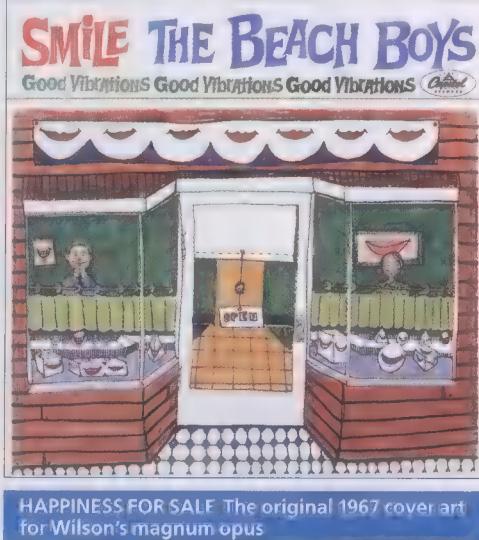
identify with," he says. "To be able to associate with naturally—something that people can feel a part of without consciously thinking about it." When it's pointed out that this is precisely what he did in the '60s, he says, "I'm still the same old guy I always was."

Asked how he spends his days, he replies, "I'm at the keyboard almost all the time, trying to write songs." When he goes home today, he says, "I'm going to try to create a song. I have ideas in my head, but they're not up front where I can see, so I have to keep playing the piano"—he pounds his fingertips on the Formica—"in order for my ideas to come. They come when they come, that's all I know."

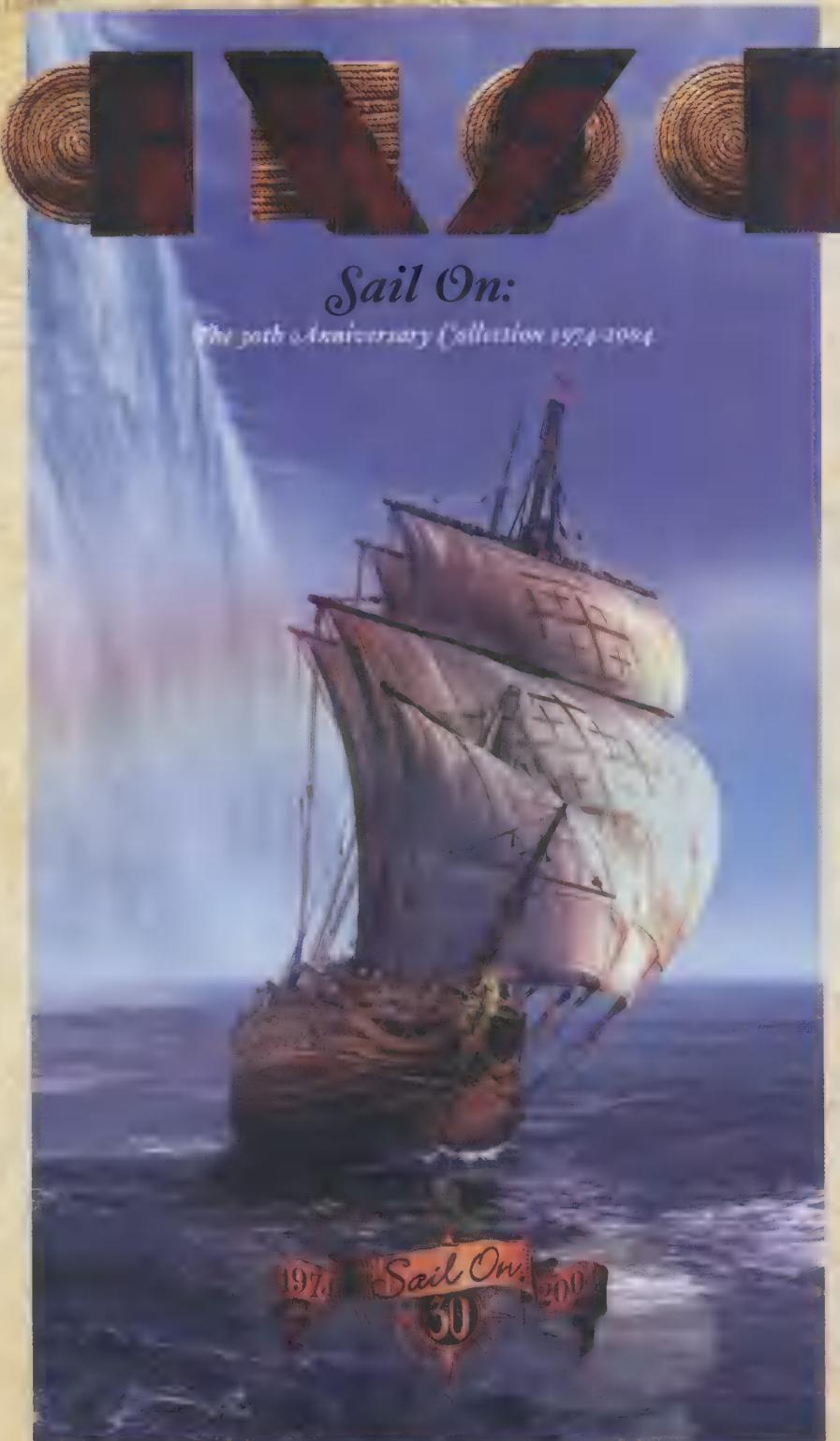
Maybe today an idea will come up front where he can see it. "I'm hopin' it will," he says. "It might make me happy, even. That's something I'm obsessed with—happiness." The *Smile* concerts, he says, "started my happy trip."

He's happy to have finished the album, too, "because it satisfied my soul. It's therapy for me, it really is. I feel confident enough to where I think I can do something good."

Wilson smiles, showing off his pearly whites, and then announces, "I think we've done it. I'll pay for this. It's on me." T



Nothing lasts forever but the earth and sky. And the music.



The brand new box set from one of America's greatest bands.

Every highlight from *Kansas*' 30-year career, featuring two CDs of classic hits, important album cuts and fan favorites. Plus a DVD with ultra-rare TV clips, music videos, live performances and brand new band interviews.

In stores now.

Don't miss *Kansas* on their Summer/Fall 2004 30th Anniversary tour!

www.kansasband.com www.legacyrecordings.com

On sale now for \$31.98 with free shipping at: **SonyMusicStore**
www.sonymusicstore.com

Also available:
Classic album reissues
enhanced and expanded
with bonus tracks



Kansas



Song for America



Leftoverture



Point of Know Return



"Epic" and "Legacy" and  Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada. © 2004 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

Jeff Buckley died seven years ago having released a grand total of 14 songs. Now he's doing more to shape the sound of popular music than he did when he was alive. Why has he become so important to artists and fans alike? *By Steve Baltin*

Life After Death

When Jeff Buckley waded into the Mississippi River in Memphis on May 29, 1997, for the after-dinner swim that ended in his death by drowning, he had released one four-song EP, *Live at Sin-é*, and one full-length album, *Grace*. Yet with the possible exception of Kurt Cobain, no artist has had a more decisive effect on the rock sound of the 21st century. Elvis Costello prophetically said in a 1997 interview, "I hope that people who liked him resist the temptation to turn his life and death into some dumb romantic fantasy—he was so much better than that."

Buckley's life and music have indeed become the stuff of myth, and his influence has only grown more indelible as a result. Given his haunted songs, the romantic agony of his lyrics, his poetic good looks and his death at age 30—drowning in the river that is one of America's richest literary and historical symbols, no less—it was perhaps inevitable that he would become "the prototype of the tortured singer-songwriter," as Norway's Sondre Lerche, one of countless young performers inspired by him, puts it. Radiohead's Thom Yorke and Coldplay's Chris Martin, among many others, have acknowledged the impact of his unapologetic emotionalism and his eviscerating howls. And a new generation of artists, from Lerche to the British band Keane, from Starsailor to Charlotte Martin, from Rachael Yamagata to Howie Day, is drawing on Buckley's alternately poignant and primal, lyrical and explosive music.

Just as the singer's mother, Mary Guibert, envisioned after her son's death, he has become, like Nick Drake, the type of artist



Calvin Klein



LIVE AT SIN-E.
Buckley entertains the early faithful, 1993.

whose music is passed along like a talisman from musician to musician and fan to fan. "From the beginning I declined to employ people whose sole purpose was to shop an artist's catalog in commercials in order to 'keep his name out there,'" Guibert explains. "I said, 'The catalog will be much stronger if the legacy is one person telling another about Jeff.'"

Born November 17, 1966, in Orange County, California, Jeff Buckley was a second-generation musician, son of the singer-songwriter Tim Buckley, a mainstay of the New York City folk scene who died in 1975, at the age of 28, of a heroin overdose. When *Grace* was released in 1994, with the legacy of his father and his own rising stardom on the New York scene shimmering around him, the younger Buckley confronted both the gift and the curse of great expectations. *Grace* (which was just rereleased in an expanded version) more than met those expectations. Kicking off with the ethereal "Mojo Pin," a song whose Led Zeppelin influence and whispered vocals produce a riveting underlying tension, the ambitious album spirited listeners off on a sonic journey. Among its peaks are the transporting "Lilac Wine," a song made famous by Nina Simone, and the mesmerizing "Dream Brother," on which Buckley uses vocal tricks he learned from the music of the Pakistani singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan.

At a time when hard-rocking acts like Rage Against the Machine, Alice in Chains and Nine Inch Nails ruled the charts, Buckley's unabashed vulnerability on tunes like the bittersweet "Lover, You Should've Come Over" made him a distinct—and welcome—alternative. "He was daring," Lerche says. "His music is so masculine and yet extremely feminine. He could sing like a girl but play music like Soundgarden." *Grace* became a critics' favorite and eventually spawned an alternative-radio hit, the break-up plea "Last Goodbye."

But his hymnlike interpretation of Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah" became his signature. Like Van Morrison, Simone and the pantheon of soul singers, Buckley combined spirituality and sexuality, desperation and beauty into a prayer that rises straight to the heavens. The spiritual magnetism of "Hallelujah" made the song a natural for people to turn to after the September 11 attacks, and in the ensuing months VH1 frequently aired a 9/11 video made to it. The song has also become a Hollywood favorite, turning up on *The West Wing*, *Scrubs*, *Without a Trace* and *The O.C.*

"His voice is incredible, the perfect balance between choir-boy and rock star," James Walsh of Starsailor says. Buckley's voice is also notable for its honesty, something particularly evident on the two-disc version of *Live at Sin-e*, a recent expansion of

the EP that captures the singer at the New York club he made his musical home in the early days and where his legend first took shape.

A fevered version of Van Morrison's "The Way Young Lovers Do," a breathy early take on the title song from *Grace* and a heartbreakingly rended of Bob Dylan's "If You See Her, Say Hello" create a near-palpable intimacy between Buckley and his audience. The pained conviction of his delivery encourages you to regard him as a confidant, as if he were whispering every word to you personally. Consequently,

Buckley devotees hold on to his memory as though he were a friend they had lost. His admirers gather for tribute shows in cities as far apart as London, Auckland, New Zealand, and Lawrence, Kansas, and write confessional on message boards that mourn his passing seven years ago as if it had happened yesterday. Rachel Bilson, an actress on *The O.C.*, says, "Grace is my religion. Jeff Buckley has gotten me through so much. His voice is like an angel's, and he is an angel now." The Oscar-winning actress Jennifer Connelly cites *Grace* as "one of my all-time favorite albums."

The sense of doom surrounding Buckley lends him an air of mystery that constitutes an enormous part of his appeal. Though



Guibert has been accused of pushing her son into music, she insists the truth is exactly the opposite: "You couldn't stop Jeff from being who he was. If he had been born to yak milkers in Mongolia he would've been a musician. He would've played a Mongolian flute and written Mongolian songs. Stop the sun from rising, stop the ocean, stop Jeff Buckley from being a musician."

It's as if Buckley had been gripped by larger forces. "Listen to something like 'Dream Brother,'" Tim Rice of Keane says. "It's sinuous, and it's like he's charming you. It's got such a rich perfume to it. It draws you into this world of your heart and mind. His whole way of writing and performing was about that. It's so much more than just him playing a song; it's a very intense experience for him. And that comes through on the record and makes you feel the same way."

While Buckley's untimely death enhanced his myth, many of his fans were in awe of him well before then. Ben Harper says his admiration dates back to his first encounter with the singer. "I heard *Live at Sin-é* in 1994 or '95 and immediately knew it was music I would be living with for a lifetime," he says. He sums up Buckley's music as an "effortless outer-planetary convergence of perfection." Rice says it was the completeness and depth of *Grace* that affected him. "He was one of those guys who's quite unusual in that he influences people in more than one way," he explains. "A lot of people influence others with their lyrics, their melodies or their singing. Jeff influences bands in all those ways." He recalls first hearing *Grace* through Chris Martin of Coldplay: "I was around Chris's flat, and remember his roommate saying, 'Do you know this album?' They discussed what should be the first song for me to hear. I think they played 'Hallelujah.' I bought a copy and played it for the guys in the band all the time."

Rufus Wainwright has a unique perspective on the Buckley phenomenon. Not only is he the son of a lauded singer-songwriter himself; he came up around the same time as Buckley and suffered, as have many since, from comparisons with him. "I was making demos the same time that he was exploding in New York, and I had gone down to Sin-é to try to get gigs," he recalls. "I would hear about him endlessly." The two became friends after Buckley rescued a Wainwright gig in New York that had gone awry. "I was doing a show with Quentin Crisp," Wainwright recalls. (Crisp was the noted eccentric who wrote *The Naked Civil Servant* and inspired Sting's "An Englishman in New York.") "The sound system blew out and there was this one fucked-up amp. All of a sudden Jeff came onstage and rearranged the knobs on the amps so it would sound better. We hung out afterward, went drinking and ended up having this crazy night. The thing that struck me was how vulnerable he was. He was very sweet and very confused. I wanted to rescue him, because there was an aura of darkness around him. A month later he died."

In preparing the tenth-anniversary edition of *Grace*, Guibert watched rough edits of some of the footage on the DVD that's included in the package. At one point Buckley is asked what he wants people to take from his music. Pondering the same question a decade later, Guibert returns to her son's words. "Whatever they want," she says. "That's what makes people's contact with it so vivid. They bring their hurt, their longing to it. We will never know what the meaning is that Jeff put into it."



Jeff Buckley on Record

Live at Sin-é, 1993

Originally released as a four-song EP, the two-disc expanded edition that came out last year offers an entire treasure trove of tracks, from a garagey "Hallelujah" to a bluesy reworking of Ray Charles's "Drown in My Own Tears." The between-song monologues—such as "Matt Dillon, Hollies, Clash, Rock, Metal," during which Buckley riffs on all three topics and provides a history of the Hollies' "Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress"—show off the singer's brain and levity.



Grace, 1994

The recently released expanded version offers the original ten-song CD plus a DVD that features four video clips, as well as archival footage of interviews, studio recordings and live performances and a 13-track bonus disc that includes a live version of the MC5's "Kick Out the Jams," the melancholy "Forget Her," and the toe-tapping Dylan cover "Mama, You Been on My Mind."

Sketches for My Sweetheart, the Drunk, 1995

A two-CD set comprising the tracks Buckley was working on in Memphis when he died, *Sketches* leaves us with more questions than answers about the direction the singer might have taken. The album (which features a mix of styles, from the goth-shaded rock of "Nightmare by the Sea" to the anguish-filled distortion of "Murder Suicide Melancholia") Among the standouts: the engaging "Everybody Here Wants You" and the down-and-dirty sinner "You're High It's So Nice."



Mystery White Boy, 2000

One of two live CDs featuring Buckley and his band (the other, authorized live in the Japan, *Live in Olympus*, though only the first is available in record stores throughout Europe, where Buckley was more revered than he was stateside), this collection was called *Mystery White Boy* because it captures the transcendence of Buckley onstage, and it comes close, tantalizingly, in capturing "Hallelujah" and a chilling "Hail Wine."

Songs to No One, 2002

This collection of the songs Buckley was working on with the trailer band at the theater garage (Gerry Lucas in '95 and '96, before he decided to work on his own material, to much acclaim, but it offers hints of the resonance and tone of his future work. It was released on the Evolution label high points include the hypnotic openers, "Hymne à l'Amour," the tender "Skin It Free" and the moving, gospel-touched "Satisfied Mind," which was played at his funeral.





Girl, Interrupted

After a gold-selling detour, soul prodigy **JOSS STONE** finally completes her true-blue debut. *By Steve Hochman. Photograph by Marc Baptiste*

I never want to be 17 again," croaks Joss Stone, her husky voice temporarily a raspy whisper due to some travel-induced hoarseness. What with her earthy poise and the honeyed singing on her 2003 EP, *The Soul Sessions*, it's hard to remember that she is, in fact, still a teenager. The way Stone treated the album's '60s and '70s soul chestnuts—not to mention the White Stripes' "Fell in Love With a Girl," which she funked up and regendered—hardly seemed like the kind of thing you'd expect of a blonde girl from Devon, England.

But she wishes *more* people would forget her age; she's as eager as any teen to be regarded as an adult who can take care of herself. "People worry about me so much," she continues, sipping chamomile tea cross-legged on a couch in a little alcove known as the Gypsy Room, off the lobby of West Hollywood's Grafton on Sunset hotel. "They're like 'Is she going to the bathroom? Shit, where'd she go? She's not going to turn up for the gig!' I've never not turned up for anything! They worry if I go anywhere—'Where are you going?' 'I'm going to the shop.' 'I'm going with you.' 'Why?' 'Just to make sure you come back.' I'm like 'Get real! There's no way I'm not coming back.'"

And now she *has* come back, with a new album, *Mind, Body & Soul*, on which more than just her voice transcends expectations. The gold-selling *Soul Sessions*, which has been nominated for the UK's prestigious Mercury Prize, showcased Stone as a singer; this marks her debut as a writer. She co-wrote 11 of the 15 songs, sharing credit with such lofty names as the Motown great Lamont Dozier, the Portishead singer Beth Gibbons and the hip-hop hitmaker Salaam Remi.

Dozier took a little convincing when Stone showed up in February to write with him. But not much. "First-time writers I try to sit down and teach the philosophy of writing," he says. He presented her with nothing but a title, "Spoiled," and the barest sketch of a song. "But I was surprised—she was already there. We have a saying that someone that young, with that much going for her—she has to have been here before."

Stone's explanation is somewhat less metaphysical. She's heard the Simon Cowells of the world question the level of emotion a teenager can tap into, and she's having none of it. "People who say that forget what it was like to be 15 or 16 or whatever, and you might have been in love with this girl and wanted to kill yourself," she declares. "All the emotions were like a hundred, two hundred times as big—extreme."

Mind, Body & Soul actually got started when Stone was just 14; in fact, it was supposed to have been her debut. An appearance on a British TV showcase brought her a manager, who in

turn introduced her to several writing and production teams. She co-wrote her first song, "Jet Lag," and worked with the producers the Boiler House Boys. They, in turn, brought her to the attention of Steve Greenberg, the president of S-Curve Records, in New York, and soon she was on a plane on her way to an audition. Greenberg signed Stone almost immediately, and before she knew it she was in a studio singing "Jet Lag" over tracks produced and arranged by the legendary Arif Mardin, whose four-plus decades of credits run all the way from Aretha Franklin and Dusty Springfield to Jewel and Norah Jones.

Work on the album continued with various writers and producers, but it became clear that something was lacking. That was when she came under the wing of Betty Wright, the '70s soul singer (best known for 1971's "Clean Up Woman"), who picked up on Stone's feel for R&B classics. Wright put her together with some Florida soul players, including the organist Timmy Thomas ("Why Can't We Live Together?") and the pianist Latimore ("Let's Straighten It Out"). The side trip was just what was needed.

"I think one of the key revelations of *The Soul Sessions* is that Joss is really great when singing live with a band," says Greenberg, who also co-produced most of the new album. "Arif had done a wonderful job, but Joss had yet to find her direction."

A year on the road helped her grow into her musical persona, and when she resumed work on *Mind, Body & Soul* her self-assurance had blossomed. Everyone realized that *The Soul Sessions* had provided a template. *Mind, Body & Soul* playfully balances roots consciousness with forward-looking numbers like "Don't Cha Wanna Ride," which gets a breezy hip-hop touch via the only sample on the album, from Young-Holt Unlimited's 1968 instrumental hit "Soulful Strut."

For Stone, the progress is a little more personal, measurable in the evolution of "Jet Lag" from her first attempt at songwriting to her first full recording session to an anchor slot on her new album. "My vibe kept changing," she says. "It's the same song, but when I sang it before I sang it about a different person. I'm not singing it about him anymore."

Ask her about the bigger picture, though, and she demurs. Where does she go from here? How does she see herself alongside other artists past and present?

"I try not to think about that," she says firmly. "The people I would want to be in the same league as I'm never going to be in the same league as. Maybe one day, 30 years on. But I just have to make my own pigeonhole—like 'So, yeah, this is kind of like Joss Stone.' I don't want to be like anyone else." **T**



The Last Angry



Almost 50 and working at a fever pitch, **Steve Earle** has given up his addictions—except for his rage at the “real live criminals” in the White House. *By Parke Puterbaugh*
Photographs by Gregg Segal

Ilumined in gray filtered light, the figure seated in the corner of the hotel lobby appears frozen, inanimate. In his sleeveless T-shirt, dark jeans and boots, he looks more like a worker who's come to fix the plumbing or knock out walls than a major American songwriter. A familiar tattoo of a skull and crossbones is the only giveaway that the character slouching on a piece of postmodern furniture at the upscale Hotel Lucia in Portland, Oregon, is Steve Earle—the same image adorned the cover of his third album, the 1988 *Copperhead Road*.

But Earle snaps out of his midday reverie like a high-speed computer that's been brought back from SLEEP mode. For the next few hours, as he addresses a variety of topics, he betrays broad knowledge and boundless curiosity. He's so highly charged that one *really* per sentence is rarely enough: “We're living in really really dangerous times,” he says during a discussion of First Amendment rights. “It's important to say *fuck* now and say it *really really loud*.”

Of course, there's considerable talk about fellow musicians, but the Texas-bred, Nashville-based songwriter also detours into such disparate areas as the New York theater, the Atkins diet, Charlie Parker, haiku, the historical roots of 12-step programs and the short-lived sculpture Michelangelo is said to have rendered in snow after a rare winter storm in Florence.

He speaks eloquently about his mentor, Townes Van Zandt, and about how the late, great folk singer set him on his course—not so much by teaching him songwriting as by demonstrating an unwavering commitment to his muse. “He was making art at an incredibly high level for no other reason than the art itself,” Earle reflects. “Having seen that first, it's never occurred to me to do it any other way.”

Given the kind of creative fire Earle shows these days, it's hard to believe all the substance abuse in his past. From 1986's *Guitar Town* to 1990's *The Hard Way*, he was coming on like the link between Hank Williams and Bruce Springsteen. Then crack and heroin derailed his career for four and a half years, and it took a stint in prison to break his addictions.

Once he was out, he made up for lost time with an astonishing streak of productivity. Since 1995 he has released seven

Man

albums of new music; published a book of short stories, *Doghouse Roses*; written a play, *Karla*; performed some 200 concerts a year; and become an energetic social activist. He launched Room & Board Studio in Nashville with Ray Kennedy (together they're the "twangtrust") and cofounded, with the late Jack Emerson, the E-Squared record label.

"Steve's always been the rebel type," says the songwriter Tim O'Brien, who plays mandolin with Earle and the Bluegrass



"I don't eat potatoes at all, and I miss potatoes. But I also miss heroin, and I don't do that anymore either."

Dukes, the acoustic sideline to his electrified main band. "But now he's the sober rebel. His music and creative force came back with a vengeance and are stronger than ever."

Given his almost manic output, it's surprising to hear Earle say he wishes he hadn't recorded 2002's *Jerusalem* and the new *The Revolution Starts ... Now*. "I wouldn't have made either one of them just to have another record and do another tour," he says. "Not that I don't like my job—I do. But I could've used a little breathing space. These last two albums were driven by particular things I wanted to say, and there were timing issues. They ended up being perishable, and they had to be out by a certain time. My goal was to get *Revolution* out by September 16, and we beat that."

Earle's 13th studio release will surely raise his already controversial profile another notch—and, this being a critical election year, that's what he wants. *Jerusalem* yielded "John Walker's Blues," a downbeat song about John Walker Lindh, the 21-year-old American who was captured with Taliban fighters in Afghanistan, which generated a furor in quarters where Earle's intentions were regarded as unpatriotic. The Nashville talk-radio host Steve Gill told *The Washington Post* that the song "celebrates and glorifies a traitor to this country" and compared Earle to "Hanoi Jane" Fonda during the Vietnam era.

Rising to such insults, Earle baits the right even more wickedly on *The Revolution Starts ... Now*. National Security

Advisor Condoleezza Rice will presumably be unamused by "Condi, Condi," a seduction fantasy in which Earle actually sings, "Skank for me, Condi." The punky-sounding "F the CC"—imagine the Ramones as leftist rabble-rousers—waves a middle finger at the Bush administration's increasingly censorship-prone bureaucracies: "Fuck the FCC/Fuck the FBI/Fuck the CIA/Livin' in the motherfucking USA."

It's a tossup which song will generate more heat, but Earle is betting on his reggaefied come-on to Rice. "I think 'Condi, Condi' is gonna be this album's 'John Walker's Blues,'" he says happily, "because I'm not even sure what I did there is all right. You know all those machete Rastas at the back of the beach in Negril? I imagined one of those guys wandering around DC looking for Condi Rice."

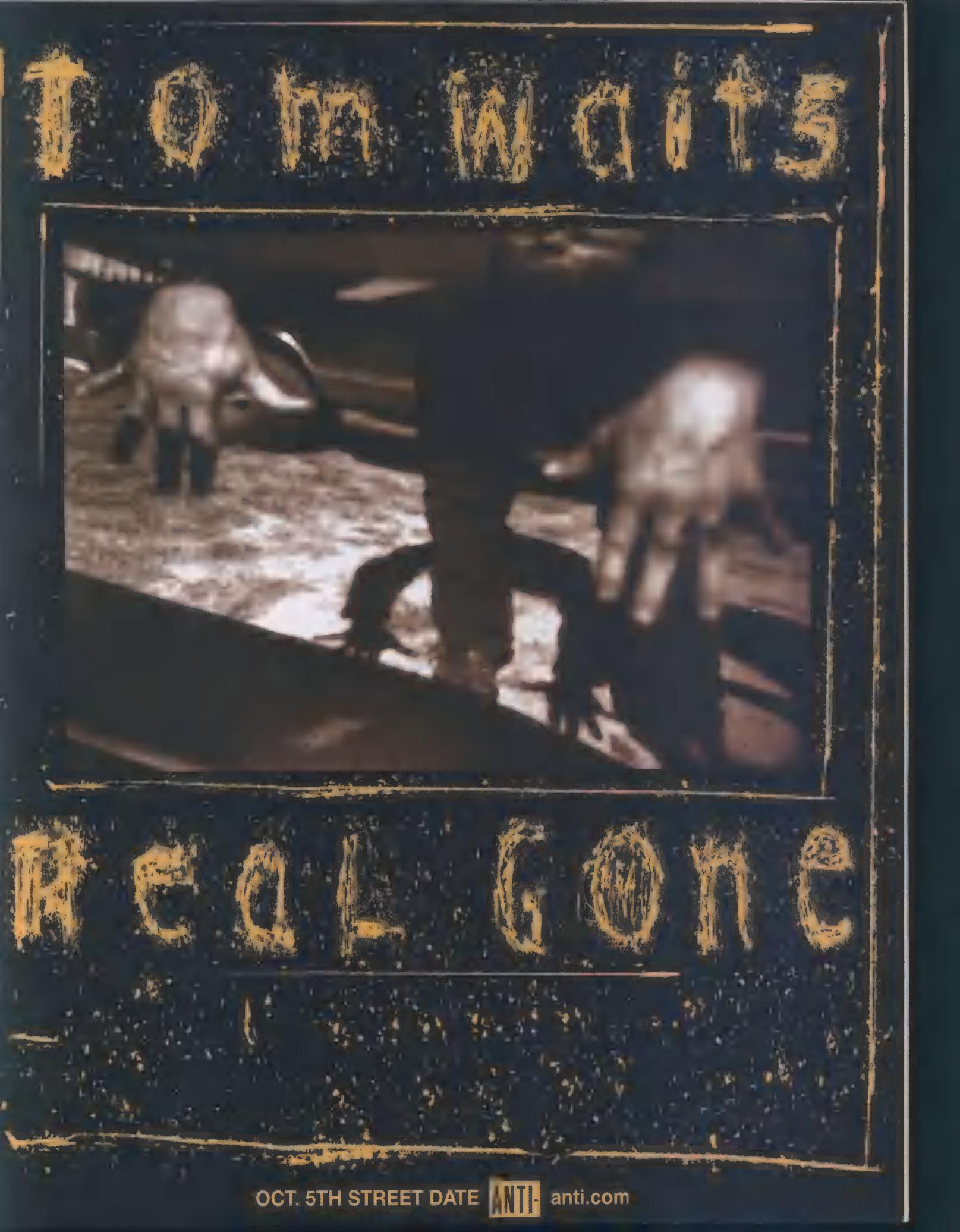
In a more serious vein, the story of a Halliburton truck driver taken hostage in Iraq inspired the twangy "Home to Houston." The subject of "Rich Man's War" is the poor and disenfranchised men and women who wind up risking their lives to serve the economic interests of society's elite. For the spoken-word "Warrior," Earle set himself the challenge of writing in iambic pentameter. And the album opens and closes with the rousing title track, an electrified protest:

"Yeah, the revolution starts now / In your own backyard / In your own hometown / So what you doin' standin' around?"

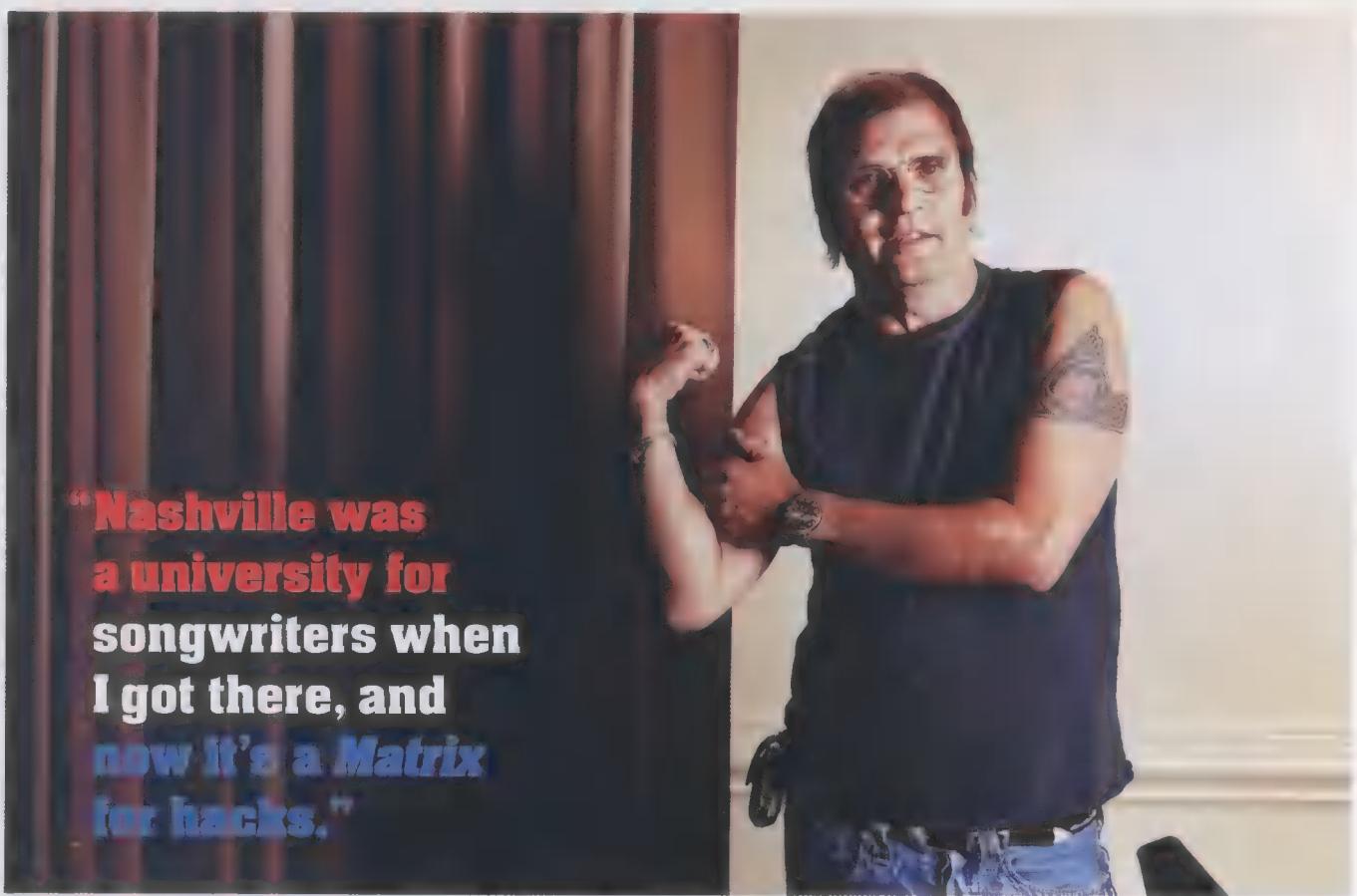
Even Earle, a driven man working a perpetual double shift, found himself under the gun when he started to cut *The Revolution Starts ... Now* at his Nashville studio. He wrote and recorded by day while rehearsing and then appearing at night in *The Exonerated*, a play about real-life death-row inmates who have been proved innocent and released. Earle has long crusaded against the death penalty, but right now the main focus of his rage is the Bush administration—and, in particular, its decision to go to war with Iraq.

"These guys are real live criminals," he says, adjusting his glasses and shifting in his chair. "I don't have a problem with the existence of conservatives. I don't have a problem with capitalism, either. I think it's a great economic system. I just think it makes a lousy fucking religion."

As a former addict, Earle says, he has tracked an alarming change in George W. Bush. "I believe Bush has replaced 12-step programs with fundamentalist Christianity—and I say that as someone who works a 12-step program every day of his life in order to stay alive. I heard the recovery-speak. I've seen it all disappear and be replaced by Christian rhetoric. I think that part of Bush's personality scares even Karl Rove. He and Dick Cheney and Paul Wolfowitz don't want to talk about God one



OCT. 5TH STREET DATE ANTI- anti.com



“Nashville was a university for songwriters when I got there, and now it’s a *Matrix* for hacks.”

way or the other. If I was on the express train to hell like they are, I wouldn't want to talk about God either!

“The idea of the most powerful nation in the world with a fundamentalist at the helm squaring off to fight fundamentalists worldwide is fucking Armageddon. It's not the perpetual profitable war the neocons had in mind. This is like 'Uh-oh, we didn't predict this.' They're freaking out.”

Earle is planning to book all his gigs between October 8 and Election Day in presidential battleground states. On another front, he recently played at an anti-death penalty fasting vigil outside the Supreme Court for the eighth year in a row. These aren't just the symbolic acts of a Cadillac liberal. In fact, Earle isn't even staying at the fancy hotel where he's being interviewed. His bandmates and crew are all checked in, but he prefers bunking down on the tour bus.

“I have a three-year-old Australian cattle dog,” he explains, “and it's just easier to stay with him on the bus than take him in and out of hotel lobbies.” He recalls the time his high-strung canine nearly yanked his arm off when the Los Angeles Lakers exited an elevator en masse: “They were really tall and all dressed in bright yellow, and he didn't know what was going on.” Beyond that, the deserted bus affords him a quiet place to work on his novel.

Except for thinning hair, Earle looks amazingly like the skinny, clean-shaven maverick who glares out from the cover of his first album, *Guitar Town*, on which he first set about retooling country for a hipper, more rock-savvy audience. In the past few years he's shed 65 pounds on the Atkins diet and kept it off, thanks to the same determination that's kept him off drugs.

“I don't eat potatoes at all, and I miss potatoes,” he notes. “But I also miss heroin, and I don't do that anymore either.”

He'll turn 50 in January, and he's contemplating a move to New York before then—partly out of love for Manhattan and partly out of a mounting distaste for Nashville. “I'm ready to spend more time in an environment where I don't have to fight so hard for everything,” he says. Over the years he's seen his eclectic, genre-bridging style lose favor in conservative country circles. This one-time staff songwriter no longer does much business on Music Row.

“My songs are kind of a liability for a publisher in Nashville nowadays,” he says. “That place was a university for songwriters when I got there, and now it's a *Matrix* for hacks. They put 'em in rooms with writers who write worse than they do to dumb 'em down, teach 'em how to write stupid.”

As a possible prelude to leaving, he resigned from the BroadAxe Theatre, the nonprofit company he cofounded in 2001 with his then girlfriend, Sara Sharpe. He also dissolved E-Squared as an imprint for anything other than his own albums, and gave the artists back their masters. Running a label, he says, “just reached a point where it was no fun.” If he does move, he'll keep his home in Nashville. (“It's a divorce-proof house,” he cracks—he's been married six times. “God wants me to live there.”) But he's looking forward to the change in scenery.

He's also hoping to take a break from topical songwriting. “I want to do a whole record of chick songs,” he says, laughing. “It prevents your audience from becoming exponentially hairier and uglier as time goes on, which is really important. But I just find it hard to do that right now.”

GOV'T MULE

An ever-present past. A new future.



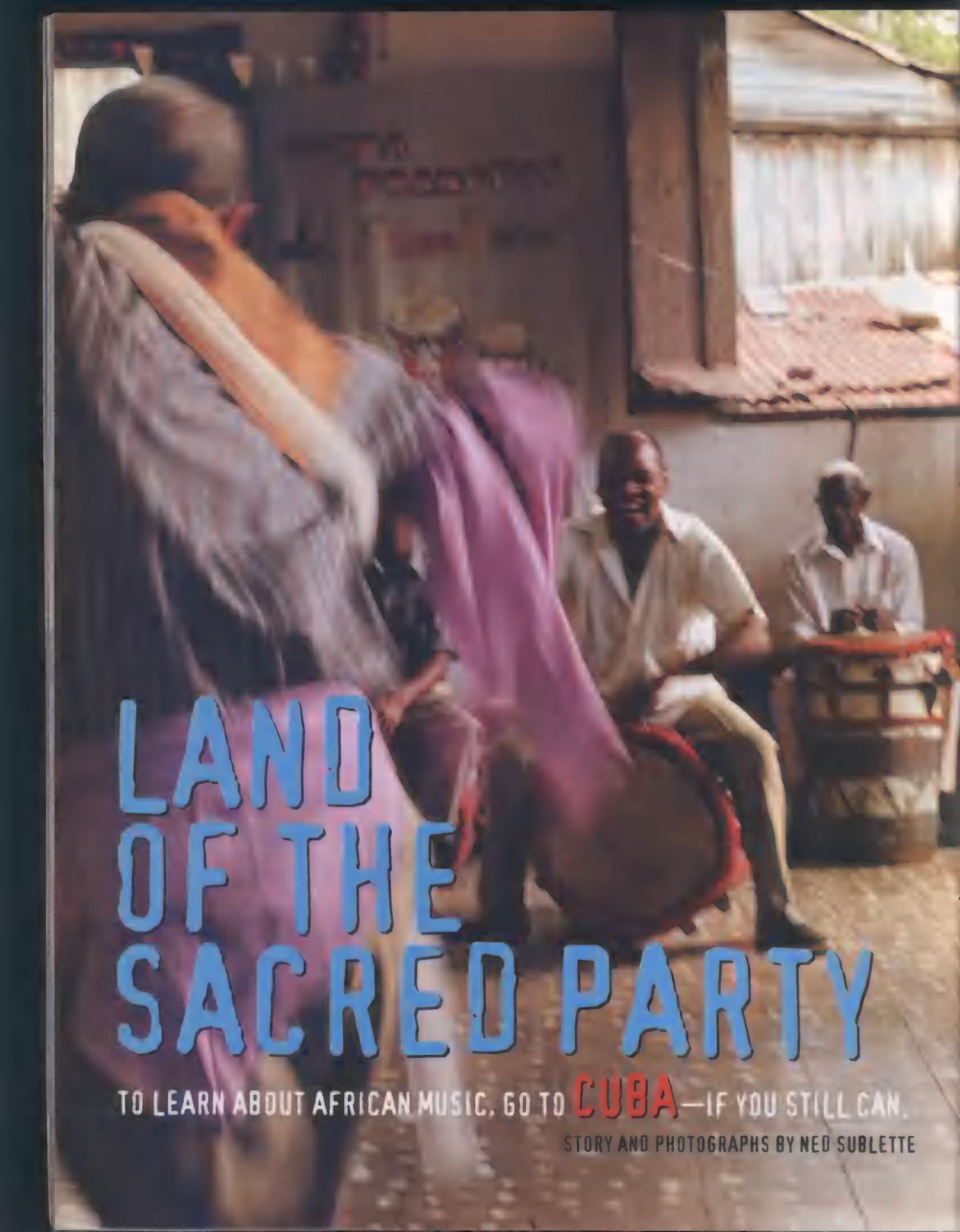
Déjà Voodoo

THE NEW ALBUM - OUT SEPT. 14

www.mule.net • www.atorecords.com



2004 ATO RECORDS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. MANAGEMENT: HARD HEAD MANAGEMENT



LAND OF THE SACRED PARTY

TO LEARN ABOUT AFRICAN MUSIC, GO TO **CUBA**—IF YOU STILL CAN.

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY NED SUBLLETTE

It was a gray, rainy day in Perico, a little town in the heartland of the sugar-producing Matanzas province of Cuba. The musicians didn't want to play outdoors in the drizzle, so all ten of us North Americans tramped past the rainwater-collection barrel, through the kitchen of an elderly woman named Piyuya (the countertops were concrete and something was slowly cooking) and into the living room. Piyuya connected two bare wires, turning on a dim fluorescent tube that lighted up the place with a sickly glow. And there, opposite the black-and-white Russian TV set, we saw the drums.

I've been traveling to Cuba for 15 years, and I've seen a lot of drums. But my jaw dropped when I saw these. They were a classic African three-drum set, but of an unfamiliar construction, with short cylindrical barrel bodies and a head at each end held taut by rope webbing: Gangá drums. Even specialists in Afro-Cuban culture tend to speak of the Gangá—an African people from an area now split among Liberia, Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast—as though they had long since disappeared as a distinct group. But here we were in Perico, where horse-drawn carts are still in daily use, and Gangá culture was alive and well.

If you want to know about Africa, go to Cuba. Africa lives in the street there, and in the houses. The ancient histories of not one but several African cultural groups—Congo, Carabá, Dahomey, Yoruba and Gangá—are still passed on there from generation to generation, in the original languages, with the ancient songs and the ancestral drums. The drum was forbidden in the British colonies from Barbados up through New Hampshire. But in Cuba, African religion and African music kept each other alive.

Black people were playing drums in Cuba even before the word *drum* first appeared in print in English (in 1540, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*). By 1527 there were already a thousand *negros* in Cuba. More Africans were ultimately brought to Cuba than to the United States, and over a much longer period of time: the last slave ship is believed to have arrived in 1873. Free blacks from Spain emigrated, too—from early on Cuba had significant numbers of free people of color. These circumstances had fantastic consequences for the cultural memory of 20th-century and even 21st-century Cuba. In the formally chartered *cabildos*—mutual-aid societies, approved by the Spanish, whose existence continued until the end of slavery, in 1886—black people reassembled their knowledge of how to practice their religions, sing their songs and dance their dances ... and of how to play their drums.

In Piyuya's living room, each of the players positioned his drum sideways over one knee and picked up his homemade drumsticks. Then the costumed dancers made a theatrical entrance, one by one, from a dark room off to the side. Rhythmically they enacted myths and stories. One of them, portraying a cripple—in Africa you can have a crippled god—pulled herself laboriously forward on the floor. The drums urged her on, conversing with one another as they rocked out, two of them setting up the familiar two-bar rhythm that the Cubans know as *clave* (and Americans know—with a different feel—as the Bo Diddley beat) while the big one “talked.”

In the African religious tradition, spirits can live in drums. In a sense, the drums play the drummers. What we were witnessing wasn't a ceremony; it was a show for the foreigners, with nearly as many observers as participants. But the energy was the same. This is a danced religion, in which you summon the spirits by throwing a sacred party, and these were believers.

HISTORY COMES TO LIFE In Guantánamo (left), Cubans of Haitian descent keep African culture alive with drums and dance. This page, from top: A show in the small town of Perico. Dahomeyan-style drums in Santiago de Cuba. Africans in Cuba, borrowing from 18th-century French salons, produced a hybrid that's as much a celebration of history as it is a style of dance.





MYSTERIES OF CUBA Portraits of independence heroes adorn the walls of the Tumba Francesa's headquarters in Santiago de Cuba. At left, the mountain town of Sagua de Tánamo in the rain.



Everyone has heard the expression *Afro-Cuban music*, but few people in the United States are aware of how deep its meanings run. That cripple crawling across Piyuya's floor appeared to be the Gangá equivalent of the figure that the Yoruba—the most visible African culture in Cuba—call Babalú-Ayé. This god of the lame and the sick gave his name to "Babalú," a 1939 Cuban megahit by Miguelito Valdés and Casino de la Playa, the lyrics of which describe the prepara-

rations for a sacred party. "Babalú" was a recognizably modern kind of single, the kind we didn't make in the United States at the time but that Elvis Presley would be cutting 15 years later. In 1946, Desi Arnaz—a great comedian but a mediocre musician, who had gone from singing with Xavier Cugat to leading Bob Hope's band—recorded the song, based on Miguelito's interpretation. You know the outcome. "Babalú" ultimately became a running joke on *I Love Lucy*—a curious gig for a terrible deity who walks with a crutch and has ulcers on his legs from smallpox. And there, in a nutshell, you have the pattern of the American misunderstandings that turned Cuba into a novelty over and over.

The phrase *Afro-Cuban music* is almost redundant, given the centrality of Africa in Cuba's music. And the specimens of Cuban music most familiar to Americans barely scratch its surface. For example, *The Buena Vista Social Club*—both the 1997 album and the film released in '99—was a strictly-for-export phenomenon that presented a nostalgic, sentimentalized vision of a Cuba that never quite was, subtracting the drums and adding an extraneous American-style slide guitar. It was far from the whole story. The country is almost an extension of Africa into the Americas.

IN THE AFRICAN RELIGIOUS TRADITION, SPIRITS CAN LIVE IN DRUMS. IN A SENSE, THE DRUMS PLAY THE DRUMMERS.



All over Cuba there are hot spots of the African heritage that has melted together with Spanish culture to varying degrees to form the panorama of Cuban music. Out near Baracoa, farmers still play and dance the simple, repetitive *nengón*, which, say the locals, they were already doing when the Ten Years War started, in 1868. In Guantánamo, there's the funky *changüí*, whose bass is played on a *marimbula*, or thumb piano, a purely African instrument. In the mountain town of Cobre, the spiritist Madeleine (a man, despite his name) lives in a house that's an intricately painted altar, in which I watched a percussionist play a hoe blade to control the rate at which the dancers became possessed.

At carnival time, in July, the drum corps of the neighborhood Los Hoyos in Santiago de Cuba leads an "invasion" of the town, parading down the street in a crushing, throbbing, conga-dancing mock rebellion against authority that's centuries old. In Matanzas, Los Muñequitos de Matanzas play *yambú*—a style of rumba that was slammed out on wooden boxes when, after the end of slavery, drums were prohibited and expert drum makers took shipping crates apart and tightly reassembled them; they looked innocent but produced a loud, resonant crack.

Up the road from Perico, in Jovellanos, lives a performing group called Ojundegara. Its senior figure is Miguelina Baró, who's in her late 80s. Her grandfather was born in Dahomey (now Benin, in the part of West Africa formerly known as the Slave Coast) and brought to Cuba as a captive. Ojundegara has an enormous tall drum with a powerful sound, which was baptized, African-style (to give it spiritual force), in 1920. In

1983 the group traveled to Benin, where some of them found they knew enough of the Fon language to converse. They sang a song from their repertoire for the king of Abomey, dedicated to the *foddun* (deity) Jurajó, the opener of pathways: "Very soon, very soon/I will go to the other land/To return later/Taking the road of God/To travel/The travel doesn't make one forget/The road home."

The king knew the song and informed them it had been sung on the slave ships sailing west across the Atlantic.

Cuba is almost as big as all the other Caribbean islands combined. Oriente—eastern Cuba—is a different world from the one you find in the western provinces of Havana and Matanzas; if history had played out differently, it could have broken off into a separate country. Haiti is just next door, across a narrow channel, and its influence on Oriente is powerful. In the cities of Santiago de Cuba and Guantánamo, there are two societies of Haitian descent called Tumbas Francesas.



The Tumbas Francesas represent traditions that came to Cuba during the bloody years of the Haitian Revolution, from 1791 to 1804—a period when perhaps 30,000 French farmers, free people of color and slaves fled the carnage on boats and rafts. The French refugees,

who were great agricultural technicians, built coffee plantations in the rugged mountains of Oriente, with rustic mansions complete with billiard rooms, libraries and dance salons where black musicians played minuets and contredances at slave owners' balls. Out in the threshing sheds, the slaves practiced *vodú* and danced what they called the *tumba*.

At the time of the Haitian Revolution, the word *haitiano* was radioactive, something like *Taliban* today. Using it meant that you possessed the contagion of slave rebellion, and



BANG A DRUM From top: A residential street in Jovellanos. In a living room in Matanzas province, a dancer channels a crippled god. Gangá drums, held together by rope, are played with fresh sticks cut from local trees.



AFRICA IN THE AMERICAS In Cuba, African religion and African music keep each other alive. Above: Revelers wind streamers around a maypole in Santiago. Right: Kerchiefs wave before a Haitian-style drum.

so to avoid the taint of sedition the black refugees from Haiti called themselves *franceses*. In the first decades of the 20th century, the Haitian character of Oriente was further reinforced when sugar planters brought in as many as a million Haitian laborers, of whom perhaps a quarter stayed in Cuba permanently.

We visited the two Tumbas Francesas back to back, on consecutive days. Each had the same peculiar repertoire of drumming and dance. Their wardrobe is reminiscent of 18th-century French salon dress, and their dance is a sort of caricature of French ballroom, mixed with African styles. But all of it—including the winding of streamers around a maypole (a European, not African, tradition)—is performed to a purely African music of drums and voices.

Though these *tumbas* are not sacred dances, it's hard to say exactly where the spiritual dimension leaves off. At the end of the Santiago performance, one of the matriarchs of the group asked if we were enjoying the dance. I made the banal observation that it certainly looked like the dancers were. She smiled and said, "It's not only we the living who are dancing." The dead were there alongside them.

In 1977, quite unexpectedly, another ghost of history emerged. A third Tumba Francesa—an unknown rural one—was discovered by a young Cuban anthropologist, who found a community of Haitian descent tucked away in the foothills of the Sierra Cristal, a remote region that provided cover for guerrillas in the Cuban revolutions of both 1868-98 and 1956-59. They still sang the old songs out in the coffee fields and at parties. And, yes, they had the drums.

This cluster, the Tumba Francesa of Bejucos, lives above the remote



mountain town of Sagua de Táamo. The roads leading uphill from the town were too rough for our bus, so a group came down from the mountains, riding 32 kilometers in the back of a truck over severely pockmarked roads for a noon rendezvous with us. Once again it was a rainy day, so they set up in the local movie theater, built in 1965; later that evening it would be showing *Rosemary's Baby*.

Their dances had the same names and the same steps as those of the two urban groups. And they had the same drums—made of poorer materials, but rope-rigged the same way. Clad in white from head to toe and bearing an expression of serene dignity, 80-year-old Dionisio Lamoth gestured in the air to embellish the phrases he was singing. Two centuries fell away—maybe three. Something was alive in these people, something that their grandparents and their grandparents' grandparents had struggled to keep from dying out: the knowledge of who they were.

The dead were alive. And dancing.

Unfortunately, while the Cuban government is generally eager for Americans to visit, the United States strictly forbids its citizens to follow the drum trail to Cuba.

For a while, things were loosening up. Travel for professional researchers, journalists and a few others has long been legal under certain conditions, but cultural exchange for nonspecialists, which had been closed since the early Reagan years, had also begun opening up during

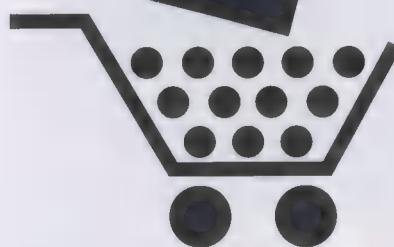
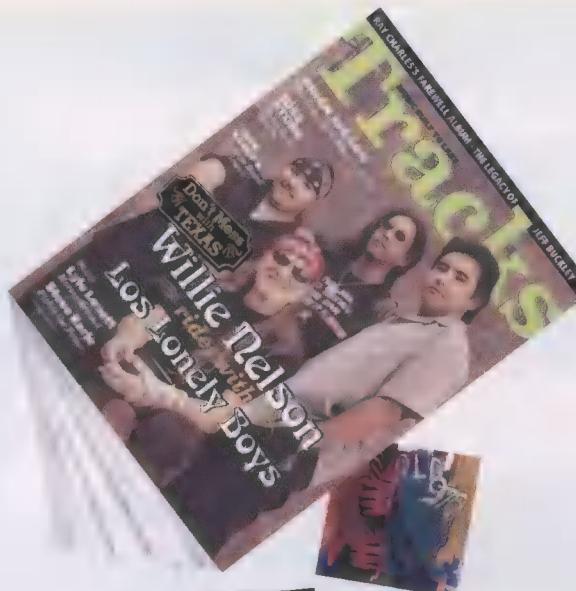
the second Clinton administration under a group-travel category informally known as people-to-people. But at the beginning of 2004 the Bush administration closed the door on people-to-people travel and on most educational exchange between the two countries and refused to renew the travel licenses of a long string of institutions, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History and numerous universities.

The intention was to isolate Cuba. But it also isolates us from these living treasures. It seems unlikely that there will be any change until after the presidential election. John Kerry says that he supports the economic embargo but would resume the cultural exchange. Which would mean that an ordinary American could attend the rich program that the Havana group Yoruba Andabo puts on every Saturday at 5:00 p.m. at the Cabaret Las Vegas on Infanta Street. Or perhaps be invited to a sacred party in Matanzas, where the slamming drums call the gods to come down and "ride" believers. Or to walk into that room in Santiago where the dead are dancing.

Cuba's a big island, and there's music there we haven't heard yet. **T**

Ned Sublette is the author of Cuba and Its Music: From the First Drums to the Mambo and a musician whose most recent album is Cowboy Rumba.

ALL OVER CUBA AFRICAN HERITAGE HAS MELTED TOGETHER WITH SPANISH CULTURE TO FORM THE PANORAMA OF CUBAN MUSIC.



The Music Store at tracksmusic.com

Find it all in one convenient location. Buy all the CD's that are reviewed in this magazine and every CD by the artists featured in this issue.

Tracks
MUSIC BUILT TO LAST

The releases pictured above—*Drag It Up*, by Old 97's, *More Adventurous*, by Rilo Kiley, *Everyone Is Here*, by The Finn Brothers, *Mind, Body & Soul*, by Joss Stone, *The Revolution Starts...Now*, by Steve Earle and *In The Meantime*, by Christine McVie—and all releases featured in the October/November 2004 issue of Tracks are on-sale for you at tracksmusic.com.



→jim morrison, 1968



jim marshall, one of rock & roll's greatest photographers, looks at pictures from his new book, *proof*, and talks about the life they illustrate

→eye witness

→the beatles' final concert, candlestick park, san francisco, 1966

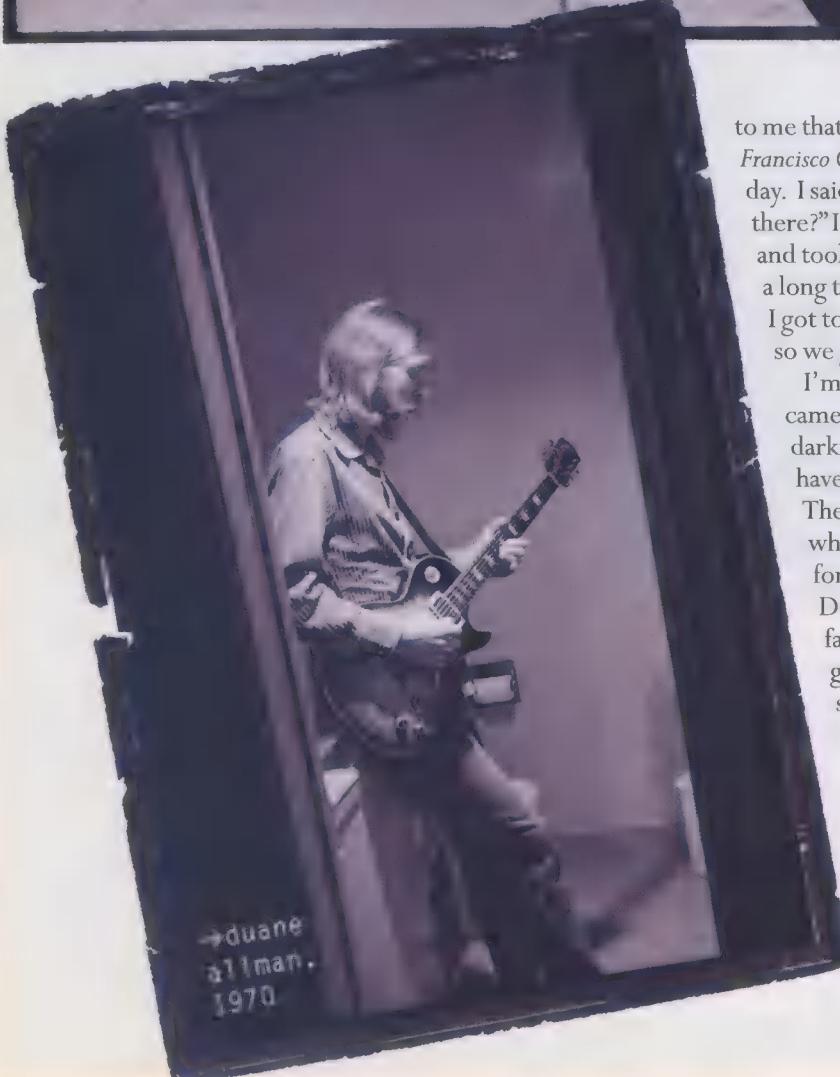
I'm an old fart. I was born in '36, so I started out before people became megastars. We were all starting out. The first picture I sold to a record company was a shot that ended up on the back of a live album by a girl named Bev Kelly. I got \$25—boy, I thought I was big-time. A lot of it for me was the music, and the newness of it, the freshness of it. And it was a way to get into the clubs free. That was kind of fun, saying "I'm a *photographer*," like "This is bullshit." That was part of the game.

We had unlimited access. I was at the side of the stage in San Jose in 1968, and **Jim Morrison** goes, "Hey, Marshall, you want a fuckin' shot?" It was the next-to-the-last frame on the roll, and he looked right into the camera. That was it—no big deal. But it turned out to be one of the more famous shots of Jim Morrison. There was nobody standing with him saying, "You can't take a picture." Now there are too many restrictions, so I don't do festivals anymore. I don't even go to concerts anymore, it's such a fucking hassle.

The first major artist that I photographed was John Coltrane. I met him at the Jazz Workshop, and he mentioned



→ bob dylan, 1963



→ duane allman, 1970

to me that Ralph Gleason, a music critic for *The San Francisco Chronicle*, was going to interview him the next day. I said, "Where?" and he goes, "Berkeley. How do I get there?" I said, "Well, I'll drive you." So I took him over and took pictures that afternoon. That was 1959—God, a long time ago. He and **Miles Davis** are the jazz artists I got to know the best. Miles was difficult and so am I, so we got along especially well.

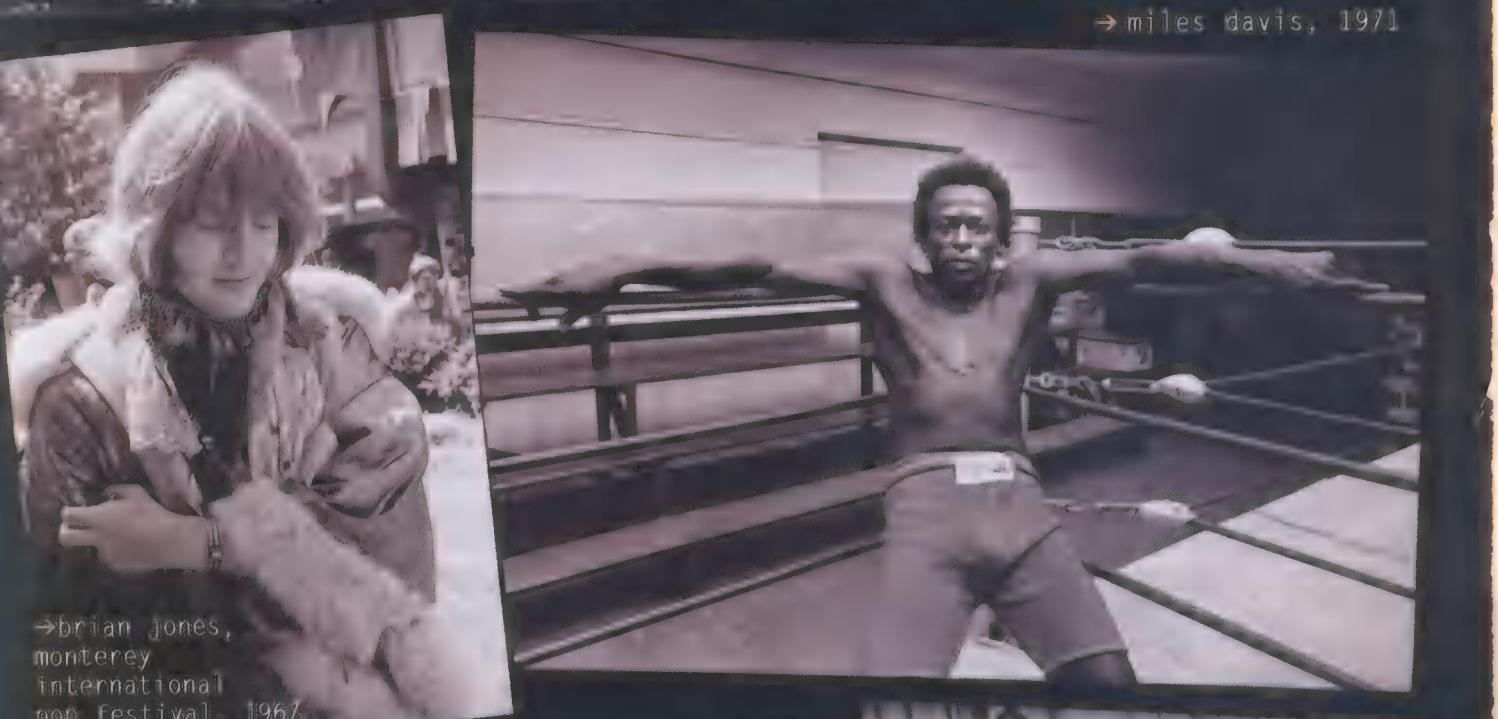
I'm basically a photojournalist or a reporter with a camera; that's what I do well. I absolutely hate the darkroom—I'd rather watch reruns of *Quincy*. And I have! Some guys are geniuses in the studio. I'm not. There was one above a topless joint in San Francisco where I shot the **Grateful Dead** and **Janis Joplin** for *Teen Set* magazine on the same day in 1967. The Dead dosed me with acid—that was one of their favorite things to do. It was coffee or Coke, I forget. It came on as I was photographing Janis. I said, "Oh shit" but managed to muddle through. It's a pretty deadly thing to do, but what the hell, it was part of the time.

I had my problems with cocaine. That was my drug of choice. I've been busted because of it, I lost a marriage because of it—I've paid my dues. There were a few years I didn't do much other than get stoned. I don't think anybody wanted to have anything to do with me.

→otis redding, 1967



→ miles davis, 1971



→brian jones,
monterey
international
pop festival, 1967



→the grateful
dead, 1967



→mike bloomfield, recording super session, 1968



→thelonious monk
at home, 1963

janis joplin, 1967



→johnny cash, san quentin prison, 1969



The flipping-the-bird photo of **Johnny Cash** was in San Quentin in '69. It was a sound check, and I said, "Johnny, let's do a shot for the warden." I went to both Folsom and San Quentin for Columbia Records—Johnny had told them he wanted me. San Quentin was more of a production, with a couple of eight-tracks and a camera crew, but Folsom was pretty raw. They recorded on a two-track or a four-track, I think, and it was electric. If Johnny had said, "Come on, guys, follow me out of here," they would have followed him out of that place. I mean, he had them in the palm of his hand.

He was one of the real, genuine people of the world. I did a lot of work with him over the years, quite a few shots.

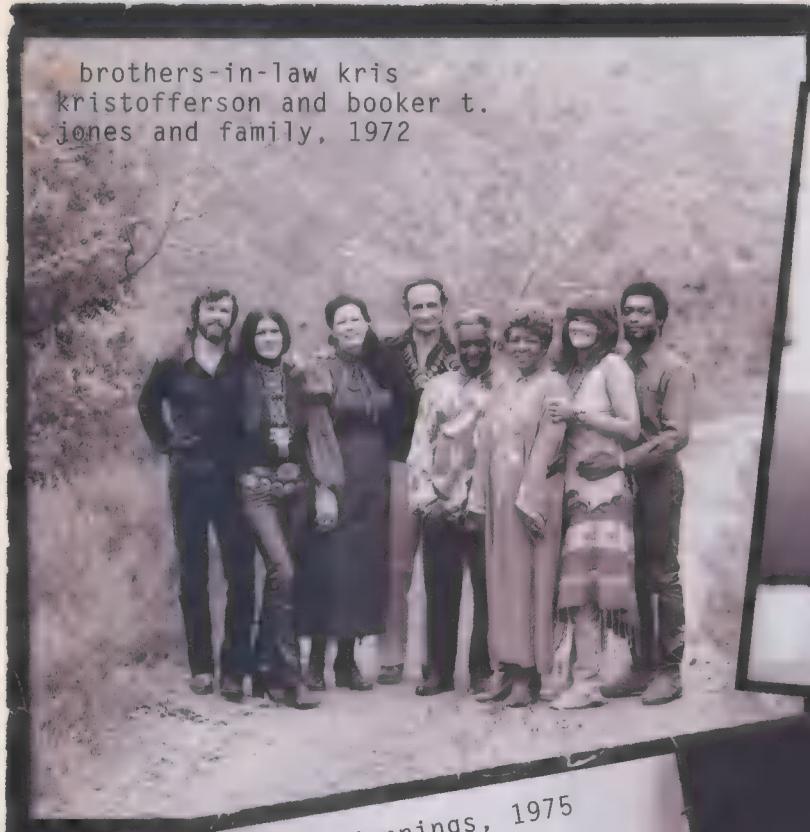
Pictures are so staged now. There are only a couple of photographers working who shoot like I do. When I get involved in shooting, it totally takes over. One percent has to be the mechanic that works the camera, but I get 99 percent involved in the shooting, and I think that's what gives my pictures an edge.

Editing is when taste comes in. The whole idea of this book was to include the contact sheets. It was one of my few original ideas; you can see what discretion I used in the picture I picked, the "hero shot." Some-



→promoters michael lang and bill graham at woodstock, 1969

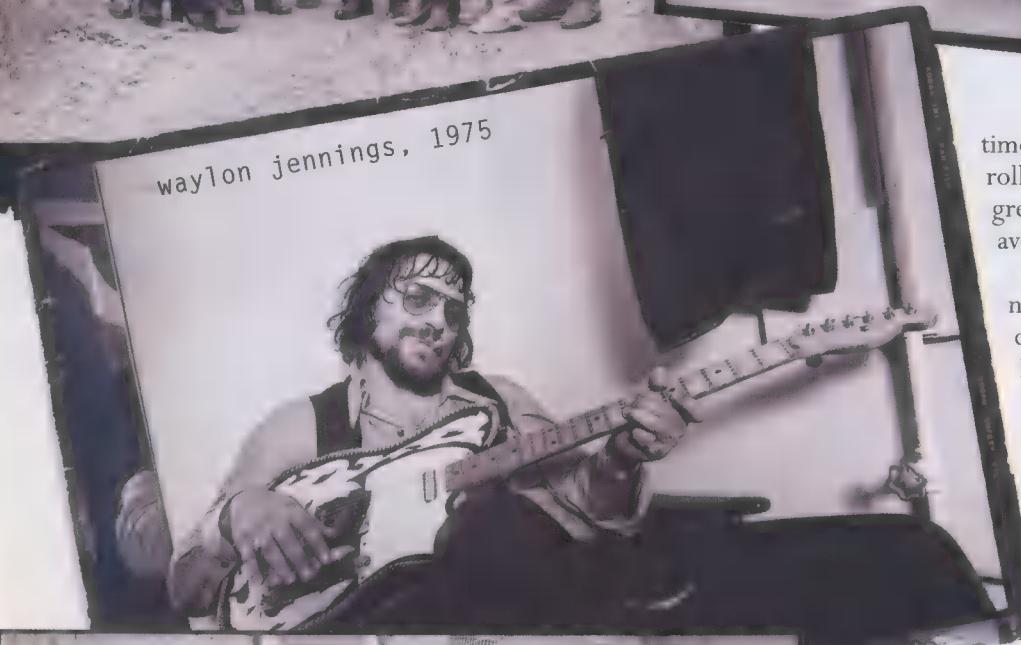
brothers-in-law kris
kristofferson and booker t.
jones and family, 1972



carlos santana, 1968



waylon jennings, 1975



leon russell & willie nelson at nelson's
first 4th of july picnic, 1973

times you have four or five rolls and you get one shot that's great ... but I get a better average than that!

I've never been sued. I've never had an artist or manager complain about what picture I published or where I used it. When I point the camera at somebody, whether they know I'm taking their picture or not, there's a covenant I won't let be broken. Now there's so much money involved in the record business that the artists have to be in total control

of what they look like. The trust has been violated by some photographers; they whore their pictures out to anybody and everything. So now you've got to go through managers and PR people, just a gauntlet, and I refuse. My feeling is that if an artist trusts a photographer, let him shoot. If they don't trust him, don't let him shoot at all. It should be that simple.

You don't see offstage shots anymore. You don't see dressing-room shots. There's too many set-up or just live shots. That's the part that saddens me the most, that you don't see the real thing. If I don't have total access, I don't do it. It's never just been a job for me. It's been my life.



→ray charles, 1960

THE NEVILLE BROTHERS



WALKIN' IN THE SHADOW OF LIFE

STREET DATE OCTOBER 19, 2004

Torchbearers of their native New Orleans R&B legacy, the First Family of Funk return to the studio after a five year recording hiatus with *WALKIN' IN THE SHADOW OF LIFE* - bridging old school and new school for a fresh sound that is unmistakably the Neville Brothers. Featuring the first single, *Ball Of Confusion*.



www.backporchrecords.com www.nevilles.com

© 2004 Back Porch. Photography by Jay Blakesberg.

hobby

Lyle Lovett Competes in a Different Arena

Last April, at a Midwestern arena filled with a couple of thousand fans, two professional riders were sizing up the long, tall Texan in the show ring who was awkwardly running a bay mare through a series of spins. Not realizing that his trainer—the Cowgirl Hall of Fame inductee Carol Rose—was standing a few feet

away, one of the pros muttered to the other, "Now, why would Lyle Lovett want to embarrass himself like that?"

But then, says Lovett, "I don't embarrass easily." Since February, he's been entering reining competitions, which test the skills of cattle-ranching horses and their riders. In one



SideTrack

maneuver, called sliding, the horse starts at full gallop and all but takes a seat on the show ring's floor while skittering to a stop. "You can't be too nervous," says Lovett, who was two and a half when his folks got him his first pony, "because the horse can feel your every emotion."

For the past couple of years, he's commuted 300 miles for lessons on Rose's ranch. "Trying to do something correctly in terms of technique," he says—"that's the real appeal for me." Lovett grew up and still lives on a ranch outside Houston, where he breeds quarter horses; so for him getting into reining was as easy as, well, falling off a horse. "It's a very rhythmic experience when you feel in sync with



Lovett and friend do a spinning maneuver, April 2004.

the animal. It narrows the whole world down to a single point in time, much the way that performing onstage does."

"Watching Lyle compete," Rose says, "you would never know he hadn't been doing it for a long time."

Indeed, his hard work is starting to pay off. "I've won something like 60 bucks," he says, laughing. His best showing so far was in May, at the National Reining Horse Association Derby, in Oklahoma City. He scored a 210—which means the judges deemed his horsemanship "adequate." "It reminds me of working with Robert Altman," Lovett says, invoking an analogy that no other reining competitor could. "After many tries to shoot a scene, someone would ask, 'Well, how was *that* take?' Bob would say, 'That was adequate.'"

—Bill Vourvoulias



HORNBLOWER Dizzy Gillespie, and the new Lincoln Center club named in his honor

education

Intro to Jazz

Everybody's heard of Bird, but how many people really know that much about the revolutionary alto saxophonist with the avian nickname? Fear not: there is hope for the bebop-challenged. Jazz 101 is part of the new season of programs and concerts at Manhattan's Jazz at Lincoln Center, which unveils its stunning new digs in October. The \$128 million Frederick P. Rose Hall, part of the towering Time Warner Center on Columbus Circle, has been dubbed the House of Swing by Wynton Marsalis, who is the artistic director of Jazz at Lincoln Center.

Lincoln Center is indeed taking giant steps, with not one but three new performing spaces: Rose Hall, a 1200-seater with the intimate vibe of an Italian opera house; the Allen Room, where up to 600 guests can listen and dance; and Dizzy's Club Coca-Cola, a corporate-sponsored nightclub where small combos will jam before a sparkling view of Central Park.



SWING TIME
Duke Ellington,
and the new
Ertégün Jazz
Hall of Fame



But what does that swing mean? Jazz 101 breaks it down. Budding scholars can exit one of the weekly evening classes on Duke Ellington or Jelly Roll Morton and then do their homework at a concert on the spot.

Phil Schaap, the veteran radio host whose morning show is a fixture on Columbia University's WKCR-FM, is the headmaster. An expert on matters Monk and Mingus, Miles and 'Trane, he's been teaching a similar curriculum at universities for decades, hipping neophytes to the fundamental facts of the music and the legends who made it. He says he prefers interacting with his pupils to droning on at the lectern.

"I'd like to say that I can make you a jazz expert in eight easy lessons, except they're not easy," he says. If students put in the effort, though, he

swears they'll be up for the downbeat. And they'll certainly benefit from their instructor's bounty of jazz lore. Schaap started hanging out in Gotham clubs during his teen years, in the 1960s. "I was virtually raised by members of the Count Basie band," he says. "I was taught stories by all the originals. They stuck me with the bag. Now I have to pass it on." (For information, call 212-258-9800 or visit www.jalc.org.)

—Steve Dollar

auction

Sotheby's Gears Up for the Bidding on the Man in Black's Personal Effects

Johnny Cash, who died in September 2003 at the age of 71, liked to describe himself as "part gypsy, part homebody," a road warrior who enjoyed nothing better than coming home. To satisfy both yearnings, he split his downtime among residences in Jamaica, Florida, western Tennessee and the leafy Nashville suburb of Hendersonville, where he and wife, June Carter—whose death preceded his by four months—lived for more than 30 years in a rambling pile that Carter called a "big old lumbersome house ... long and slumindicular."

The seven-bedroom mansion looms large in Man in Black mystique. It was on the 165-acre grounds that Kris Kristofferson once landed a helicopter, the better to get demos to his hero; it was nearby that Cash was attacked and nearly killed by an ostrich, in 1981. And it was here that Johnny and June brought home the spoils of their travels, stuffing the place—in the words of Rosanne Cash, the singer-songwriter who is the eldest of Cash's four daughters—"to the rafters with antique furniture" and other goodies: 226 beds, a crocodile skull named One-Eyed Jack, bronzes by the sculptor Frederic Remington and innumerable rare books.

To satisfy a stipulation in Cash's will, on September 14 and 15 Sotheby's New York will auction off a virtual levee-break of Hendersonville Cashiana. The 650 lots up for bid include seven of Cash's eleven Grammy Awards (expected to fetch between \$5000 and \$10,000 each), gold and platinum records for such classics as "Ring of Fire" and "I Walk the Line."

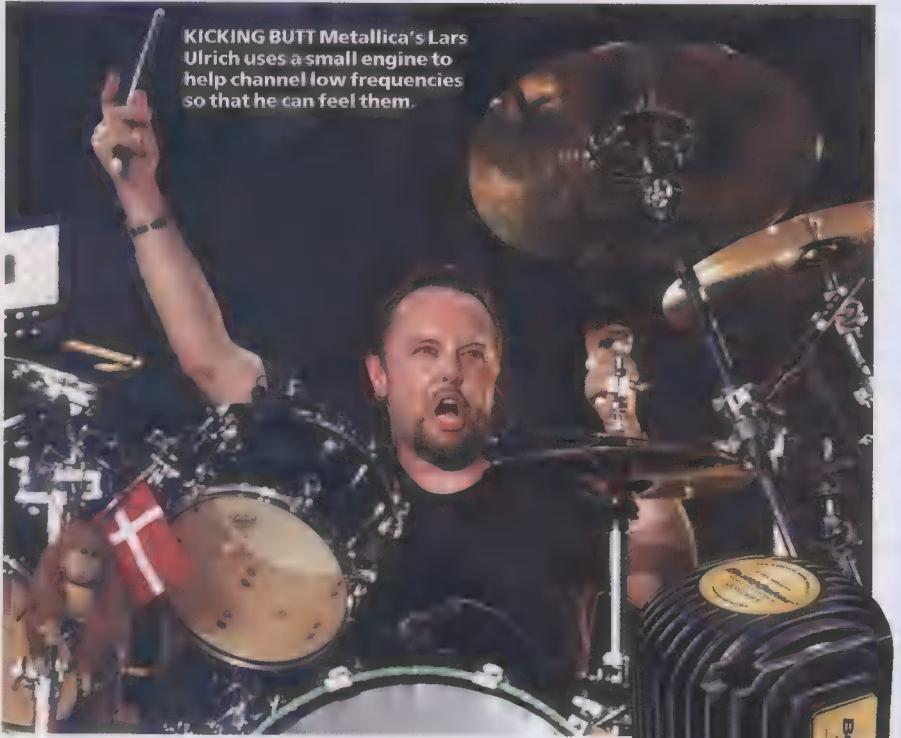
CASH ONLY The 650 lots up for auction at Sotheby's include a portrait of Cash, the "I Walk the Line" gold record, a concert poster from the early days, the embroidered suit Cash wore onstage with June Carter Cash in 1980 for a TV special, a customized Grammer guitar, a notebook with handwritten lyrics to "Cry, Cry, Cry" and two Cash Box magazine awards from 1959.

(\$3000–\$4000), a 1950s notebook containing scrawled lyrics to early Sun Records hits, a pair of Remingtons (\$40,000–\$60,000 each) and a raft load of instruments, costumes, honorary law-enforcement badges and other ephemera.

In effect, the auction will be an A-list Music City yard sale, in keeping, Rosanne points out, with her dad's old-school impulse to share himself with his fans. But that doesn't make it any easier on the kids. "I don't want to give the impression that we're *against* this," Rosanne says. "We're following my dad's wishes. But it's fucking grim. I don't wish this on anyone." —Mark Rozzo



SideTracks



gadget

Come On, Feel the Noise

Few Metallica fans listen to "Creeping Death" for the pristine sound quality of its gracefully plucked guitar tones. No, they listen to be overcome with the urge to bang heads and chant, "DIE! DIE! DIE!"—and to feel the bass in their chests, reverberating through their bodies.

And that's where the ButtKicker comes in. A motor resembling a small black radiator, the ButtKicker channels the low-frequency *feeling* of sound from an amplifier directly through the surface the listener is standing (or sitting) on and into his or her body. Producer Ken McCaw of Westerville, Ohio, conceived the device in the mid-'80s to help a country band's drummer and bassist feel the sound with more precision during performances. Had they simply cranked up the amps, the booming bass would have annoyed the other musicians onstage.

McCaw's company, Guitammer, started making ButtKickers for professional musicians in the early '90s, then released a version six years ago for theaters and home entertainment systems. "The reason

people like low-frequency sound in rock concerts is that you can feel it, as an adrenaline rush," he says. "The problem with that is you've got all that low frequency in the air. In the movie theater, you can hear the explosions of *Saving Private Ryan* in the next room."

The ButtKicker solves this bass-in-the-air problem in a way that's similar to what headphones do. The difference is that listeners don't have to strap anything to their ears. The \$250 gadget is widely available at consumer warehouse sites like Smarthome.com. And, at press time, Guitammer had plans to roll out the ButtKicker Gamer (the \$150 version for game systems) to electronics chains like Best Buy and Circuit City.

But McCaw has no intention of compromising on the name in order to sell it at Wal-Mart. "It started in the '80s, as a joke," he recalls. "We said, 'You just need to get your butt kicked.'" And, really, who doesn't? —Steve Knopper



musical

Mercury Rising in Las Vegas

A musical based on the songs of Queen sounds redundant—the glam-rock band was so theatrical anyway. The stage production *We Will Rock You*, which recently opened at the Paris Las Vegas, simply takes Queen's operatic bombast to its logical endpoint, adding flashy staging and a goofy wisp of futuristic plot to cue the singing. If Freddie Mercury were still alive, he and the boys would have surely done this on their own.

We Will Rock You is a British import, having debuted in London in 2002. The book, by the writer Ben Elton, has something to do with a globalized future in which evil corporate overlords have banned all music but their own insipid product. Hope resides in rebel bohemians who nurse a legend about a sacred guitar and the savior who can ... well, it hardly matters. The flimsy narrative conceit is just a pretext for the 24 Queen songs that are the real stars.

The show is banking on boomer nostalgia for this music—everyone sings along to "Bohemian Rhapsody"—which is why the producers, Robert De Niro's Tribeca Theatrical Productions, say that bringing it to Vegas "just felt like a natural." In *Sin City*, "the prime target customers have always been those in their 40s and 50s," says Mike Weatherford, the entertainment columnist for *The Las Vegas Review-Journal*. In the 1970s, that demographic listened to Engelbert Humperdinck; now it's into acts that were big three decades ago.

So *We Will Rock You* arrives amid a definite '70s revival on the Strip. *Mamma Mia!*, the musical concocted from Abba's back catalog, is a hit at the Mandalay Bay resort, and Elton John has a part-time job at Caesars Palace. In July, the Sahara was opening the stage version of *Saturday Night Fever* that originated on Broadway in 1999. And there have been reports of productions in development based on the oeuvres of Rod Stewart and the Beach Boys.

A cartoonish sci-fi Queen musical seems not just unsurprising but inevitable. The band once asked, "Is this the real life; is this just fantasy?" In Vegas, the answer is yes to both. —Scott Dickensheets





DIG IT Courtney Taylor, Anton Newcombe and Ondi Timoner (above), the documentarian on their trail

Dig!, the bruising examination of the collision between commerce and art that won Best Documentary at the Sundance Film Festival this year and hits theaters in October.

Seven years in the making and drawn from more than 1500 hours of footage—much of it hand-held-camera, guerrilla-style shooting—*Dig!* contrasts the Dandies' modestly successful flirtation with major-label stardom and the Massacre's protracted lurch toward dissipation and irrelevance. Yet Newcombe, characterized here as "evil," a "brilliant monster" and "not just a jerk" (and this is by his friends), is the film's undeniable star. *Dig!* details the singer's reign of terror: berating both audiences and

band members, alienating record executives and spinning deeper and deeper into heroin abuse.

Filmmaker Ondi Timoner, 30, was given virtually unlimited access to both bands, neither of which had veto power over the final product. Taylor provided the narration, though owing to what he describes as a general aversion to all media he hasn't seen the film and doesn't plan to. Newcombe has publicly expressed his unhappiness with the film, recently posting a statement on his website objecting to the "Jerry Springer-esque" vilification of his nature and noting that he "quit heroin over 5 years ago."

Timoner is just happy it's over. "There were many times that I fantasized about letting this project go," says the filmmaker, a Yale-educated music-video director who finished *Dig!* days before giving birth to her first child. "But I knew that the footage had something extraordinary, that the characters were larger than anything I could create. If I wrote this story, nobody would believe me." —Allison Stewart

documentary Battle of the Bands

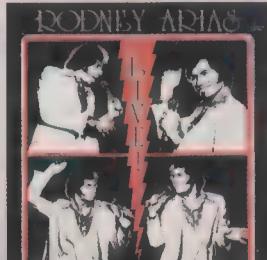
Brian Jonestown Massacre frontman Anton Newcombe and Dandy Warhols singer Courtney Taylor each want what the other has. Newcombe wants to be a star; Taylor wants to be a genius. Their friendly rivalry forms the basis of



"The major-label exotica/lounge covers are so great, you want to hang them on your wall."



"I get more e-mails about this freaking record than any other."



"You couldn't come up with a better cheesy-lounge-singer stereotype if you tried."



"Not that there's anything wrong with that."



"These very uneasy youths look like they're expecting to get arrested at any moment."

fetishist

Rummaging for the World's Worst Album Covers

Everyone knows *Dark Side of the Moon* and its prism. But what about *Alice Williams Sings With Mom & Dad* and its polyester-double-knit-clad family trio? Thanks to Nick DiFonzo's website, www.bizarrecards.com, more and more people have become familiar with these decidedly non-seminal record covers. "My friends and I used to show off our latest thrift-store record finds to each other, and I started putting them up on my website in 1997," says the 31-year-old Houstonian. "I started getting lots of e-mails and realized how much people liked them"—so much so that during time off from his job as a television-station engineer he's been working on a book, *The Worst Album Covers Ever!*, due out in November. Recently he answered questions about his online record-cover collection.

How many albums do you have, and where do you get them?

I probably have a few thousand records. I have a

broad selection of good stuff, and the rest of them are just all manner of thrift-store crap—kids' records, instructional records, religious records, whatever. The fun is really digging through boxes of junk looking for crazy things that other people haven't noticed before.

Do you have criteria for what makes the site?
I've been trying to display more obscure records. Of course, there are also some major-label records that are too good to pass up, like Orleans' *Waking and Dreaming*, with the band naked and hugging on the front. That was a rock & roll hit in 1976. Did it ever occur to anyone how gay that album cover looked? I like the totally unknown artists the best. My favorites tend to change with my mood, but one genre would be ventriloquist's-dummy records. It's such a bizarre concept: on a record it's not ventriloquism, it's just somebody making a funny voice. I also like preacher records, especially the ones documenting rebirth from drugs, sex and sin.

Is there one cover that's especially resonant for you?

It's not really the covers themselves but the stories that are more interesting. Like the Fingerless Fiddler, who had his fingers blown off by a blasting cap when he was a kid, and eventually developed a contraption that allowed him to play the fiddle. He went on to play with Roy Acuff and at the Grand Ole Opry, and he's selling CDs today.

Do MP3 files rob the music listener of something?

It's easy to be sad about the demise of the album cover. CDs made them small and unoriginal, and now digital downloads have no accompaniment whatsoever. For me, half the attraction of a record is its packaging—the cover, the pictures, the lyrics, the thank-yous. On the other hand, there are 50 years of old records out there. I don't foresee thrift stores and garage sales running out any time soon. —Rory Evans

SideTracks

anglicism

Meet Fifty Quid Bloke

The British—never ones to let a trend go untitled—have brought a new name to the panoply of musical types. He's Fifty Quid Bloke, and in recent months, after being featured in an article in the newspaper *The Guardian*, he's spread, rash-like, across the UK press. The term manages to describe a music consumer past the bloom of youth without resorting to the easy prefix *old*—as in *old rocker*, *old hippie* or, more respectfully—thank you, hip-hop nation—*old-school*.

Fifty Quid Bloke was coined by David Hepworth, 53, a former *NME* editor who in the 1990s oversaw the creation of the British music magazines *Q* and *Mojo* and who last year launched the UK magazine *Word*. "I came up with the description about 18 months ago," he says. "I realized there was a kind of music fan out there who was



in need of a name: the sort of person you'd find in a music megastore on a Friday afternoon spending 50 pounds [about 100 dollars] in one go. He's buying three CDs plus a book and a couple of DVDs—one of which, he will try explaining to his partner, is "for the whole family."

Now that those over 30 account for the bulk of in-store purchases at music retailers, Fifty Quid Bloke has been called everything from a "social phenomenon," by *The Observer*, to "the saviour of the

music industry," by Simon Waldman, an ex-journalist who writes the weblog 50quid.org. The blog, which features Waldman's ruminations on everyone from the Magnetic Fields to Loretta Lynn, has become so popular that Waldman has put out a line of T-shirts and mugs. And the BBC has inaugurated a *Fifty Quid Bloke* radio show.

"Fifty Quid Bloke is not just a UK phenomenon," Hepworth says. But while the term has made it to Australia and Canada—places where the Queen's face is still on legal tender and the English colloquialism *quid* may be better known than it is here—in order for the Bloke to immigrate to the States he'll need a name change. Say hello to Hundred Dollar Guy? "Not bad," Hepworth says. "Does make him sound rather heroic, doesn't it?"

—Mireille Silcoff

books

Really Expensive Limited Editions

Three hundred and sixty dollars is a lot for a book, but *Killer Queen* is selling fast. Only 2500 copies, devoted to Freddie Mercury and his glam band, were printed; the 350 deluxe copies—\$595 each—sold out in three weeks. *Killer Queen* is one of the latest titles from Genesis Publications, a small English publishing house whose limited-edition music-oriented books are quickly snapped up by rock fanatics and bibliophiles.

"They are not really like books as we know them," says Brian Roylance, 59, who founded Genesis 30 years ago. "I sometimes think, when I look at the work that goes into them, we should be charging far more." Beautifully designed and individually numbered and signed by the photographers and/or subjects, the books are hand-constructed from leather, fabric and a variety of acid-free paper stocks and exotic materials, which change with each project. Ringo Starr's

Postcards From the Boys, which sells for \$495 (the \$840 deluxe edition sold out in two weeks), is a leather-bound photo album containing front-and-back facsimiles of 53 postcards the drummer received over the years from the other Beatles. "Who'd have thought it would come to this . . ." is all

John Lennon writes in one sent from Tokyo, in the wake of the Beatles' breakup. The book is housed in a shiny red metal case made to look like an English postbox. *Rebel Music*, the photo-driven Bob Marley book, has pages made from cannabis and comes in a wooden box.

As seductive as the books are, it's the subjects that make them so easy to sell. Bowie, the Stones and Dylan are all represented in the Genesis catalog, as are the cult figures Syd Barrett and Stuart Sutcliffe. Pink Floyd and Jimi Hendrix





SACD Stereo SACD Surround Sound CD Audio

STING
Sacred Love



SACD Stereo SACD Surround Sound CD Audio

SNOW PATROL
Final Straw



SACD Stereo SACD Surround Sound CD Audio

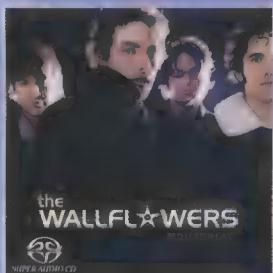
MARVIN GAYE
Let's Get It On



SACD Stereo SACD Surround Sound CD Audio

DIANA KRALL
The Girl In The Other Room

You haven't **REALLY** heard your music...



SACD Stereo SACD Surround Sound CD Audio

THE WALLFLOWERS
Red Letter Days



SACD Stereo SACD Surround Sound CD Audio

GODSMACK
The Other Side



SACD Stereo SACD Surround Sound CD Audio

JAMIE CULLUM
Twenty Something



SACD Stereo SACD Surround Sound CD Audio

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
Eat A Peach

...until you've heard it on **SUPER AUDIO CD**

Experience great music in stunning High-Resolution SA-CD Surround Sound and High-Resolution SA-CD Stereo.

SA-CD is to the ears what HDTV is to the eyes. The sound is so superior because the SA-CD sound files are more than four times bigger than those on a CD. The CD was a good idea 20 years ago...now isn't it time for something much better?

"Hybrid" SA-CDs with CD Audio included can be played on CD and DVD players. High-Resolution SA-CD Audio requires an SA-CD Player.



NEWLY MASTERED FOR SA-CD

<http://www.umusic.com/newformats>


SUPER AUDIO CD
www.Sony.com/SACD




UNIVERSAL MUSIC GROUP 

© 2004 UMG Recordings, Inc.
Super Audio CD, SA-CD and their logos are trademarks of the Sony Corporation.

Available At


TOWER RECORDS
Tower.com

SideTracks



Liverpool's once vital docks; the city's best export, in a shop window; and the original Strawberry Field

travel

A Magical Mystery Tour of Liverpool

Nowhere else could have produced the Beatles," the Kinks' Ray Davies once claimed. "Lennon and McCartney would write great songs as long as they had the heartbeat of Liverpool behind them." That heartbeat has seen Liverpool through good times and bad. It was one of the world's great ports before changes in commercial shipping and devastating World War II air raids rendered it a provincial outpost noted mainly for its inhabitants' curious accents and grinding

poverty. The city's relative isolation, its strong regional identity and its unique musical crosscurrents made it an English cousin to Elvis's Memphis, though the geography was inverted and the sneers came from the south and London rather than the Yankee north. (Like Elvis, the Beatles burst into the national consciousness with their accents and working-class origins undisguised—a revenge against the class system, as Bono described them.) The Beatles, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Rory Storm and the Hurricanes and scores of other

Merseyside bands created a hybrid of American styles that was blissfully indifferent to the fact that John Lee Hooker, the Shirelles and Little Richard belonged to different musical universes.

The bands found a crucial outlet for their music in a large network of clubs and ballrooms, and 40 years on clubbing is still serious sport. On weekend nights, large, raucous groups of outrageously dressed revelers jam a multitude of venues in a thriving local music scene. Pub conversation is a competitive activity in its own right, still animated by the candor and

blunt humor that made the Beatles so refreshing. Once you own up to being a Beatles fan, the chat will likely turn to youthful encounters with the fledgling band. The firsthand accounts won't be around forever (you don't often run into people who punched Beethoven when you visit Vienna these days), so by all means talk to any pub mate or cabdriver who seems the right age. For that matter, talk to



anyone in Liverpool: they all *sound* like Beatles. The familiar vocal timbre and twists of phrase provide the most immediate and delightful proof that you've found the Beatles' home.

After many years of seeming surprised and a little annoyed by it, the city now appreciates Beatles tourism, but even so there remains an endearingly clueless feel to some of the hometown tributes. The **Beatles Story** museum (151-709-1963) in the Albert Dock complex does a nice job of evoking the band's early career but loses focus in the perfunctory exhibits on their international success, as if it were still trying to piece together what happened after they left. The city's first (and still baffling) **official memorial**, erected on Mathew Street in 1974, is a macabre Mother Mary figure holding three babies (Paul fell off some time ago) commemorating "Four Lads Who Shook the World."

Directly across from the memorial stood the **Cavern Club**, a musical shrine that was destroyed in 1973 in one of the great civic-planning blunders of all time. A replica now stands on roughly the same spot, built to the original dimensions and using "many of the original bricks" (10 Mathew St.; 151-236-9091). But plenty of original Beatles sites remain intact and unmarred by commercialization. The church green where Paul first heard John sing is still a church green a half-century later, and every home a Beatle ever lived in is still standing. A **National Trust** tour (151-708-8574 or 151-427-7231) will take you inside the Lennon and McCartney homes, highlighting the world of difference between Paul's government-subsidized council flat and the privately owned middle-class house that caused John such acute embarrassment. At Ringo's old "two-up, two-down" (10 Admiral Grove), you will likely be invited in for tea by Margaret Grose, the woman who has lived there since the last of Ringo's family moved out, in 1977.

You can have stronger drink at **Philharmonic** (Hope St. at Hardman St.) and **Ye Cracke** (Rice St.), John's favorite art college hangouts, or in the **Jacaranda Club** (21-23 Slater



Clubbing is serious sport.



St.), where the Beatles rehearsed and played in 1960 and '61 and murals by the doomed bassist Stu Sutcliffe still grace the walls. You can go even further back in time with a visit to the Beatles' first regular venue, the **Casbah Club** (8 Hayman's Green; 151-280-3519), opened by Pete Best's mother in the basement of the family home in West Derby in 1959 and closed three years later. John and Paul helped decorate the club; the stars and rainbows they painted, and a clearly visible *John* carved into the wall, have been preserved as they might be in an Egyptian tomb.

You can book private tours or, if you're pressed for time, take the daily bus tour of Beatles sites (151-709-3285; www.cavern-liverpool.co.uk/mmt/), and you can also navigate with the city buses or a rented bicycle. (Remember that John was



John Lennon's middle-class house

a famous Beatle before he got his first driver's license.) But walking on your own is the best way to immerse yourself in the Beatles' world. With a guidebook, such as Ron Jones's *The Beatles' Liverpool*, and a good map you can roam the streets, lost in your own Fab Four daydream. It's a short hike through a golf course from Paul's house (20 Forthlin Rd.) to John's (251 Menlove Ave.) and on to John's parish church, **St. Peter's** (on Church Rd. in Woolton), and the church hall where history turned on a chance meeting of two teenagers in 1957. The Beatles returned to Liverpool in song a decade later, and it's a near mystic experience for any Beatles fan to walk from one side of pop's greatest single—the **Strawberry Field Salvation Army** home on Beaconsfield Road—to the other, the shelter in the middle of the roundabout at **Penny Lane**. Along the way, as you follow John's daily route to school through the vast expanse of **Calderstones Park**, all preconceptions of Liverpool as a grim, black-and-white city will fade into beautiful green landscapes ... and blue suburban skies. (For more on Beatles locations, visit www.music.indiana.edu/som/courses/rock/england.html.)

—Glenn Gass

Fab Four spirit lives on in present-day Liverpudlians.



SideTracks



sports

Volleys, Drop Shots and . . . Chord Progressions?

Playing sets alongside each other, Mike and Bob Bryan thrill crowds worldwide with nuance, flourish and virtuosity. And not just on the professional tennis circuit, where the 26-year-old identical twins are the world's top-ranked doubles team. As the two frontmen for the Bryan Bros.

Band, the Californians will perform between 15 and 20 gigs this year, mostly at charity events and tennis functions. They've put out two CDs of surprisingly wide-ranging keyboard-heavy fusion (*Take Two* and *Five Setter*) and can be spotted traveling in tennis's caravan with their keyboards, guitars and songbooks in tow.

With every NBA player worth his Escalade having by now recorded a rap album, the athlete-cum-musician is not exactly a unique species. Among jocks, however, the Bryans might be singularly (or doubly) talented. By the age of five they were sitting in with their father's quintet, the Wayne Bryan Band, Mike on drums and Bob on keyboard. These days there's a full recording



Bryan Bros. Band: "The name is terrible, but it's all we could agree on."

studio in the Mediterranean-style house they share in Camarillo, California. "We'll compose something and then spend a whole day just layering," Mike says. They even claim they devote more time to practicing their music than practicing their tennis. "It's better for passing time than playing video games," says

Bob, who plans to return to Stanford after tennis for a degree in music theory.

What the twins don't do is sing. "It's not pretty when we try," Bob says. No problem. Both onstage and in the recording studio they've been able to recruit all manner of guest vocalists, including Elton John and Andy Roddick, the 2003 US Open singles champion. While their recordings are fairly experimental, they tend to stick to familiar fare for 20-something males—U2, Dave Matthews and Tom Petty covers—when they perform. Any Thompson Twins? Just, you know, for irony's sake? "Who," the Bryan twins ask in unison, "are they?" —Jeff Spielberger

More Musical Athletes

For every musician who dreams of being a professional athlete (see: Alice Cooper, PGA Tour groupie), there's a rock star trapped in an athlete's body. Fortunately, the sports-music interplay has come a long way since the "Super Bowl Shuffle." While the majority of jock rockers may be best advised to keep their day jobs, a few have serious game. Among them:

Bernie Williams Even Red Sox fans will concede that the Yankee outfielder wields a mean six-string. Last year, Williams released a jazz album, *The Journey Within* (GRP), accompanied by such luminaries as Béla Fleck on banjo and Rubén Blades on vocals. Paul McCartney was sufficiently impressed to offer Williams a contract with his music publishing company, MPL Communications.

Shaquille O'Neal With a basso profundo that originates somewhere deep in his gut, it can sometimes sound as though the Miami Heat's new center is trying to eat the microphone as he raps. Still, the Big Aristotle has put out five albums; his 1993 debut, *Shaq Diesel*, went platinum.

Oscar de la Hoya A knockout artist and a vocal artist. In 2000, de la Hoya, the two-time welterweight champ, released the surprisingly soulful *Oscar de la Hoya* (EMI Latin). The single "Ven a Mi" hit no. 1 on the Latin charts, and the album was nominated for the Best Latin Album Grammy.

Kym Hampton Before retiring from the WNBA's New York Liberty, Hampton was singing backup for Luscious Jackson on their record *Electric Honey*.

Wayman Tisdale In his 12 NBA seasons, Tisdale was a polished forward with a velveteen left-handed jumper. He still traffics in smooth. Now 40, he has released five fusion jazz albums—2001's *Face to Face* hit no. 1 on *Billboard's* contemporary jazz charts—and was named Bassist of the Year at the 2002 National Smooth Jazz Awards. —JS

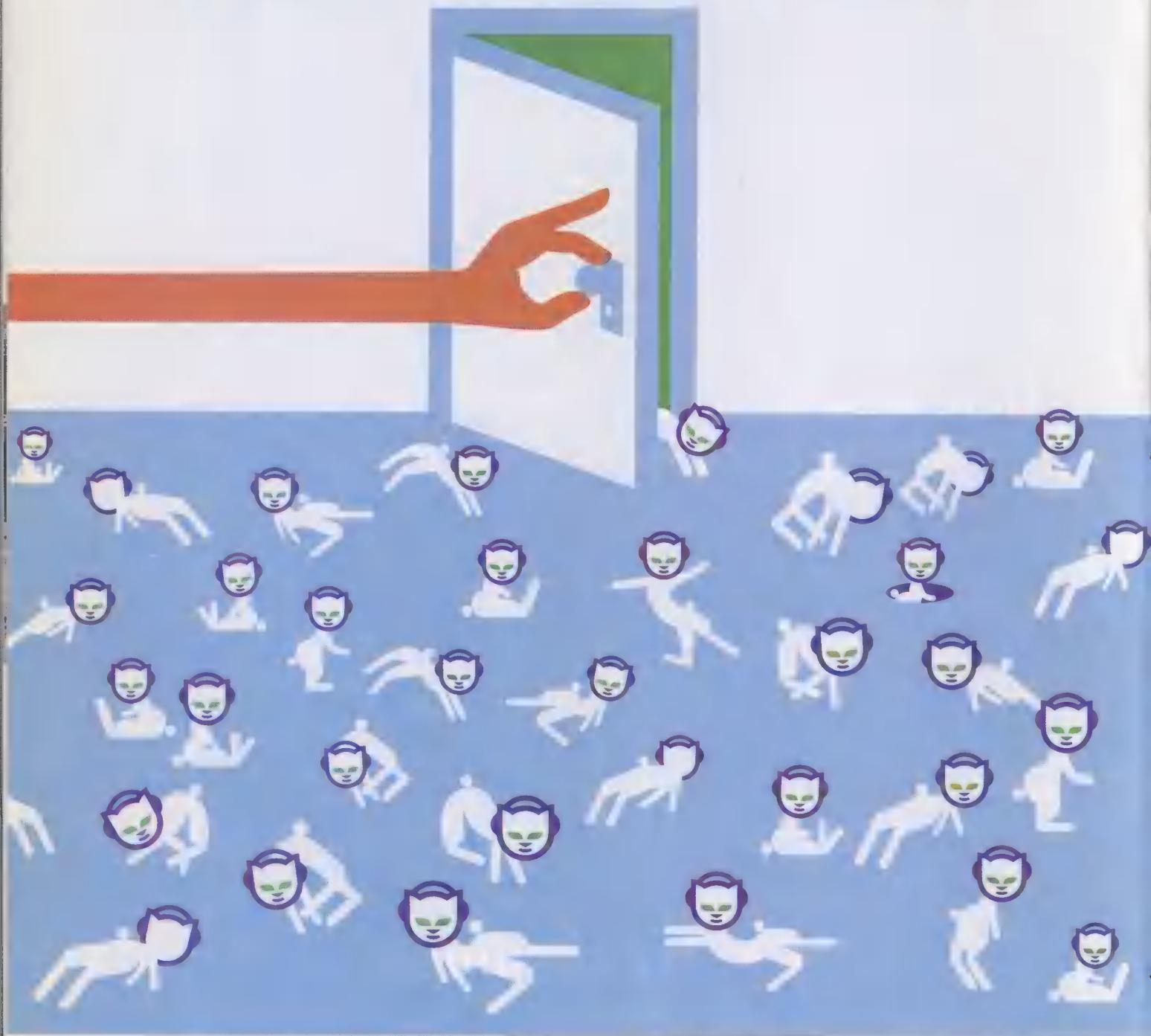
Here we are at the end of the magazine.
And you still want more?

Log on to tracksmusic.com

Find it all in one convenient location. Buy all the CD's that are reviewed in this magazine. Find exclusive content and be able to sample the best music. Plus, if you subscribe to the magazine online, you'll receive a free CD. So log on to the home of music built to last.

MUSIC BUILT TO LAST
Tracks

DOING IT A LOT IS OKAY



Do it now. Do it till you can't do it anymore. Do it without any long-term commitment. Subscribe to Napster for less than the price of a CD and collect as many songs as your hard drive can handle. It's legal, safe and always in the mood.

TRY IT FREE AT NAPSTER.COM



Pioneer DEH-P4600MP



tech

Adventures in Car Stereo

It's a hard thing for a music critic to admit—in fact, it's almost grounds for dismissal. I can hear my editors now: "What? Who the hell hired her?" My crime? I still listen to music on an eight-track player.

I know what you're thinking: I'm a sad, polyester-wearing reject from the '70s who longs for the good old days of giant headphones, hair spray and exploding Pintos. For the record, I'm not that old and I do listen to CDs at home. I even own an iPod. The eight-track player came with my car—a 1977 Cadillac Coupe DeVille inherited from my grandpa, Maurice, after he and my grandma, Evangeline, passed away last year. I love the car. It's a pimp powder-blue and came to me with a total of 7700 miles on it. As for the stereo, I'll chuck it the minute I find a new one I like. Or at least a new one I can operate.

Raj, my main squeeze, just put the **Pioneer DEH-P4600MP** (\$200) into his Toyota Avalon. It's a multi-control high-power CD/MP3/WMA player with an AM/FM tuner. Raj took me along to Best Buy the day he bought it—he was hoping I might also find something for the Caddy. Our salesman, Waheed, prattled on about total harmonic distortion and the signal-to-noise ratio, then took it down a notch

when he noticed I looked as confused as Jessica (or was it Homer?) Simpson. "OK, let's start here," he said. "What kind of music do you listen to?"

Many of the receivers on display had tag lines like **PERFECT FOR HIP-HOP** or **THE SYSTEM THAT ROCKS**. But there was no stereo custom-tailored to our tastes—a Bollywood-ranchero-hip-hop-garage-rock-vintage-Broadway-musical-Caribbean-dancehall special. Raj picked the Pioneer because it's **XM Satellite Radio** ready (\$9.99 a month to subscribe, \$120 for a satellite-radio tuner box and antenna, plus fees for installation). Satellite radio has few commercials, and you can drive from Barstow to Boston without ever having to switch the station. With the **Pioneer auxiliary output adapter** (\$35), Raj can also plug in our iPod. But now he's considering getting the **Griffin Technology iTrip** (\$35), a tiny device you plug into your iPod that uses radio frequency to pump your playlists through the stereo.

Raj loves his new stereo because it's got tons of options. I, on the other hand, endanger the lives of everyone on the road when I try to use it. First off, its face is loaded with pinhead-size buttons and alien symbols only Spock could decipher. When I try and switch on the power, I almost always pop off the detachable face.

SideTracks

Kenwood Excelon KVT915DVD



Griffin Technology iTrip plug-in

When I hit the CD play button, I'm suddenly assaulted by AM talk-radio tirades against Islam, gay marriage and anything else that might prove foreign to Ward Cleaver. I then become a thrill seeker, daring to strive for FM radio when I know it means careening into the carpool lane.

I've decided that the eight-track is not coming out of the Cadillac until I can find a new sound system that technologically stunted people can operate. (The 2005 DeVille comes with a premium **Bose Audio System** as a standard feature.) It must have a user-friendly face, symbols I can recognize, at least one old-school knob and a cool color emanating from its face at night. The simple **Panasonic CQ-C1100U** (typically \$100, but less at www.thecarstereo.com) might be one straightforward solution. But I will search high and low, from the extremely powerful **Kenwood Excelon KVT915DVD** (\$2800), which has every imaginable option (including DVD), to the \$59 mystery unit they sell at the swap meet down the street. Until then, I'm just fine with my fritzing radio and the two 25-cent eight-track tapes I picked up at a St. Vincent de Paul's—Johnny Cash's *Greatest Hits* and *101 Strings Play Dr. Zhivago*. Who needs the Hives when you can sail down the road to "Lara's Theme"? —Lorraine Ali

lines in the sand by henry rollins

A few weeks ago, I was in the cockpit of a C-130 Hercules heading north out of Kuwait to Iraq. We were approaching Baghdad, and the crew started putting on their night-vision goggles. One of them told me that this is the worst time to fly, because it's too dark to see any potential threat on the ground and too light to get much out of the NVGs. "The natives get restless right about now," another one said.

We landed in Baghdad without incident. I stood with my USO representative, waiting for our papers to be sorted out, and listened to the gunfire in the distance. I asked someone about the incessant shots ringing out; he said it goes on all night.

President Bush tells us that people like the Shia cleric Moqtada al-Sadr don't like the American presence in Iraq because people like him don't like freedom, and that they seek to weaken our resolve by killing us and blowing off our arms and sending us home mutilated and sickened by horror. The truth is, of course, more complicated than that, but to even approach the topic with more than one sentence that isn't a jingoistic oversimplification can get you shouted down as a liberal, a traitor or—worse—an intellectual.

I spent the better part of a week in Iraq, visiting bases via Blackhawk helicopter. I met several hundred young Americans. I saw a lot of mind-blowing, humbling and heartbreakingly sights. Baghdad could be a beautiful city in several years. What I saw was mostly middle-class and lower-class housing, punctuated by government buildings and the occasional palace rising out of the polluted air like a ghastly shopping mall. I saw miles of devastation that were not the result of the invasion but the work of Saddam's brutality.

At one base, after the daily mortar attack, I went out to look around. I went over to a Humvee and inspected the windshield. Right in line with where the driver's head would be

was a cluster of bullet scars. I ran my hand along the inside of the bulletproof glass and could feel that the rounds hadn't made it through, but it was clear that these were not warning shots. Someone had tried to kill the driver.

The hardest thing to take was the soldiers' high spirits. They are bearing up somehow in the most inhospitable environment I have ever been in.

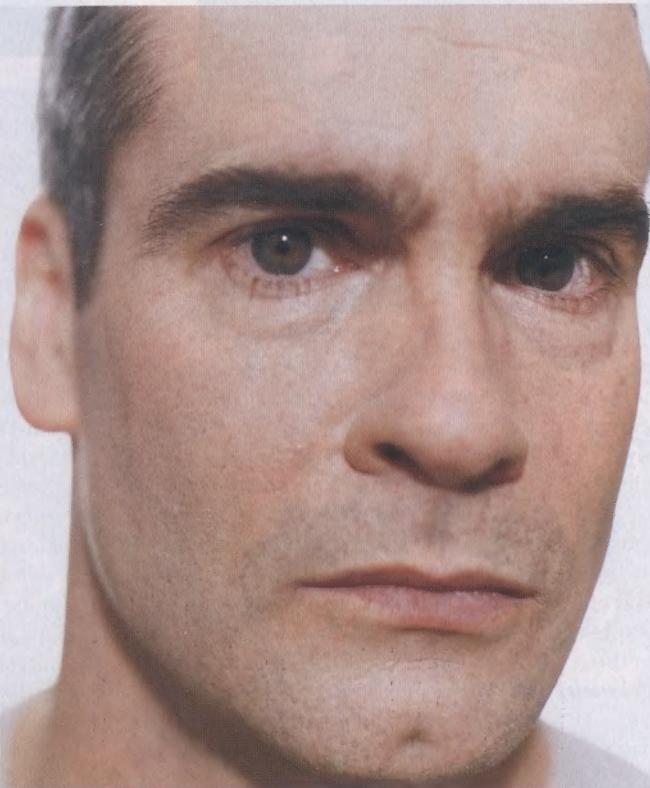
The heat is well above 120 by noon. The sun does not want humans in Iraq. Yet the soldiers are hanging in there. Many of those I talked to didn't seem to understand the purpose of their being in the region, but since they were getting shot at daily they were more than happy to return the favor. I asked them what they thought of the Iraqis who weren't shooting at them or leaving improvised explosive devices on the road, and many of them answered that they sincerely wanted to help the Iraqis have a better life but that the heat, hostility and danger were making this sentiment pretty worthless.

By the time I left to return to Kuwait, my thoughts were conflicted and confused. I

don't see a winnable situation in Iraq. You could nuke it or you could leave, but there's no real way to win. It seems to me that as long as our troops are there they will be the targets of Iraqi aggression.

Please vote this year. Who you vote for isn't my business, but please value your voice and the chance to make it heard. If the draft comes back, please remind our leader that he has two very draftworthy children who I'm sure would be proud to give something back to America even if a hole has to be dug.

My name is Henry Rollins. I am not a journalist, a political know-it-all or a Salon.com hipster—just a concerned American who loves his country and hates weaklings who sell out the strong.



Henry Rollins's new live DVD is called *Shock and Awe*.



SONY

AEROSMITH

MACY GRAY



WALK THIS WAY.

Hear Macy Gray's remake of the Aerosmith classic on any of the new generation Sony® Walkman® players and Sony's Connect.com music store. The HD Network Walkman.™ Never before has so much music fit in such a small space.



20 Gigs



G-Sensor™



30 hr. Battery



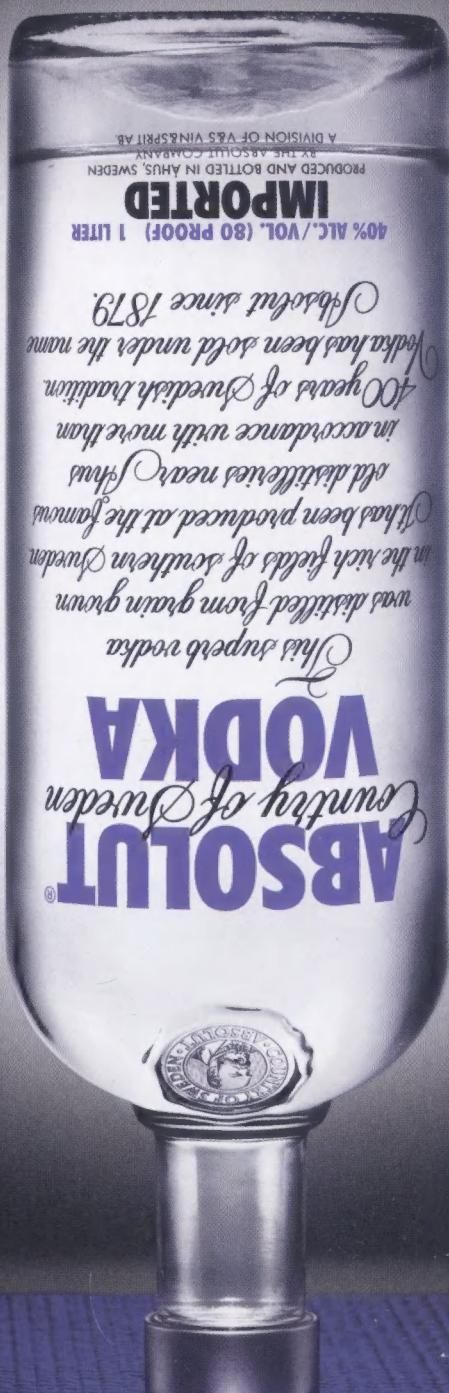
CONNECT™



HD Walkman

LIKE NO OTHER™

©2004 Sony Electronics, Inc. All rights reserved. Song capacity and battery life may vary. Up to 30 hrs. continuous playback with fully charged battery when playing in ATRAC3plus™ format at 48 kbps. Headphones included may vary. Sony, Walkman, Network Walkman, G-Sensor, Connect and Like No Other are trademarks of Sony.



ABSOLUT YOGA.

ABSOLUT® VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT VODKA COUNTRY OF SWEDEN & LOGO, ENJOY WITH RESPONSIBILITY AND ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN ARE TRADEMARKS OR REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©2004 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE BRONSTEIN. www.absolut.com
ENJOY WITH ABSOLUT RESPONSIBILITY™

\$0.99

348058
D135
396-G

No Exchange
Media
Books

